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THE

# WORKS

OF

**ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD:**

WITH A MEMOIR

BY LUCY AIKIN.

---

Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

BOSTON.

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A  
LEGACY FOR YOUNG LADIES;  
CONSISTING OF  
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,  
IN  
PROSE AND VERSE.

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## PREFACE.

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THE late Mrs. Barbauld was one of the best friends of youth. In her "Early Lessons," and "Prose Hymns," she has condescended to apply her admirable genius to the instruction even of infant minds. Several excellent pieces, adapted to children of different ages, she contributed to Dr. Aikin's "Evenings at Home." That elegant volume of verse and prose, "The Female Speaker," was compiled by her for the use of young ladies, for whom she also made a selection from the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, prefixing to it an instructive and beautiful Essay. In others of her productions she has given valuable advice to parents on the subject of instruction; and her "Poems" contain many pieces worthy to be early repositied among the choicest stores of an elegant and ingenuous mind.

Many young persons of both sexes partook, during the course of her long life, of the benefit of her personal instructions; and in the present volume she may be regarded as continuing even from the grave to delight and improve the rising generation.

These pieces were found among her papers by the members of her own family. Some of them enforce moral truths; others contain instruction in history and other branches of the graver studies of youth; but the greater number are of a light and elegant cast, adapted to exercise

the ingenuity and amuse the fancy while they refine the taste. Those in the form of letters were all addressed to different ladies whom she favoured with her friendship.

Had she herself presented these pieces to the public, it is probable that she would in some instances have extended them by additions which, from her own pen, would have enhanced their value, but which it would have been presumption in any other to attempt. None of them, however, can properly be called fragments: and it was so natural to her to express herself with the highest beauty and perfection of style, that in this respect little difference would be found either in verse or prose, between the slightest sketch she ever traced and the most finished of her admired productions.

LUCY AIKIN.

Hampstead, Dec. 1825.

A LEGACY  
FOR  
YOUNG LADIES.

---

TRUE MAGICIANS.

---

TO MISS C.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I HAVE often reflected, since I left you, on the wonderful powers of magic exhibited by you and your sister. The dim obscurity of that grotto hollowed out by your hands under the laurel hedge, where you used to mix the ingredients of your incantations, struck us with awe and terror; and the broom which you so often brandished in your hands made you look very like witches indeed. I must confess, however, that some doubts have now and then arisen in my mind, whether or no you were truly initiated in the secrets of your art; and these suspicions gathered strength after you had suffered us and yourself to be so drenched as we all were on that rainy Tuesday; which, to say the least, was a very odd circumstance, considering you had the command of the weather.—As I was pondering these matters alone in the chaise between Epsom and London, I fell asleep and had the following dream.

I thought I had been travelling through an unknown country, and came at last to a thick wood cut out into several groves and avenues, the gloom of which inspired thoughtfulness, and a certain mysterious dread of unknown powers came upon me. I entered however one of the avenues, and found it terminated in a magnificent portal, through which I could discern confusedly among thick foliage, cloistered arches and Grecian porticoes, and people walking and conversing amongst the trees. Over the portal was the following inscription: "*Here dwell the true magicians. Nature is our servant. Man is our pupil. We change, we conquer, we create.*"

As I was hesitating whether or no I should presume to enter, a pilgrim, who was sitting under the shade, offered to be my guide, assuring me that these magicians would do me no harm, and that so far from having any objection to be observed in their operations, they were pleased with any opportunity of exhibiting them to the curious. In therefore I went, and addressed the first of the magicians I met with, who asked me whether I liked panoramas. On replying that I thought them very entertaining, she took me to a little eminence and bade me look round. I did so, and beheld the representation of the beautiful vale of Dorking, with Norbury-park and Box-hill to the north, Riegate to the east, and Leith tower with the Surry hills to the south. After I had admired for some time the beauty and accuracy of the painting, a vast curtain seemed to be drawn gradually up, and my view extended on all sides. On one hand I traced the windings of the Thames up to Oxford, and stretched my eye westward over Salisbury Plain, and across the Bristol Channel into the romantic country of South Wales; northward the view extended to Lincoln cathedral, and York minster tower-



ing over the rest of the churches. Across the Sussex downs I had a clear view of the British Channel, and the opposite coast of France, with its ports blockaded by our fleets. As the horizon of the panorama still extended, I spied the towers of Nôtre Dame, and the Tuilleries, and my eye wandered at large over "The vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," quite down to the source of the Loire. At the same time the great Atlantic ocean opened to my view ; and on the other hand I saw the lake of Geneva, and the dark ridge of Mount Jura, and discovered the summits of the Alps covered with snow ; and beyond, the orange groves of Italy, the majestic dome of St. Peter's, and the smoking crater of Vesuvius. As the curtain still rose, I stretched my view over the Mediterranean, the scene of ancient glory, the Archipelago studded with islands, the shores of the Bosphorus, and the gilded minarets and cyprus groves of Constantinople. Throwing back a look to the less attractive north, I saw pictured the rugged, broken coast of Norway, the cheerless moors of Lapland, and the interminable desolation of the plains of Siberia. Turning my eye again southward, the landscape extended to the plains of Barbary, covered with date-trees ; and I discerned the points of pyramids appearing above the horizon, and saw the Delta and the seven-mouthed Nile. In short, the curtain still rose, and the view extended further and further till the panorama took in the whole globe. I cannot express to you the pleasure I felt as I saw mountains, seas, and islands, spread out before me. Sometimes my eye wandered over the vast plains of Tartary, sometimes it expatiated in the savannahs of America. I saw men with dark skins, white cotton turbans wreathed about their heads, and long flowing robes of silk ; others almost naked under a vertical sun.

I saw whales sporting in the northern seas, and elephants trampling amidst fields of maize and forests of palm-trees. I seemed to have put a girdle about the earth, and was gratified with an infinite variety of objects which I thought I never could be weary of contemplating. At length, turning towards the magician who had entertained me with such an agreeable exhibition, and asking her name, she informed me it was *Geography*.

My attention was next arrested by a sorceress, who, I was told, possessed the power of calling up from the dead whomsoever she pleased, man or woman, in their proper habits and figures, and obliging them to converse and answer questions. She held a roll of parchment in her hand, and had an air of great dignity. I confess that I felt a little afraid; but having been somewhat encouraged by the former exhibition, I ventured to ask her to give me a specimen of her power, in case there was nothing unlawful in it. "Whom," said she, "do you wish to behold?" After considering some time, I desired to see Cicero, the Roman orator. She made some talismanic figures on the sand, and presently he rose to my view, his neck and head bare, the rest of his body in a flowing toga, which he gathered round him with one hand, and stretching out the other very gracefully, he recited to me one of his orations against Catiline. He also read to me,—which was more than I could in reason have expected,—several of his familiar letters to his most intimate friends. I next desired that Julius Cæsar might be called up: on which he appeared, his hair nicely arranged, and the fore part of his head, which was bald, covered with wreaths of laurel; and he very obligingly gave me a particular account of his expedition into Gaul. I wished to see the youth of Macedon, but was a little disappointed in his figure,

for he was low in stature and held his head awry ; but I saw him manage Bucephalus with admirable courage and address, and was afterwards introduced with him into the tent of Darius, where I was greatly pleased with the generosity and politeness of his behaviour. I afterwards expressed some curiosity to see a battle, if I might do it with safety, and was gratified with the sea-fight of Actium. I saw, after the first onset, the galleys of Cleopatra turning their prows and flying from the battle, and Antony, to his eternal shame, quitting the engagement and making sail after her. I then wished to call up all the kings of England, and they appeared in order one after the other, with their crowns and the insignia of their dignity, and walked over the stage for my amusement, much like the descendants of Banquo in Macbeth. Their queens accompanied them, trailing their robes upon the ground, and the bishops with their mitres, and judges, and generals, and eminent persons of every class. I asked many questions as they passed, and received a great deal of information relative to the laws, manners, and transactions of past times. I did not, however, always meet with direct answers to my questions. For instance, when I called up Homer, and after some other conversation asked him where he was born, he only said, " Guess ! " And when I asked Louis the Fourteenth who was the man in the iron mask, he frowned and would not tell me. I took a great deal of pleasure in calling up the shades of distinguished people in different ages and countries, making them stand close by one another, and comparing their manners and costume. Thus I measured Catharine of Russia against Semiramis, and Aristotle against Lord Bacon. I could have spent whole years in conversation with so many celebrated persons, and promised myself that I would often frequent this obliging magi-

cian. Her name, I found, was in heaven *Clio*, on earth *History*.

I saw another who was making a charm for two friends, one of whom was going to the East Indies : they were bitterly lamenting that when they were parted at so great a distance from each other, they could no longer communicate their thoughts, but must be cut off from each other's society. Presenting them with a talisman inscribed with four-and-twenty black marks, "Take this," she said ; "I have breathed a voice upon it : by means of this talisman you shall still converse, and hear one another as distinctly when half the globe is between you, as if you were talking together in the same room." The two friends thanked her for such an invaluable present, and retired. Her name was *Abracadabra*.

I was next invited to see a whispering-gallery of a most curious and uncommon structure. To make the experiment of its powers, a young poet of a very modest appearance, who was stealing along in a retired walk, was desired to repeat a verse in it. He applied his lips to the wall, and whispered in a low voice, "*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.*" The sound ran along the walls for some time in a kind of low whisper ; but every minute it grew louder and louder, till at length it was echoed and re-echoed from every part of the gallery, and seemed to be pronounced by a multitude of voices at once, in different languages, till the whole dome was filled with the sound. There was a strong smell of incense. The gallery was constructed by *Fame*.

The good pilgrim next conducted me to a cave where several sorceresses, very black and grim, were amusing themselves with making lightning, thunder, and earthquakes. I saw two vials of cold liquor mixed together, and flames burst forth from them.

I saw some insignificant-looking black grains, which would throw palaces and castles into the air. I saw—and it made my hair stand on end—a headless man, who lifted up his arm and grasped a sword. I saw men flying through the air, without wings, over the tops of towns and castles, and come down unhurt. The cavern was very black, and the smoke and fires and mephitic blasts and sulphureous vapours that issued from it, gave the whole a very tremendous appearance. I did not stay long, but as I retired I saw *Chemistry* written on the walls in letters of flame, with several other names which I do not now remember.

My companion whispered me that some of these were suspected of communication with the evil genii, and that the demon of War had been seen to resort to the cave. “But now,” said the pilgrim, “I will lead you to enchanters who deserve all your veneration, and are even more beneficent than those you have already seen.” He then led me to a cavern that opened upon the sea shore : it blew a terrible storm, the waves ran mountains high, the wind roared, and vessels were driven against each other with a terrible shock. A female figure advanced and threw a little oil upon the waves ; they immediately subsided, the winds were still, the storm was laid, and the vessels pursued their course in safety. “By what magic is this performed ?” exclaimed I. “The magician is *Meekness*,” replied my conductor : “she can smoothe the roughest sea, and allay the wildest storm.”

My view was next directed to a poor wretch, who lay groaning in a most piteous manner, and crushed to the earth with a mountain on his breast ; he uttered piercing shrieks, and seemed totally unable to rise or help himself. One of these good magicians, whose name I found was *Patience*, advanced and struck the mountain with a wand ; on which, to my great sur-

prise, it diminished to a size not more than the load of an ordinary porter, which the man threw over his shoulders, with something very like a smile, and marched off with a firm step and very composed air.

I must not pass over a charmer of a very pleasing appearance and lively aspect. She possessed the power (a very useful one in a country so subject to fogs and rains as this is) of gilding a landscape with sunshine whenever she breathed upon it. Her name was *Cheerfulness*. Indeed you may remember that your papa brought her down with him on that very rainy day when we could not go out at all, and he played on his flute to you, and you all danced.

I was next struck, on ascending an eminence, with a most dreary landscape. All the flat country was one stagnant marsh. Amidst the rushy grass lay the fiend Ague, listless and shivering: on the bare and bleak hills sat Famine, with a few shells of acorns before her, of which she had eaten the fruit. The woods were tangled and pathless; the howl of wolves was heard. A few smoky huts, or caves, not much better than the dens of wild beasts, were all the habitations of men that presented themselves. "Miserable country!" I exclaimed; "step-child of nature!" "This," said my conductor, "is Britain as our ancestors possessed it." "And by what magic," I replied, "has it been converted into the pleasant land we now inhabit?" "You shall see," said he. "It has been the work of one of our most powerful magicians. Her name is *Industry*." At the word she advanced and waved her wand over the scene. Gradually the waters ran off into separate channels, and left rich meadows covered with innumerable flocks and herds. The woods disappeared, except what waved gracefully on the tops of the hills, or filled up the unsightly hollows. Wherever she moved her wand, roads,

bridges, and canals laid open and improved the face of the country. A numerous population, spread abroad in the fields, were gathering in the harvest. Smoke from warm cottages ascended through the trees, pleasant towns and villages marked the several points of distance. Last, the Thames was filled with forests of masts, and proud London appeared with all its display of wealth and grandeur.

I do not know whether it was the pleasure I received from this exhilarating scene, or the carriage having just got upon the pavement, which awakened me; but I determined to write out my dream, and advise you to cultivate your acquaintance with all the *true Arts of Magic*.

## A LECTURE ON THE USE OF WORDS.

---

My dear mamma, who worked you this scarf? it is excessively pretty.

I am sorry for it, my dear.

Sorry, mamma! are you sorry it is pretty?

No, but I am sorry if it is *excessively* pretty.

Why so?—a thing cannot be too pretty, can it?

If so, it cannot be excessively pretty. Pray what do you mean by excessively pretty?

Why, excessively pretty means—it means very pretty.

What does the word excessively come from? What part of speech is it? You know your grammar?

It is an adverb: the words that end in *ly* are adverbs.

Adverbs are derived from adjectives by adding *ly*, you should have said;—excessive, excessively. And what is the noun from which they are both derived?

Excess.

And what does excess mean?

It means too much of any thing.

You see then that it implies a fault, and therefore cannot be applied as a commendation. We say a man is excessively greedy, excessively liberal; a woman excessively fine: but not that a man is excessively wise, a woman excessively faithful to her husband; because in these there is no excess: nor is there in beauty, that being the true and just proportion which gives pleasure.

But we say excessively kind.



We do, because kindness has its limits. A person may be too kind to us, who exposes himself to a great and serious inconvenience to give us a slight pleasure : we also may mean by it, exceeding that kindness which we have a claim to expect. But when people use it, as they often do, on the slightest occasion, it is certainly as wrong as excessively pretty.

But, mamma, must we always consider so much the exact meaning of words ? Every body says excessively pretty, and excessively tall, and infinitely obliged to you.—What harm can it do ?

That every body does it, I deny ; that the generality do it, is very true ; but it is likewise true, that the generality are not to be taken as a pattern in any thing. As to the harm it does,—in the first place it hurts our sincerity.

Why, it is not telling a lie, sure ?

Certainly I do not mean to say it is ; but it tends to sap and undermine the foundations of our integrity, by making us careless, if not in the facts we assert, yet in the measure and degree in which we assert them. If we do not pretend to love those we have no affection for, or to admire those we despise, at least we lead them to think we admire them more and love them better than we really do ; and this prepares the way for more serious deviations from truth. So much for its concern with morality :—but it has likewise a very bad effect on our taste. What, think you, is the reason that young people, especially, run into these vague and exaggerated expressions ?

What is *vague*, mamma ?

It means what has no precise, definite signification. Young people run into these, sometimes indeed from having more feeling than judgment, but more commonly from not knowing how to separate their ideas and tell what it is they are pleased with. They

either do not know, or will not give themselves the trouble to mark, the qualities, or to describe the scenes which disgust or please them, and hope to cover their deficiency by these overwhelming expressions; as if your dress-maker, not knowing your shape, should make a large loose frock, that would cover you over were you twice as tall as you are. Now you would have shown your taste, if in commending my scarf you had said that the pattern was light, or it was rich, or that the work was neat and true; but by saying it was excessively pretty, you showed you had not considered what it was you admired in it. Did you never hear of the countryman who said, "There will be monstrous few apples this year, and those few will be huge little." Poets run into this fault when they give unmeaning epithets instead of appropriate description;—young ladies, when in their letters they run into exaggerated expressions of friendship.

You have often admired, in this painting, the variety of tints shaded into one another. Well! what would you think of a painter who should spread one deep blue over all the sky, and one deep green over the grass and trees? would not you say he was a dauber? and made near objects and distant objects, and objects in the sun and objects in the shade, all alike? I think I have some of your early performances in which you have coloured prints pretty much in this style; but you would not paint so now?

No, indeed.

Then do not talk so: do not paint so with words.

## THE PINE AND THE OLIVE.

A FABLE.

A **Stoic**, swelling with the proud consciousness of his own worth, took a solitary walk ; and straying amongst the groves of Academus, he sat down between an Olive and a Pine tree. His attention was soon excited by a murmur which he heard among the leaves. The whispers increased ; and listening attentively, he plainly heard the Pine say to the Olive as follows : “ Poor tree ! I pity thee ; thou now spreadest thy green leaves and exultest in all the pride of youth and spring ; but how soon will thy beauty be tarnished ! The fruit which thou exhaustest thyself to bear, shall hardly be shaken from thy boughs before thou shalt grow dry and withered ; thy green veins, now so full of juice, shall be frozen ; naked and bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms of winter, whilst my firmer leaf shall resist the change of the seasons. *Unchangeable* is my motto, and through the various vicissitudes of the year I shall continue equally green and vigorous as I am at present.”

The Olive, with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied : “ It is true thou wilt always continue as thou art at present. Thy leaves will keep that sullen and gloomy green in which they are now arrayed, and the stiff regularity of thy branches will not yield to those storms which will bow down many of the feebler tenants of the grove. Yet I wish not to be like thee. I rejoice when nature rejoices ; and when I am deso-

late, nature mourns with me. I fully enjoy pleasure in its season, and I am contented to be subject to the influences of those seasons and that economy of nature by which I flourish. When the spring approaches, I feel the kindly warmth; my branches swell with young buds, and my leaves unfold; crowds of singing birds which never visit thy noxious shade, sport on my boughs; my fruit is offered to the gods and rejoices men; and when the decay of nature approaches, I shed my leaves over the funeral of the falling year, and am well contented not to stand a single exemption to the mournful desolation I see everywhere around me."

The Pine was unable to frame a reply; and the philosopher turned away his steps rebuked and humbled.

## ON RIDDLES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I presume you are now all come home for the holidays, and that the brothers and sisters and cousins, papas and mammas, uncles and aunts, are all met cheerfully round a Christmas fire, enjoying the company of their friends and relations, and eating plum pudding and mince pie. These are very good things; but one cannot always be eating plum pudding and mince pie: the days are short, and the weather bad, so that you cannot be much abroad; and I think you must want something to amuse you. Besides, if you have been employed as you ought to be at school, and if you are quick and clever, as I hope you are, you will want some employment for that part of you which thinks, as well as that part of you which eats; and you will like better to solve a riddle than to crack a nut or walnut. Finding out riddles is the same kind of exercise of the mind which running and leaping and wrestling in sport are to the body. They are of no use in themselves,—they are not work, but play; but they prepare the body, and make it alert and active for any thing it may be called to perform in labour or war. So does the finding out of riddles, if they are good especially, give quickness of thought, and a facility of turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light. When Archimedes coming out of the bath cried in transport, “*Eureka!*” (I have found it!) he had been exercising his mind precisely in the same manner as you will

do when you are searching about for the solution of a riddle.

And pray, when you are got together, do not let any little Miss or Master say, with an affected air, "O! do not ask me; I am so stupid I never can guess." They do not mean you should think them stupid and dull; they mean to imply that these things are too trifling to engage their attention. If they are employed better, it is very well; but if not, say, "I am very sorry indeed you are so dull, but we that are clever and quick will exercise our wits upon these; and as our arms grow stronger by exercise, so will our wits."

Riddles are of high antiquity, and were the employment of grave men formerly. The first riddle that we have on record was proposed by Sampson at a wedding feast to the young men of the Philistines, who were invited upon the occasion. The feast lasted seven days; and if they found it out within the seven days, Sampson was to give them thirty suits of clothes and thirty sheets; and if they could not guess it, they were to forfeit the same to him. The riddle was; "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." He had killed a lion, and left its carcase: on returning soon after, he found a swarm of bees had made use of the skeleton as a hive, and it was full of honeycomb. Struck with the oddness of the circumstance, he made a riddle of it. They puzzled about it the whole seven days, and would not have found it out at last if his wife had not told them.

The Sphinx was a great riddle-maker. According to the fable, she was half a woman and half a lion. She lived near Thebes, and to every body that came she proposed a riddle; and if they did not find it out, she devoured them. At length Œdipus came, and she asked him, "What is that animal which walks on

four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" *Cædipus* answered, Man :—in childhood, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet ; in middle age, which is noon, he walks erect on two ; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot.

The famous wise men of Greece did not disdain to send puzzles to each other. They are also fond of riddles in the East. There is a pretty one in some of their tales.—“What is that tree which has twelve branches, and each branch thirty leaves, which are all black on one side and white on the other?”—The tree is the year ; the branches the months ; the leaves black on one side and white on the other signify day and night. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors also had riddles, some of which are still preserved in a very ancient manuscript.

A riddle is a description of a thing without the name ; but as it is meant to puzzle, it appears to belong to something else than what it really does, and often seems contradictory ; but when you have guessed it, it appears quite clear. It is a bad riddle if you are at all in doubt when you have found it out whether you are right or no. A riddle is not verbal, as charades, conundrums, and rebusses are : it may be translated into any language, which the others cannot. Addison would put them all in the class of false wit : but Swift, who was as great a genius, amused himself with making all sorts of puzzles ; and therefore I think you need not be ashamed of reading them. It would be pretty entertainment for you to make a collection of the better ones,—for many are so dull that they are not worth spending time about. I will conclude by sending you a few which will be new to you.

## I.

I often murmur, yet I never weep ;  
 I always lie in bed, yet never sleep ;  
 My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,  
 And much disgorges though it ne'er is fed ;  
 I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,  
 And the more falls I get, move faster on.

## II.

Ye youths and ye virgins, come list to my tale,  
 With youth and with beauty my voice will prevail.  
 My smile is enchanting, and golden my hair,  
 And on earth I am fairest of all that is fair ;  
 But my name it perhaps may assist you to tell,  
 That I 'm banish'd alike both from heaven and hell.  
 There 's a charm in my voice, 't is than music more sweet,  
 And my tale oft repeated, untired I repeat.  
 I flatter, I soothe, I speak kindly to all,  
 And wherever you go, I am still within call.  
 Though I thousands have blest, 't is a strange thing to say,  
 That not one of the thousands e'er wishes my stay.  
 But when most I enchant him, impatient the more,  
 The minutes seem hours till my visits is o'er.  
 In the chase of my love I am ever employ'd,  
 Still, still he 's pursued, and yet never enjoy'd ;  
 O'er hills and o'er valleys unwearied I fly,  
 But should I o'ertake him, that instant I die ;  
 Yet I spring up again, and again I pursue,  
 The object still distant, the passion still new.  
 Now guess,—and to raise your astonishment most,  
 While you seek me you have me, when found I am lost.

## III.

I never talk but in my sleep ;  
 I never cry, but sometimes weep ;  
 My doors are open day and night ;  
 Old age I help to better sight ;  
 I, like camelion, feed on air,  
 And dust to me is dainty fare.

## IV.

We are spirits all in white,  
 On a field as black as night ;



'There we dance and sport and play,  
Changing every changing day :  
Yet with us is wisdom found,  
As we move in mystic round.  
Mortal, wouldst thou know the grains  
That Ceres heaps on Libya's plains,  
Or leaves that yellow Autumn strews,  
Or the stars that Hersehel views,  
Or find how many drops would drain  
The wide-scooped bosom of the main,  
Or measure central depths below,—  
Ask of us, and thou shalt know.  
With fairy feet we compass round  
The pyramid's capacious bound,  
Or step by step ambitious climb  
The cloud-capt mountain's height sublime.

Riches though we do not use,  
'Tis ours to gain, and ours to lose.  
From Araby the Blest we came.  
In every land our tongue's the same ;  
And if our number you require,  
Go count the bright Aonian quire.  
Wouldst thou cast a spell to find  
The track of light, the speed of wind,  
Or when the snail with creeping pace  
Shall the swelling globe embrace ;  
Mortal, ours the powerful spell ;—  
Ask of us, for we can tell.

## THE KING IN HIS CASTLE.

MY DEAR LUCY,

HAVE you made out who the four Sisters are? \* If you have, I will tell you another story. It is about a monarch who lives in a sumptuous castle, raised high above the ground and built with exquisite art. He takes a great deal of state upon him, and, like Eastern monarchs, transacts every thing by means of his ministers; for he never appears himself, and indeed lives in so retired a manner, that though it has often excited the curiosity of his subjects, his residence is hidden from them with as much jealous care as that of Pygmalion was from the Tyrians; and it has never been discovered with any certainty which of the chambers of the castle he actually inhabits, though by means of his numerous spies he is acquainted with what passes in every one of them.

But I must proceed to give you some account of his chief ministers; and I will begin with two who are mutes. Their office is to bring him quick and faithful intelligence of all that is going forward; this they perform in a very ingenious manner. You have heard of the Mexicans, who, not having the art of writing, supplied the deficiency by painting every thing they have a mind to communicate; so that when the Spaniards came amongst them, they sent regular accounts to the king of their landing and all their proceedings, in very intelligible language, without writing a single word. Now this is just the method of these

\* See this piece in *Evenings at Home*.

two mutes ; they are continually employed in making pictures of every thing that passes, which they do with wonderful quickness and accuracy, all in miniature, but in exact proportion, and coloured after life. These pictures they bring every moment to a great gate of the palace, where the king receives them.

The next I shall mention are two drummers. These have each a great drum, on which they beat soft or loud, quick or slow, according to the occasion. They often entertain the king with music ; besides which they are arrived at such wonderful perfection upon their instrument, and make the strokes with such precision, that by the different beats, accompanied by proper pauses and intervals, they can express any thing they wish to tell ;—and the king relies upon them as much as upon his mutes. There is a sort of covered way made in the form of a labyrinth from the station of the drummers to the inner rooms of the palace.

There is a pair of officers,—for you must know, the offices go mightily by pairs,—whose department it is to keep all nuisances from the palace. They are lodged for that purpose under a shed or penthouse, built with that view before the front of the palace : they likewise gather and present to the monarch sweet odours, essences, and perfumes, with which he regales himself : they likewise inspect the dishes that are served up at his table ; and if any of them are not fit to be eaten, they give notice for their removal ; and sometimes, if any thing offensive is about to enter the palace, they order the agents to shut two little doors which are in their keeping, and by that means prevent its entrance.

The agents are two very active officers of long reach and quick execution. The executive part of government is chiefly intrusted to them ; they obey

the king's commands with a readiness and vigour truly admirable ; they defend the castle from all assaults, and are vigilant in keeping at a distance every annoyance. Their office is branched out into ten subordinate ones, but in cases which require great exertion they act together.

I must not omit the beef-eaters. These stand in rows at the great front gate of the palace, much as they do at St. James's, only that they are dressed in white. Their office is to prepare the viands for the king, who is so very lazy and so much accustomed to have every thing done for him, that, like the king of Bantam and some other Eastern monarchs, he requires his meat to be chewed before it is presented to him.

Close by the beef-eaters lives the king's orator, a fat portly gentleman, of something a Dutch make, but remarkably voluble and nimble in his motions notwithstanding. He delivers the king's orders and explains his will. This gentleman is a good deal of an epicure, which I suppose is the reason he has his station so near the beef-eaters. He is a perfect connoisseur in good eating, and assumes a right of tasting all the dishes ; and the king pays the greatest regard to his opinion. Justice obliges me to confess that this orator is one of the most flippant and ungovernable of the king's subjects.

Among the inferior officers are the porters, two stout lusty fellows who carry the king about from place to place (for I am sure you are by this time too well acquainted with his disposition to suppose he performs that office for himself) ; but as most great men's officers have their deputies, so these lazy porters are very apt to get their business done by deputy, and to have people to carry *them* about.

I should never have have done, if I were to mention all the particulars of the domestic establishment and internal oeconomy of the castle, which is all arranged with wonderful art and order ; how the outgoings are proportioned to the income, and what a fellow-feeling there is between all the members of the family from the greatest to the meanest. The king, from his high birth, on which he values himself much, —being of a race and lineage quite different from any of his subjects,—and from his superior capacity, claims the most absolute obedience ; though, as is frequently the case with kings, he is in fact most commonly governed by his ministers, who lead him where they please without his being sensible of it.—As you, my dear Lucy, have had more conversation with this king than most of your age have been honoured with, I day say you will be at no loss in pointing him out. I therefore add no more but that I am

Yours, &c.

## ON FEMALE STUDIES.



## LETTER I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

IF I had not been afraid you would feel some little reluctance in addressing me first, I should have asked you to begin the correspondence between us ; for I am at present ignorant of your particular pursuits : I cannot guess whether you are climbing the hill of science, or wandering among the flowers of fancy ; whether you are stretching your powers to embrace the planetary system, or examining with a curious eye the delicate veinings of a green leaf, and the minute ramifications of a sea-weed ; or whether you are toiling through the intricate and thorny mazes of grammar. Whichever of these is at present your employment, your general aim no doubt is the improvement of your mind ; and we will therefore spend some time in considering what kind and degree of literary attainments sit gracefully upon the female character.

Every woman should consider herself as sustaining the general character of a rational being, as well as the more confined one belonging to the female sex ; and therefore the motives for acquiring general knowledge and cultivating the taste are nearly the same to both sexes. The line of separation between the studies of a young man and a young woman appears to me to be chiefly fixed by this,—that a woman is excused from all professional knowledge. Professional knowledge means all that is necessary to fit a man

for a peculiar profession or business. Thus men study in order to qualify themselves for the law, for physic, for various departments in political life, for instructing others from the pulpit or the professor's chair. These all require a great deal of severe study and technical knowledge ; much of which is nowise valuable in itself, but as a means to that particular profession. Now as a woman can never be called to any of these professions, it is evident you have nothing to do with such studies. A woman is not expected to understand the mysteries of politics, because she is not called to govern ; she is not required to know anatomy, because she is not to perform surgical operations ; she need not embarrass herself with theological disputes, because she will neither be called upon to make nor to explain creeds.

Men have various departments in active life ; women have but one, and all women have the same, differently modified indeed by their rank in life and other incidental circumstances. It is, to be a wife, a mother, a mistress of a family. The knowledge belonging to these duties is your professional knowledge, the want of which nothing will excuse. Literary knowledge therefore, in men, is often an indispensable duty ; in women it can be only a desirable accomplishment. In women it is more immediately applied to the purposes of adorning and improving the mind, of refining the sentiments, and supplying proper stores for conversation. For general knowledge women have in some respects more advantages than men. Their avocations often allow them more leisure ; their sedentary way of life disposes them to the domestic, quiet amusement of reading ; the share they take in the education of their children throws them in the way of books. The uniform tenor and confined circle of their lives make them eager to diversify the

scene by descriptions which open to them a new world ; and they are eager to gain an idea of scenes on the busy stage of life from which they are shut out by their sex. It is likewise particularly desirable for women to be able to give spirit and variety to conversation by topics drawn from the stores of literature, as the broader mirth and more boisterous gaiety of the other sex are to them prohibited. As their parties must be innocent, care should be taken that they do not stagnate into insipidity. I will venture to add, that the purity and simplicity of heart which a woman ought never, in her freest commerce with the world, to wear off ; her very seclusion from the jarring interests and coarser amusements of society, fit her in a peculiar manner for the worlds of fancy and sentiment, and dispose her to the quickest relish of what is pathetic, sublime, or tender. To you, therefore, the beauties of poetry, of moral painting, and all in general that is comprised under the term of polite literature, lie particularly open ; and you cannot neglect them without neglecting a very copious source of enjoyment.

Languages are on some accounts particularly adapted to female study, as they may be learnt at home without experiments or apparatus, and without interfering with the habits of domestic life ; as they form the style, and as they are the immediate inlet to works of taste. But the learned languages, the Greek especially, require a great deal more time than a young woman can conveniently spare. To the Latin there is not an equal objection ; and if a young person has leisure, has an opportunity of learning it at home by being connected with literary people, and is placed in a circle of society sufficiently liberal to allow her such an accomplishment, I do not see, if she has a strong inclination, why she should not make herself mistress



of so rich a store of original entertainment :—it will not, in the present state of things, excite either a smile or a stare in fashionable company. To those who do not intend to learn the language, I would strongly recommend the learning so much of the grammar of it as will explain the name and nature of cases, genders, inflection of verbs, &c. ; of which, having only the imperfect rudiments in our own language, a mere English scholar can with difficulty form a clear idea. This is the more necessary, as all our grammars, being written by men whose early studies had given them a partiality for the learned languages, are formed more upon those than upon the real genius of our own tongue.

I was going now to mention French, but perceive I have written a letter long enough to frighten a young correspondent, and for the present I bid you adieu.

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LETTER II.

FRENCH you are not only permitted to learn, but you are laid under the same necessity of acquiring it as your brother is of acquiring the Latin. Custom has made the one as much expected from an accomplished woman, as the other from a man who has had a liberal education. The learning French, or indeed any language completely, includes reading, writing, and speaking it. But here I must take the liberty to offer my ideas, which differ something from those generally entertained, and you will give them what weight you think they deserve. It seems to me that the efforts of young ladies in learning French are generally directed to what is unattainable ; and if attained, not very useful,—the speaking it. It is utterly impossi-

ble, without such advantages as few enjoy, to speak a foreign language with fluency and a proper accent ; and if even by being in a French family some degree of both is attained, it is soon lost by mixing with the world at large. As to the French which girls are obliged to speak at boarding-schools, it does very well to speak in England, but at Paris it would probably be less understood than English itself.

I do not mean by this to say that the speaking of French is not a very elegant accomplishment ; and to those who mean to spend some time in France, or who being in very high life often see foreigners of distinction, it may be necessary ; but in common life it is very little so : and for English people to meet together to talk a foreign language is truly absurd. There is a sarcasm against this practice as old as Chaucer's time—

“ . . . Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisely,  
After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to her unknowe.”

But with regard to reading French, the many charming publications in that language, particularly in polite literature, of which you can have no adequate idea by translation, render it a very desirable acquisition. Writing it is not more useful in itself than speaking, except a person has foreign letters to write ; but it is necessary for understanding the language grammatically and fixing the rules in the mind. A young person who reads French with ease and is so well grounded as to write it grammatically, and has what I should call a good English pronunciation of it, will by a short residence in France gain fluency and the accent ; whereas one not grounded would soon forget all she had learned, though she had acquired some fluency in speaking. For speaking, therefore, love

and cultivate your own : know all its elegancies, its force, its happy turns of expression, and possess yourself of all its riches. In foreign languages you have only to learn ; but with regard to your own, you have probably to unlearn, and to avoid vulgarisms and provincial barbarisms.

If after you have learned French you should wish to add Italian, the acquisition will not be difficult. It is valuable on account of its poetry, in which it far excels the French,—and its music. The other modern languages you will hardly attempt, except led to them by some peculiar bent.

History affords a wide field of entertaining and useful reading. The chief thing to be attended to in studying it, is to gain a clear well-arranged idea of facts in chronological order, and illustrated by a knowledge of the places where such facts happened. Never read without tables and maps : make abstracts of what you read. Before you embarrass yourself in the detail of this, endeavour to fix well in your mind the arrangement of some leading facts, which may serve as landmarks to which to refer the rest. Connect the history of different countries together. In the study of history the different genius of a woman I imagine will show itself. The detail of battles, the art of sieges, will not interest her so much as manners and sentiment ; this is the food she assimilates to herself.

The great laws of the universe, the nature and properties of those objects which surround us, it is unpardonable not to know : it is more unpardonable to know, and not to feel the mind struck with lively gratitude. Under this head are comprehended natural history, astronomy, botany, experimental philosophy, chemistry, physics. In these you will rather take what belongs to sentiment and to utility than ab-

stract calculations or difficult problems. You must often be content to know a thing is so, without understanding the proof. It belongs to a Newton to prove his sublime problems, but we may all be made acquainted with the result. You cannot investigate; you may remember. This will teach you not to despise common things, will give you an interest in every thing you see. If you are feeding your poultry, or tending your bees, or extracting the juice of herbs, with an intelligent mind you are gaining real knowledge; it will open to you an inexhaustible fund of wonder and delight, and effectually prevent you from depending for your entertainment on the poor novelties of fashion and expense.

But of all reading, what most ought to engage your attention are works of sentiment and morals. Morals is that study in which alone both sexes have an equal interest; and in sentiment yours has even the advantage. The works of this kind often appear under the seducing form of novel and romance: here great care, and the advice of your older friends is requisite in the selection. Whatever is true, however uncouth in the manner or dry in the subject, has a value from being true: but fiction in order to recommend itself must give us *la belle Nature*. You will find fewer plays fit for your perusal than novels, and fewer comedies than tragedies.

What particular share any one of the studies I have mentioned may engage of your attention will be determined by your peculiar turn and bent of mind. But I shall conclude with observing, that a woman ought to have that general tincture of them all, which marks the cultivated mind. She ought to have enough of them to engage gracefully in general conversation. In no subject is she required to be deep,—of none ought she to be ignorant. If she knows not enough

to speak well, she should know enough to keep her from speaking at all ; enough to feel her ground and prevent her from exposing her ignorance ; enough to hear with intelligence, to ask questions with propriety, and to receive information where she is not qualified to give it. A woman who to a cultivated mind joins that quickness of intelligence and delicacy of taste which such a woman often possesses in a superior degree, with that nice sense of propriety which results from the whole, will have a kind of *tact* by which she will be able on all occasions to discern between pretenders to science and men of real merit. On subjects upon which she cannot talk herself, she will know whether a man talks with knowledge of his subject. She will not judge of systems, but by their systems she will be able to judge of men. She will distinguish the modest, the dogmatical, the affected, the over-refined, and give her esteem and confidence accordingly. She will know with whom to confide the education of her children, and how to judge of their progress and the methods used to improve them. From books, from conversation, from learned instructors, she will gather the flower of every science ; and her mind, in assimilating every thing to itself, will adorn it with new graces. She will give the tone to the conversation even when she chooses to bear but an inconsiderable part in it. The modesty which prevents her from an unnecessary display of what she knows, will cause it to be supposed that her knowledge is deeper than in reality it is :—as when the landscape is seen through the veil of a mist, the bounds of the horizon are hid. As she will never obtrude her knowledge, none will ever be sensible of any deficiency in it, and her silence will seem to proceed from discretion rather than a want of information. She will seem to know every thing by leading every one to

speak of what he knows ; and when she is with those to whom she can give no real information, she will yet delight them by the original turns of thought and sprightly elegance which will attend her manner of speaking on any subject. Such is the character to whom profest scholars will delight to give information, from whom others will equally delight to receive it:— the character I wish you to become, and to form which your application must be directed.

## THE RICH AND THE POOR.

A DIALOGUE.

MAMMA! said Harriet Beechwood, I have just heard such a proud speech of a poor man! you would wonder if you heard it.

Not much, Harriet; for pride and poverty can very well agree together:—but what was it?

Why, mamma, you know the charity-school that Lady Mary has set up, and how neat the girls look in their brown stuff gowns and little straw bonnets.

Yes, I think it a very good institution; the poor girls are taught to read and spell and sew, and what is better still, to be good.

Well, mamma, Lady Mary's gardener, a poor man who lives in a cottage just by the great house, has a little girl; and so, because she was a pretty little girl, Lady Mary offered to put her into this school;—and do you know he would not let her go!

Indeed!

Yes: he thanked her, and said, "I have only one little girl, and I love her dearly; and though I am a poor man, I had rather work my fingers to the bone than she should wear a charity dress."

I do not doubt, my dear Harriet, that a great many people will have the same idea of this poor man's behaviour which you have; but for my own part, I am inclined to think it indicates something of a noble and generous spirit.

Was it not proud to say she should not wear a charity dress?

Why should she?—would you wear a charity dress?

O, mamma, but this is a poor man !

He is able to pay for her learning, I suppose ; otherwise he would certainly do wrong to refuse his child the advantage of instruction because his feelings were hurt by it.

Yes, he is going to put her to Dame Primmer's across the Green ; she will have half a mile to walk.

That will do her no hurt.

But he is throwing his money away ; for he might have his little girl taught for nothing ; and as he is a poor man he ought to be thankful for it.

Pray what do you mean by a poor man ?

O, a man—those men that live in poor houses, and work all day, and are hired for it.

I cannot tell exactly how you define a poor house : but as to working, your papa is in a public office, and works all day long, and more hours certainly than the labourer does ; and he is hired to it, for he would not do the work but for the salary they give him.

But you do not live like those poor people, and you do not wear a check apron like the gardener's wife.

Neither am I covered with lace and jewels like a duchess : there is as much difference between our manner of living and that of many people above us in fortune, as between ours and this gardener's whom you call poor.

What is being poor then ? is there no such thing ?

Indeed I hardly know how to answer your question : rich and poor are comparative terms ; and provided a man is in no want of the necessaries of life and is not in debt, he can only be said to be poor comparatively with others, of whom the same might be affirmed by those who are still richer. But to whatever degree of indigence you apply the term, you must take care not to confound a *poor man* with a *pauper*.



What is a pauper? I thought they had been the same thing?

A pauper is one who cannot maintain himself, and who is maintained by the charity of the community. Your gardener was not a pauper; he worked for what he had, and he paid for what he had; and therefore he had a right to expect that his child should not be confounded with the children of the idle, the profligate, and the dissolute, who are maintained upon charity. I wish the lower classes had more of this honourable pride.

Is it a crime to be a pauper?

To be a pauper is often the consequence of vice; and where it is not, it justly degrades a man from his rank in society. If the gardener's daughter were to wear a kind of charity badge, the little girls she plays with would consider her as having lost her rank in society. You would not like to lose your rank, and to be thrust down lower than your proper place in society. There are several things it would not at all hurt you to do, which you would not choose to do on this account. For instance, to carry a bandbox through the street;—yet it would not hurt you to carry a bandbox; you would carry a greater weight in your garden for pleasure.

But I thought gardeners and such sort of people had no rank?

That is a very great mistake. Every one has his rank, his place in society; and so far as rank is a source of honourable pride, there is less difference in rank between you and the gardener, than between the gardener and a pauper. Between the greater part of those we call different classes, there is only the difference of less and more; the spending a hundred, or five hundred, or five thousand a year; the eating off earthenware, or china, or plate: but there is a real

and essential difference between the man who provides for his family by his own exertions, and him who is supported by charity. The gardener has a right to stretch out his nervous arm and say, "This right hand, under Providence, provides for myself and my family; I earn what I eat, I am a burthen to no one, and therefore if I have any superfluity I have a right to spend it as I please, and to dress my little girl to my own fancy."

But do you not think, mamma, that a brown stuff gown and a straw bonnet would be a much properer dress for the lower sort of people than any thing gaudy? If they are much dressed, you know, we always laugh at their vulgar finery.

They care very little for your laughing at them; they do not dress to please you.

Whom do they dress to please?

Whom do you dress to please?

You, my dear mamma, and papa.

Not entirely, I fancy;—you tell me the truth, but not the whole truth. Well, they dress to please their papas and mammas, their young companions, and their sweethearts.

I have often heard Lady Selina say, that if all the lower orders were to have a plain uniform dress, it would be much better; and that if a poor person is neat and clean, it is quite enough.

Better for whom?—enough for whom? for themselves, or for us? They have a natural love of ornament as well as we have. It is true they can do our work as well in a plainer dress; but when the work is done and the time of enjoyment comes,—in the dance on the green, or the tea-party among their friends,—who shall hinder them from indulging their taste and fancy, and laying out the money they have so fairly earned in what best pleases them?

But they are not content without following our fash-

ions ; and they are so ridiculous in their imitations of them. I was quite diverted to see Molly, the pastry-cook's girl, tossing her head about in a hat and ribbon which I dare say she thought very fashionable ; but such a caricature of the mode—I was so diverted.

You may be diverted with a safer conscience when I assure you that the laugh goes round. London laughs at the country, the court laughs at the city, and I dare say your pastrycook's girl laughs at somebody who is distanced by herself in the race of fashion.

But every body says, and I have heard you say, mamma, that the kind of people I mean, and servants particularly, are very extravagant in dress.

That unfortunately is true : they very often are so, and when they marry they suffer for it severely ; but do not you think many young ladies are equally so ? Did you not see at your last dancing-school ball many a girl whose father cannot give her a thousand pounds, covered with lace and ornaments ?

It is very true.

Are not duchesses driven by extravagance to pawn their plate and jewels ?

I have heard so.

The only security against improper expense is dignity of mind, and moderation : these are not common in any rank ; and I do not know why we should expect them to be more common among the lower and uneducated classes than among the higher.—To return to your gardener. He has certainly a right to dress his girl as he pleases without asking you or me : but I shall think he does not make a wise use of that right if he lays out his money in finery, instead of providing the more substantial comforts and enjoyments of life. And I should think exactly the same of my neighbour in the great house in the park.

Have servants a rank ?

Certainly ; and you will find them very tenacious of it. A gentleman's butler will not go behind a coach ; a lady's maid will not go on an errand.

Are they not very saucy to refuse doing it, if they are ordered ?

No ; if they refuse civilly. They are hired to do certain things, not to obey you in every thing. There are many ranks above, but there are also many ranks below them ; and they have both the right and the inclination to support their place in society.

But their masters would respect them the more if they did not stand upon these punctilios.

But I have told you it is not our approbation they seek. When the lower orders mix with the higher, it is to maintain themselves and get money ; and if they are honest, they will do their work faithfully : but it is amongst their equals that they seek for affection, applause, and admiration ; and there they meet with it. It matters very little in what rank a man is, provided he is esteemed and reckoned a man of consequence there. The feelings of vanity are exactly the same in a countess's daughter dancing at court, and a milkwoman figuring at a country hop.

But surely, mamma, the countess's daughter will be more really elegant ?

That will depend very much upon individual taste. However, the higher ranks have so many advantages for cultivating taste, so much money to lay out in decoration, and are so early taught the graces of air and manner to set off those decorations, that it would be absurd to deny their superiority in this particular. But Taste has one great enemy to contend with.

What is that ?

Fashion,—an arbitrary and capricious tyrant, who reigns with the most despotic sway over that department which Taste alone ought to regulate. It is

Fashion that imprisons the slender nymph in the vast rotunda of the hoop and loads her with heavy ornaments, when she is conscious, if she dared rebel, she should dance lighter and look better in a dress of one tenth part of the price. Fashion sometimes orders her to cut off her beautiful tresses, and present the appearance of a cropped school-boy ; and though this is a sacrifice which a nun going to be profest looks upon as one of the severest she is to make, she obeys without a murmur. The winter arrives, and she is cold ; but Fashion orders her to leave off half her clothes, and be abroad half the night. She complies, though at the risk of her life. A great deal more might be said about this tyrant ; but as we have had enough of grave conversation for the present, we will here drop the subject.

DESCRIPTION  
OF  
A CURIOUS ANIMAL

LATELY FOUND IN THE WILDS OF DERBYSHIRE.



THIS little creature, which seems a very beautiful specimen of the species to which it belongs, is about the size of a common monkey, which it likewise much resembles in its agility and various tricks. The eye is very lively, wild, and roving; teeth white and sharp; body covered with a woolly integument, except the head and fore feet; hair rude and tangled, hangs about the shoulders and covers the forehead as low as the eyes, rest of the face naked; skin soft and white; cheeks full and of a glowing red; under lip swelled and pouting; paws white with streaks of brown; claws long, toes of the hind feet joined together.

**Habits.**—This animal walks, indifferently, on two or on four feet, feeds itself with its fore feet, makes a chattering noise, climbs, leaps, and runs, and has a spring in its muscles equal to an antelope; has a wonderful suppleness in its limbs, which it can twist into various attitudes, all surprisingly graceful; is always in motion, except when basking by the fire, of which it is very fond in winter. Will often shake its hair over the whole face, which gives it a look of peculiar wildness. Is very good-natured and playful, caressing to its keeper and every one who takes notice of it. Is however easily put in a passion, and when angry makes a threatening noise, but is soon put to flight by the least show of resistance. If seized, kicks with its

hind legs : is however tolerably docile, considering how lately it has been caught. Feeds on fruits, roots, or flesh ; will eat cakes or nuts out of the hand. To be seen at the Rev. Mr. B.'s menagerie, with many other young animals equally curious.

## ON THE CLASSICS.

THE authors known by the name of the Greek and Roman Classics have laid the foundation of all that is excellent in modern literature ; and are so frequently referred to both in books and conversation, that a person of a cultivated mind cannot easily be content without obtaining some knowledge of them, even though he should not be able to read them in their original tongues. A clear and short account of these authors in a chronological series, together with a sketch of the character of their several productions, for the use of those who have either none or a very superficial knowledge of the languages they are written in, is, as far as I know, a desideratum which it is much to be wished that some elegant scholar should supply : in the mean time a few general remarks upon them may be not unacceptable.

In the larger sense of the word, an author is called a Classic when his work has stood the test of time long enough to become a permanent part of the literature of his country. Of the number of writings which in their day have attained a portion of fame, very few in any age have survived to claim this honourable distinction. Every circumstance which gave temporary celebrity must be forgotten ; party must have subsided ; the voice of friends and of enemies must be silent ; and the writer himself must have long mouldered in the dust, before the gates of immortality are opened to him. It is in vain that he attempts to flatter or to soothe his contemporaries ; they are not called to the decision ; his merits are to be determined by a race he has never seen ; the judges are not



yet born who are to pronounce on the claims of Darwin and of Cowper. The severe impartiality of Posterity stands aloof from every consideration but that of excellence, and from her verdict there is no appeal.

It is true, indeed, that amidst the revolutions of ages, particularly before the invention of printing, accidental circumstances must often have had great influence in the preservation of particular writings: and we know and lament that many are lost which the learned world would give treasures of gold to recover. But it cannot easily happen that a work should be preserved without superior merit; and indeed we know from the testimony of antiquity, that the works which have come down to us, and which we read and admire, are in general the very works which by the Greeks and Romans themselves were esteemed most excellent.

It is impossible to contemplate without a sentiment of reverence and enthusiasm, these venerable writings which have survived the wreck of empires; and, what is more, of languages; which have received the awful stamp of immortality, and are crowned with the applause of so many successive ages. It is wonderful that words should live so much longer than marble temples;—words, which at first are only uttered breath; and, when afterwards enshrined and fixed in a visible form by the admirable invention of writing, committed to such frail and perishable materials: yet the light paper bark floats down the stream of time, and lives through the storms which have sunk so many stronger built vessels. Homer is read, though *The grass now grows where Troy town stood*: and nations once despised as barbarous appreciate the merit of Cicero's orations on the banks of the Thames, when the long

honours of the consulate are vanished, and the language of Rome is no longer spoken on the shores of the Tiber.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;  
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,  
 Destructive war and all-involving age.  
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring,  
 Hear in all tongues consenting Pæans ring !

It is owing to the preservation of a few books of the kind we are speaking of, that at the revival of letters the world had not to go back to the very beginnings of science. When the storm of barbaric rage had past over and spent itself, they were drawn from the mould of ruins and dust of convents, and were of essential service in forming our taste and giving a direction to the recovered energies of the human mind. Oral instruction can benefit but one age and one set of hearers ; but these silent teachers address all ages and all nations. They may sleep for a while and be neglected ; but whenever the desire of information springs up in the human breast, there they are with their mild wisdom ready to instruct and please us. The Philosopher opens again his school ; his maxims have lost nothing of their truth : the harmony of the Poet's numbers, though locked up for a time, becomes again vocal ; and we find that what was nature and passion two thousand years ago, is nature and passion still.

Books are a kind of perpetual censors on men and manners ; they judge without partiality, and reprove without fear or affection. There are times when the flame of virtue and liberty seems almost to be extinguished amongst the existing generation ; but their animated pages are always at hand to rekindle it. The Despot trembles on his throne, and the bold bad man turns

pale in his closet at the sentence pronounced against him ages before he was born.

In addition to their intrinsic value, there is much incidental entertainment in consulting authors who flourished at so remote a period. Every little circumstance becomes curious as we discover allusions to customs now obsolete, or draw indications of the temper of the times from the various slight hints and casual pieces of information which may be gathered up by the ingenious critic. Sometimes we have the pleasure of being admitted into the cabinet of a great man, and leaning as it were over his shoulder while he is pouring himself out in the freedom of a confidential intercourse which was never meant to meet the eye even of his contemporaries. At another time we are delighted to witness the conscious triumph of a genius who, with a generous confidence in his powers, prophesies his own immortality, and to feel as we read that his proud boast has not been too presumptuous. Another advantage of reading the ancients is, that we trace the stream of ideas to their spring. It is always best to go to the fountain head. We can never have a just idea of the comparative merit of the moderns, without knowing how much they have derived from imitation. It is amusing to follow an idea from century to century, and observe the gradual accession of thought and sentiment ; to see the jewels of the ancients new set, and the wit of Horace sparkling with additional lustre in the lines of Pope.

The real sources of History can only be known by some acquaintance with the original authors. This indeed will often be found to betray the deficiency of our documents, and the difficulty of reconciling jarring accounts. It will sometimes unclthe and exhibit in its original barrenness what the art of the moderns has drest up and rounded into form. It will show the unsightly chasms and breaks which

the modern compiler passes over with a light foot ; and perhaps make us sceptical with regard to many particulars of which we formerly thought we had authentic information. But it is always good to know the real measure of our knowledge. That knowledge would be greater, if the treasures of antiquity had come to us undiminished : but this is not the case. Besides the loss of many mentioned with honor by their contemporaries, few authors are come down to us entire ; and of some exquisite productions only fragments are extant. The full stream of narration is sometimes suddenly checked at the most interesting period, and the sense of a brilliant passage is clouded by the obscurity of a single word. The literary productions are come to us in a similar state with the fine statues of antiquity : of which some have lost an arm, others a leg ; some a little finger only : scarce any have escaped some degree of mutilation ; and sometimes a trunk is dug up so shorn of its limbs, that the antiquaries are puzzled to make out to what god or hero it originally belonged. To the frequent loss of part of an author must be added the difficulty of deciphering what remains.

Ancient manuscripts are by no means easy to read. You are not to imagine, when you see a fair edition of Virgil, or Horace, divided into verses and accurately pointed, that you see it in any thing like its original state. The oldest manuscripts are written wholly in capitals, and without any separation of letters into words. Passing through many hands, they have suffered from the mistakes or carelessness of transcribers ; by which so great an obscurity is thrown on many passages, that very often he who makes the happiest guess is the best commentator. But this very obscurity has usefully exercised the powers of the human mind. It became a great object, at the

revival of letters, to compare different readings; to elucidate a text by parallel passages; to supply by probable conjecture what was necessary to make an author speak sense; and by every possible assistance of learning and sound criticism, together with typographical advantages, to restore the beauty and splendour of the classic page. Verbal criticism was at that time of great and real use; and those who are apt to undervalue it, are little aware how much labour was requisite to reduce the confused or mutilated work of a thousand years back to form and order.

This task was well fitted for an age recently emerged out of barbarism. The enthusiastic admiration with which men were struck on viewing the masterpieces of human genius, and even the superstitious veneration with which they regarded every thing belonging to them, tended to form their taste by a quicker process than if they had been left to make the most of their own abilities. By degrees the moderns felt their own powers; they learned to imitate, and perhaps to excel what before they idolized. But a considerable period had passed before any of the modern languages were thought worthy of being the vehicle of the discoveries of science or even of the effusions of fancy. Christianity did not, as might have been expected, bring into discredit the pagan philosophy. Aristotle reigned in the schools, where he was regarded with a veneration fully equal to what was expressed for the sainted fathers of the church; and as to the mythology of the ancients, it is so beautiful that all our earlier poetry has been modelled upon it. Even yet, the predilection for the Latin language is apparent in our inscriptions, in the public exercises of our schools and universities, and the general bent of the studies of youth. In short, all our knowledge and all our taste has been built upon the foundation of

the ancients ; and without knowing what they have done, we cannot estimate rightly the merit of our own authors.

It may naturally be asked, why the Greek and Roman writers alone are called by the name of Classics. It is true the Hebrew might be esteemed so, if we did not receive them upon a higher ground of merit. As to the Persian and Arabic with other languages of countries once highly cultivated, their authors are not taken into the account, partly because they are understood by so few, and partly because their idioms and modes of expression, if not of feeling, are so remote from ours that we can scarcely enter into their merits. Their writings are comprehended under the name of Oriental literature. It has been more cultivated of late, particularly by Sir William Jones ; and our East India possessions will continue to draw our attention that way : but curiosity is gratified rather than taste. We are pleased indeed with occasional beauties, sometimes a pure maxim of morality and sometimes a glowing figure of speech ; but they do not enter into the substance of the mind, which ever must be fed and nourished by the classic literature of Greece and Rome.

I shall subjoin a few specimens of the mythological stories of the ancients.

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#### ATALANTA.

ATALANTA was a beautiful young woman, exceedingly swift of foot. She had many lovers ; but she resolved not to marry till she could meet with one who should conquer her in running. A great many

young men proposed themselves, and lost their lives ; for the conditions were, that if they were overcome in the race they should be put to death. At length she was challenged by Hippomenes, a brave and handsome youth. "Do you know," said Atalanta, "that nobody has yet been found who excels me in swiftness, and that you must be put to death if you do not win the race ? I should be sorry to have any more young men put to death."—"I am not afraid," said Hippomenes ; "I think I shall win the race and win you too."

So the ground was marked out and the day appointed, and a great number of spectators gathered together ; and Atalanta stood with her garments tucked up, and Hippomenes by her, waiting impatiently for the signal. At length it was given ; and immediately they both started at the same instant, and ran with their utmost speed across the plain. But Atalanta flew like the wind, and soon outstripped the young man. Then Hippomenes drew from his vest a golden apple, which had been given him by Venus from the gardens of the Hesperides, and threw it from him with all his force. The virgin saw it glittering as it rolled across the plain, and ran out of the course to pick it up. While she was doing so, Hippomenes passed her, and the spectators shouted for joy. However, Atalanta redoubled her speed, soon overtook Hippomenes, and again got before him. Upon this, Hippomenes produced another golden apple, and threw it as before. It rolled a great way out of the course, and the virgin was thrown very far behind by picking it up. She had great difficulty this time to recover her lost ground, and the spectators shouted "Hippomenes will win ! Hippomenes will win !" But Atalanta was so light, so nimble, and exerted herself so much, that at length she passed him as before, and

flew as if she had wings towards the goal. And now she had but a little way to run ; and the people said, " Poor Hippomenes ! he will lose after all, and be put to death like the rest ;—see, see how she gains ground of him ! how near the goal she is ! Atalanta will win the race." Then Hippomenes took another golden apple,—it was the last he had, and prayed to Venus to give him success, and threw it behind him. Atalanta saw it, and considered a moment whether she should venture to delay herself again by picking it up. She knew she ran the risk of losing the race, but she could not withstand the beautiful glittering of the apple as it rolled along ; and she said to herself, " I shall easily overtake Hippomenes, as I did before." But she was mistaken ; for they had now so little a way to run, that though she skimmed along the plain like a bird, and exerted all her strength, she was too late. Hippomenes reached the goal before her : she was obliged to own herself conquered, and to marry him according to the agreement.

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### ARION.

ARION was a poet of Lesbos, who sung his own verses to his harp. He had been a good while at the court of Periander, tyrant of Corinth, and had acquired great riches, with which he was desirous to return to his native country. He therefore made an agreement with a captain of a ship to carry him to Mitylene in Lesbos, and they set sail. But the captain and crew, tempted by the wealth which he had on board, determined to seize his gold and throw him into the sea. When poor Arion heard their cruel intention, he sub-



mitted to his fate, for he knew he could not resist, and only begged they would allow him to give them one tune upon his harp before he died. This they complied with; and Arion, standing on the deck, drew from his harp such melodious strains, accompanied with such moving verses, that any body but these cruel sailors would have been touched with them. When he had finished they threw him into the sea, where they supposed he was swallowed up; but that was not the case; for a dolphin, which had been drawn towards the ship by the sweetness of Arion's voice, swam to him, took him gently upon his back, conveyed him safely over the waves, and landed him at Tænara, whence he returned to Periander. Periander was very much surprised to see him come again in such a forlorn and destitute condition, and asked him the reason. Arion told his story. Periander bade him conceal himself till the sailors should return from their voyage, and he would do him justice. When the ship returned from its voyage, Periander ordered the sailors to be brought before him, and asked them what they had done with Arion. They said he had died during the voyage, and that they had buried him. Then Periander ordered Arion to appear before them in the clothes he wore when they cast him into the sea. At this plain proof of their guilt they were quite confounded, and Periander put them all to death. It is said further, that the dolphin was taken up into the heavens and turned into a constellation.—It is a small constellation, of moderate brightness, and has four stars in the form of a rhombus; you will find it south of the Swan, and a little west of the bright star Alcair.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE goddess Venus loved Adonis, a mortal. Beautiful Venus loved the beautiful Adonis. She often said to him, "O Adonis! be content to lie crowned with flowers by the fresh fountains, and to feed upon honey and nectar, and to be lulled to sleep by the warbling of birds; and do not expose your life by hunting the tawny lion or the tusky boar, or any savage beast. Take care of that life, which is so dear to Venus!" But Adonis would not listen to her. He loved to rise early in the morning while the dew was upon the grass, and to beat the thickets with his well-trained hounds, whose ears swept the ground. With his darts he pierced the nimble fawns and the kids with budding horns, and brought home the spoil upon his shoulders. But one day he wounded a fierce bristly boar; the arrow stuck in his side, and made the animal mad with pain: he rushed upon Adonis, and gored his thigh with his sharp tusks. Beautiful Adonis fell to the ground like a lilly that is rooted up by a sudden storm: his blood flowed in crimson streams down his fair side; and his eyelids closed, and the shades of death hovered over his pale brow.

In the mean time the evening came on, and Venus had prepared a garland of fresh leaves and flowers to bind around the glowing temples of Adonis when he should come hot and tired from the chase, and a couch of rose-leaves to rest his weary limbs: and she said, "Why does not Adonis come! Return, Adonis! let me hear the sound of your feet! let me hear the voice of your dogs! let them lick my hands, and make me understand that their master is approaching!"—But Adonis did not return; and the dark night came, and the rosy morning appeared again,

and still he did not appear. Then Venus sought him in the plains and through the thickets, and amidst the rough brakes; and her veil was torn with the thorns, and her feet bruised and bleeding with the sharp pebbles; for she ran hither and thither like a distracted person. And at length upon the mountain she found him whom she loved so dearly: but she found him cold and dead, with his faithful dogs beside him.

Then Venus rent her beautiful tresses, and beat her breast, and pierced the air with her loud lamentations: and the little Cupids that accompany her broke their ivory bows for grief, and scattered upon the ground the arrows of their golden quivers: and they said, "We mourn Adonis; Venus mourns for beautiful Adonis; the Loves mourn along with her. Beautiful Adonis lies dead upon the ground, his side gored with the tooth of a boar,—his white thigh with a white tooth. Venus kisses the cold lips of Adonis; but Adonis does not know that he is kissed, and she cannot revive him with her warm breath."

Then Venus said, "You shall not quite die, my Adonis! I will change you into a flower." And she shed nectar on the ground, which mixed with the blood, and presently a crimson flower sprung up in the room of Adonis; and also the river was tinged with his blood and became red. And every year, on the day that Adonis died, the nymphs mourned and lamented for him, and ran up and down shrieking, and crying "Beautiful Adonis is dead!"

## LETTER OF A YOUNG KING.

MADAM,

AMIDST the mutual compliments and kind wishes which are universally circulated at this season, I hope mine will not be the least acceptable ; and I have thought proper to give you this early assurance of my kind intentions towards you, and the benefits I have in store for you : for though I am appointed your sovereign ; though your fates and fortune, your life and death, are at my disposal ; yet I am fully sensible that I was created for my subjects, not my subjects for me ; and that the end of my very existence is to diffuse blessings on my people.

My predecessor departed this life last night precisely at twelve o'clock. He died of a universal decay ; nature was exhausted in him, and there was not vital heat sufficient to carry on the functions of life ; his hair was fallen, and discovered his smooth, white, bald head ; his voice was hoarse and broken, and his blood froze in his veins : in short, his time was come. And to say truth he will not be much regretted ; for of late he had been gloomy and vapourish, and the sudden gusts of passion he had long been subject to, were worked up into such storms it was impossible to live under him with comfort.

With regard to myself, I am sensible the joy expressed at my accession is sincere, and that no young monarch has ever been welcomed with warmer demonstrations of affection. Some have ardently longed for my coming, and all view my approach with pleasure and cheerfulness ; yet such is the uncertainty of popular favour, that I well know that those who

are most eager and sanguine in expressing their joy will soonest be tired of my company. You yourself, madam, though I know that at present you regard me with kindness, as one from whom you expect more happiness than you have yet enjoyed, will probably after a short time wish as much to part with me, and transfer the same fond hopes and wishes to my successor. But though your impatience may make me a very troublesome companion, it will not in the least hasten my departure ; nor can all the powers of earth oblige me to resign a moment before my time. In order, therefore, that you may form proper expectations concerning me, I shall give you a little sketch of my temper and manners, and I will acknowledge that my aspect at present is somewhat stern and rough ; but there is a latent warmth in my temper which you will perceive as we grow better acquainted, and I shall every day put on a milder and more smiling look : indeed I have so much fire, that I may chance sometimes to make the house too hot for you ; but in recompense for this inequality of temper, I am kind and bountiful as a giving God : I come full-handed, and my very business is to dispense blessings ;— blessings of the basket and the store ; blessings of the field and of the vineyard ; blessings for time and for eternity. There is not an inhabitant of the globe who will not experience my bounty ; yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, that there is scarcely one whom I shall not leave in some degree discontented.

Whimsical and various are the petitions which are daily put up to me from all parts ; and very few of the petitioners will be satisfied ; because they reject and despise the gifts I offer them with open hand, and set their minds on others which certainly will not fall to their share. Celia has begged me on her knees to find her a lover : I shall do what I can ;

I shall bring her the most magnificent shawl that has appeared in Europe. For Dorinda, who has made the same petition, I have two gifts,—wisdom and grey hairs; the former I know she will reject, nor can I force her to wear it; but the grey hairs I shall leave on her toilette whether she will or no. The curate Sopliron expects I shall bring him a living; I shall present him with twins as round and rosy as an apple. Nor can I listen to the entreaty of Dorimant, whose good father being a little asthmatic, he has desired me to push him into his grave as we walk up May hill together: but I shall marry him to a handsome lively girl, who will make a very pretty step-mother to the young gentleman. It is in vain for poor Sylvia to weary me as she does with prayers to restore to her her faithless lover: but I shall give her the choice of two to replace him. Codrus has asked me if he may bespeak a suit of black: but I can tell him his little wife will outlive me and him too: I have offered the old man a double portion of patience, which he has thrown away very pettishly. Strephon has entreated me to take him to Scotland with his mistress: I shall do it; and he will hate my very name all his life after.

The wishes of some are very moderate;—Fanny begs two inches of height, and Chloe that I would take away her awkward plumpness; Carus a new equipage, and Philida a new ball-dress. A mother brought me her son the other day, made me many compliments, and desired me to teach him every thing; at the same time begging the youth to throw away his marbles, which he had often promised to part with as soon as he saw me:—but the boy held them fast, and I shall teach him nothing but to play at taw. Many ladies have come to me with their daughters in their hands, telling me they hope their

girls, under me, will learn prudence : but the young ladies have as constantly desired me to teach prudence to their grandmothers, whom it would better become, and to bring them new dances and new fashions. In short, I have scarcely seen any one with whom I am likely entirely to agree, but a stout old farmer who rents a small cottage on the green. He was leaning on his spade when I approached him. As his neighbour told him I was coming, he welcomed me with a cheerful countenance ; but at the same time bluntly told me he had not expected me so soon, being too busy to pay much attention to my approach. I asked him if I could do any thing for him. He said he did not believe me better or worse than those who had preceded me, and therefore should not expect much from me ; that he was happy before he saw me, and should be very well contented after I left him : he was glad to see me, however, and only begged I would not take his wife from him, a thin withered old woman, who was eating a mess of milk at the door. " And I shall be glad too," said he, " if you will fill my cellar with potatoes." As he applied himself to his spade while he said these words, I shall certainly grant his request.

I shall now tell you, that great and extensive as my power is, I shall possess it but a short time. However the predictions of astrologers are now laughed at, nothing is more certain than what I am going to tell you. A scheme of my nativity has been cast by the most eminent astronomers, who have found, on consulting the stars and the aspect of the heavenly bodies, that Capricornus will be fatal to me : I know that all the physicians in the world cannot protract my life beyond that fatal period. I do not tell you this to excite your sensibility,—for I would have you meet me without fondness and part with me without regret ;

but to quicken you to lay hold on those advantages I am able to procure you ; for it will be your own fault if you are not both wiser and better for my company. I have likewise another request to make to you,—that you will write my epitaph : I may make you happy, but it depends on you to make me famous. If, after I am departed, you can say my reign was distinguished by good actions and wise conversations, and that I have left you happier than I found you, I shall not have lived in vain. My sincere wishes are, that you may long outlive me, but always remember me with pleasure. I am, if you use me well,

Your friend and servant,

THE NEW YEAR.



## VERSES

WRITTEN IN

THE LEAVES OF AN IVORY POCKET-BOOK, PRESENTED  
TO MASTER T\*\*\*\*\*.

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ACCEPT, my dear, this toy ; and let me say  
The leaves an emblem of your mind display ; —  
Your youthful mind uncolour'd, fair and white,  
Like crystal leaves transparent to the sight,  
Fit each impression to receive whate'er  
The pencil of instruction traces there.  
O then transcribe into the shining page  
Each virtue that adorns your tender age,  
And grave upon the tablet of your heart  
Each lofty science and each useful art.  
But with the likeness mark the difference well,  
Nor think complete the hasty parallel : —  
The leaves by Folly scrawl'd, or foul with stains,  
A drop of water clears with little pains ;  
But from a blotted mind the smallest trace  
Not seas of bitter tears can e'er efface ;  
The spreading mark forever shall remain,  
And rolling years but deepen every stain.  
Once more a difference let me still explain ; —  
The vacant leaves forever will remain,  
Till some officious hand the tablet fill  
With sense or nonsense, prose or rhyme at will.  
Not so your mind, without your forming care ;  
Nature forbids an idle vacuum there :  
Folly will plant the tares without your toil,  
And weeds spring up in the neglected soil.  
But why to you this moralizing strain ?  
Vain is the precept and the caution vain,  
To you, whose opening virtues bloom so fair,  
And will reward the prudent planter's care ;  
As some young tree, by generous juices fed,  
Above its fellows lifts its branching head,

Whose proud aspiring shoots incessant rise,  
And every day grows nearer to the skies.  
Yet, should kind heaven your opening mind adorn,  
And bless your noon of knowledge as your morn ;  
Yet, were your mind with every science blest,  
And every virtue glowing in your breast,  
With learning, meekness, and with candour, zeal,  
Clear to discern, and generous to feel,  
Yet, should the Graces o'er your breast diffuse  
The softer influence of the polish'd muse,  
'T is no original, the world can tell,  
And all your praise is but to *copy* well.

## ON PLANTS.

PLANTS stand next to animals in the scale of existence : they are, like them, organized bodies ; like them, increase by nutrition, which is conveyed through a system of tubes and fine vessels, and assimilated to their substance ; like them, they propagate their race from a parent, and each seed produces its own plant ; like them, they grow by insensible degrees from an infant state to full vigour, and after a certain term of maturity decay and die. In short, except the powers of speech and locomotion, they seem to possess every characteristic of sentient life.

A plant consists of a root, a stem, leaves, and a flower or blossom.

The root is bulbous, as the onion ; long, like the parsnip or carrot ; or branched out into threads, as the greater number are, and particularly all the large ones ;—a bulbous root could not support a large tree.

The stem is single or branched, clinging for support or upright, clothed with a skin or bark.

The flower contains the principle of reproduction, as the root does of individuality. This is the most precious part of the plant, to which every thing contributes. The root nourishes it, the stem supports, the leaves defend and shelter it : it comes forth but when Nature has prepared for it by showers and sun and gentle soothing warmth ;—colour, beauty, scent adorn it ; and when it is complete, the end of the plant's existence is answered. It fades and dies ; or, if capable by its perennial nature of repeating the process, it hides in its inmost folds the precious germ

of new being, and itself almost retires from existence till a new year.

A tree is one of the most stately and beautiful objects in God's visible creation. It does not admit of an exact definition, but is distinguished from the humbler plant by its size, the strength of its stem, which becomes a trunk, and the comparative smallness of the blossom. In the fruit-trees, indeed, the number of blossoms compensates for their want of size; but in the forest-trees the flower is scarcely visible. Production seems not to be so important a process where the parent tree lives for centuries.

Every part of vegetables is useful. Of many the roots are edible, and the seeds are generally so; of many the leaves, as of the cabbage, spinach; the buds, as of the asparagus, cauliflower; the bark is often employed medicinally, as the quinquina and cinnamon.

The trunk of a tree determines the manner of its growth, and gives firmness: the foliage serves to form one mass of a number of trees; while the distinct lines are partly seen, partly hidden. The leaves throw over the branches a rich mantle, like flowing tresses; they wave in the wind with an undulatory motion, catch the glow of the evening sun, or glitter with the rain; they shelter innumerable birds and animals, and afford variety in colours, from the bright green of spring to the varied tints of autumn. In winter, however, the form of each tree and its elegant ramifications are discerned, which were lost under the flowing robe of verdure.

Trees are beautiful in all combinations: the single tree is so; the clump, the grove, rising like an amphitheatre; the flowing line that marks the skirts of wood, and the dark, deep, boundless shade of the forest; the green line of the hedge-row, the more artificial avenue, the gothic arch of verdure, the tangled thicket.

Young trees are distinguished by beauty ; in maturity their characteristic is strength. The ruin of a tree is venerable even when fallen : we are then more sensible of its towering height : we also observe the root, the deep fangs which held it against so many storms, and the firmness of the wood ; a sentiment of pity mixes too with our admiration. The trees in groves and woods shed a brown religious horror, which favoured the religion of the ancient world. Trees shelter from cutting winds and sea air ; they preserve moisture : but if too many, in their thick and heavy mass lazy vapours stagnate ; their profuse perspiration is unwholesome ; they shut out the golden sun and ventilating breeze.

It should seem as if the number of trees must have been diminishing for ages, for in no cultivated country does the growth of trees equal the waste of them. A few gentlemen raise plantations, but many more cut down ; and the farmer thinks not of so lofty a thing as the growth of ages. Trees are too lofty to want the hand of man. The florist may mingle his tulips and spread the paper ruff on his carnations ; he may trim his mount of roses and his laurel hedge : but the lofty growth of trees soars far above him. If he presumes to fashion them with his shears, and trim them into fanciful or mathematical shapes, offended taste will mock all his improvements. Even in planting he can do little. He may succeed in fancying a clump or laying out an avenue, and may perhaps gently incline the boughs to form the arch ; but a forest was never planted.

ON A PORTRAIT  
OF  
A LADY AND TWO CHILDREN.



As, nursed by warmer suns and milder showers,  
In fair Italia's vales the orange blows ;  
Heavy at once with fruit and gay with flowers,  
The richness of the year she all together shows :

Thus, ere the blossom of her life is o'er,  
Two smiling infants grace Maria's side ;  
More lovely fruit than all Pomona's store,  
Her ruddy orchards, or her golden pride.

Less fair, twin apples blushing on a bough,  
On whose smooth cheek the ripening summer glows,  
Or those which broke fleet Atalanta's vow,  
Or that, from whence celestial strife arose.

Long may the stock, and long the fruit remain,  
May their young fondness with their years increase,  
Nor ever words unkind, or bitter pain,  
Wound the sweet bosom of domestic peace.

And when, late time, the mother's bloom must fade,  
And when the sire shall be by fate removed ;  
May these their name, their form, their virtues spread,  
Like them be happy, and like them be loved.

## EARTH.

ALL the different substances which we behold have by the earliest philosophers been resolved into four elements,—*Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.* These, combined with endless diversity, in their various dance, under the direction of the great First Mover, form this scene of things,—so complex, so beautiful, so infinitely varied!

Earth is the element which on many accounts claims our chief notice. It forms the bulk of that vast body of matter which composes our globe; and, like the bones to the human body, it gives firmness, shape, and solidity to the various productions of Nature. It is ponderous, dull, unanimated, ever seeking the lowest place; and, except moved by some external impulse, prone to rest in one sluggish mass. Yet when fermented into life by the quickening power of vegetation,—in how many forms of grace and beauty does it rise to the admiring eye! How gay, how vivid with colours! how fragrant with smells! how rich with tastes,—luscious, poignant, sapid, mild, pungent, or saccharine! Into what delicate textures is it spread out in the thin leaf of the rose, or the light film of the floating gossamer! How curious in the elegant ramifications of trees and shrubs, or the light dust which the microscope discovers to contain the seed of future plants!

Nor has earth less of magnificence, in the various appearances with which upon a larger scale its broad surface is diversified;—whether we behold it stretched out into immense plains and vast savannahs, whose

level green is only bounded by the horizon ; or moulded into those gentle risings and easy declivities whose soft and undulating lines court the pencil of the landscape-painter ; or whether, swelled into bulk enormous, it astonishes the eye with vast masses of solid rock and long-continued bulwarks of stone. Such are the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Andes, which stand the everlasting boundaries of nations ; and, while kingdoms rise and fall, and the lesser works of nature change their appearance all around them, immovable on their broad basis, strike the mind with an idea of stability little short of eternal duration.

If from the mountains which possess the middle of Earth we bend our course to the green verge of her dominions, the utmost limits of her shores, where land and water, like two neighbouring potentates, wage eternal war,—with what steady majesty does she repel the encroachments of the ever-restless ocean, and dash the turbulence of waves from her strong-ribbed sides !

Nor do thy praises end here :—With a kind of filial veneration I hail thee, O universal mother of all the elements,—to man the most mild, the most beneficent, the most congenial ! Man himself is formed from thee : on thy maternal breast he reposes when weary ; thy teeming lap supplies him with never-failing plenty : and when for a few years he has moved about upon thy surface, he is gathered again to thy peaceful bosom, at once his nurse, his cradle, and his grave.

Who can reckon up the benefits supplied to us by this parent Earth,—ever serviceable, ever indulgent ! with how many productions does she reward the labour of the cultivator ! how many more does she pour out spontaneously ! How faithfully does she keep, with what large interest does she restore, the seed



committed to her by the husbandman ! What an abundance does she yield, of food for the poor, of delicacies for the rich ! Her wealth is inexhaustible ; and all that is called riches among men consists in possessing a small portion of her surface.

How patiently does she support the various burdens laid upon her ! We tear her with ploughs and harrows, we crush her with castles and palaces ; nay we penetrate her very bowels, and bring to light the veined marble, the pointed crystal, the ponderous ores and sparkling gems, deep hid in darkness, the more to excite the industry of man. Yet, torn and harassed as she might seem to be, our mother Earth is still fresh and young, as if she but now came out of the hands of her Creator. Her harvests are as abundant, her horn of plenty as overflowing, her robe as green, her unshorn tresses (the waving foliage of brown forests) as luxuriant ; and all her charms as blooming and full of vigour. Such she remains, and such we trust she will remain, till in some fated hour the more devouring element of fire, having broke the bonds of harmonious union, shall seize upon its destined prey, and all nature sink beneath the mighty ruin.

## ON THE USES OF HISTORY.

## LETTER I.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

I WAS told the other day that you have not forgotten a promise of mine to correspond with you upon some subject which might be worth discussing, and relative to your pursuits. I have often recollected it also; and as promises ought not only to be recollected but fulfilled, I will without further preface throw together some thoughts on *History*,—a study that I know you value as it deserves; and I trust it will not be disagreeable to you, if you should find some observations which your own mind may have suggested, or which you may recollect to have heard from me in some of those hours which we spent together with mutual pleasure.

Much has been said of the uses of history. They are no doubt many, yet do not apply equally to all: but it is quite sufficient to make it a study worth our pains and time, that it satisfies the desire which naturally arises in every intelligent mind to know the transactions of the country, of the globe in which he lives. Facts, as facts, interest our curiosity and engage our attention.

Suppose a person placed in a part of the country where he was a total stranger; he would naturally ask, who are the chief people of the place, what family they are of, whether any of their ancestors have been famous, and for what. If he see a ruined abbey, he will inquire what the building was used for; and if he

be told it is a place where people got up at midnight to sing psalms, and scourged themselves in the day,— he will ask how there came to be such people, or why there are none now. If he observes a dilapidated castle which appears to have been battered by violence, he will ask in what quarrel it suffered, and why they built formerly structures so different from any we see now. If any part of the inhabitants should speak a different language from the rest, or have some singular customs among them, he would suppose they came originally from some remote part of the country, and would inform himself, if he could, of the cause of their peculiarities.

If he were of a curious temper, he would not rest till he had informed himself whom every estate in the parish belonged to, what hands they had gone through; how one man got this field by marrying an heiress, and the other lost that meadow by a ruinous law suit. As a man of spirit he would feel delighted on hearing the relation of the opposition made by an honest yeoman to an overbearing rich man on the subject of an accustomed pathway or right of common. If he should find the town or village divided into parties, he would take some pains to trace the original cause of their dissention, and to find out, if possible, who had the right on his side. Circumstances would often occur to excite his attention. If he saw a bridge, he would ask when and by whom it was built. If in digging in his garden he should find utensils of a singular form and construction, or a pot of money with a stamp and legend quite different from the common coin, he would be led to inquire when they were in use, and to whom they had belonged. His curiosity would extend itself by degrees. If a brook ran through the meadows, he would be pleased to trace it till it swelled into a river, and the river till it lost itself

in the sea. He would be asking whose seat he saw upon the edge of a distant forest, and what sort of country lay behind the range of hills that bounded his utmost view. If any strangers came to visit or reside in the place where he lived, he would be questioning them about the country they came from, their connexions and alliances, and the remarkable transactions that had taken place within their memory or that of their parents. The answers to these questions would insensibly grow up into *History*, which, as you see, does not originate in abstruse speculations, but grows naturally out of our situation and relative connexions. It gratifies a curiosity which all feel in some degree, but which spreads and enlarges itself with the cultivation of our powers, till at length it embraces the whole globe which we inhabit. To know is as natural to the mind as to see is to the eye, and knowledge is itself an ultimate end. But though this may be esteemed an ultimate and sufficient end, the study of history is important to various purposes. Few pursuits tend more to enlarge the mind. It gives us, and it only can give us, an extended knowledge of human nature;—not human nature as it exists in one age or climate or particular spot of earth, but human nature under all the various circumstances by which it can be affected. It shows us what is radical and what is adventitious; it shows us that man is still man in Turkey and in Lapland, as a vassal in Russia or a member of a wandering tribe in India, in ancient Athens or modern Rome; yet that his character is susceptible of violent changes, and becomes moulded into infinite diversities by the influence of government, climate, civilization, wealth, and poverty. By showing us how man has acted, it shows us to a certain degree how he will ever act in given circumstances; and general rules and maxims are drawn from it for the service of the lawgiver and the statesman.

Here I must observe however, with regard to *events*, that a knowledge of history does not seem to give us any great advantage in foreseeing and preparing for them. The deepest politician, with all his knowledge of the revolutions of past ages, could probably no more have predicted the course and termination of the late French revolution, than a common man. The state of our own national debt has baffled calculation, the course of ages has presented nothing like it. Who could have pronounced that the struggle of the Americans would be successful—that of the Poles unsuccessful? Human characters indeed act always alike: but events depend upon circumstances as well as characters; and circumstances are infinitely various and changed by the slightest causes. A battle won or lost may decide the fate of an empire: but a battle may be won or lost by a shower of snow being blown to the east or the west; by a horse (the general's) losing his shoe; by a bullet or an arrow taking a direction a tenth part of an inch one way or the other.—The whole course of the French affairs might have been changed if the king had not stopped to breakfast, or if the post-master of Varennes had not happened to know him. These are particulars which no man can foresee; and therefore no man can with precision foresee events.

The rising up of certain characters at particular periods ranks among those unforeseen circumstances that powerfully influence events. Often does a single man, as Epaminondas, illustrate his country, and leave a long track of light after him to future ages. And who can tell how much even America owed to the *accident* of being served by such a man as Washington? There are always many probable events. All that history enables the politician to do, is to predict that one or other of them will take place. If so and

so, it will be this ; if so and so, it will be that : but which, we cannot tell. There are always combinations of circumstances which have never met before from the creation of the world, and which mock all power of calculation. But let the circumstances be known and the characters upon the stage, and history will tell him what to expect from them. It will tell him with certainty, for instance, that a treaty extorted by force from distress, will be broken when opportunity offers : that if the church and the monarch are united they will oppress, if at variance they will divide the people ; that a powerful nation will make its advantage of the divisions of a weaker which applies for its assistance.

It is another advantage of history, that it stores the mind with facts that apply to most subjects which occur in conversation among enlightened people. Whether morals, commerce, languages, polite literature be the object of discussion, it is history that must supply her large storehouse of proofs and illustrations. A man or a woman may decline without blame many subjects of literature, but to be ignorant of history is not permitted to any of a cultivated mind. It may be reckoned among its advantages, that this study naturally increases the love of every man to his country. We can only love what we know ; it is by becoming acquainted with the long line of patriots, heroes, and distinguished men, that we learn to love the country which has produced them.

But I must conclude this letter, already perhaps too long, though I have not got to the end of my subject : it will give me soon another opportunity of subscribing myself

Your ever affectionate friend.

## LETTER II.

I LEFT off, my dear Lydia, with mentioning, among the advantages of an acquaintance with history, that it fosters the sentiments of patriotism.

What is a man's country? To the unlettered peasant who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and consequently all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing along with himself upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendour of its capital. All the great and good characters he is acquainted with swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view through past ages! How much more has the man to love, how much to interest him in his country, in whom her image is identified with the virtues of an Alfred, with the exploits of the Henries and Edwards, with the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons, who have illustrated her annals! Like a man of noble birth who walks up and down in a long gallery of portraits, and is able to say, "This my progenitor was admiral in such a fight; that my great-uncle was general in such an engagement; he on the right hand held the seals in such a reign; that lady in so singular a costume was a celebrated beauty two hundred years ago; this little man in the black cap and peaked beard was one of the luminaries of his age, and suffered for his religion;"—he learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and to feel interested for the honour and prosperity of the whole line of de-

scendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot who had never heard of the name of William Tell? or the Hollander, who should be unacquainted with the glorious struggles which freed his nation from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva?

The Englishman conversant in history has been long acquainted with his country. He knew her in the infancy of her greatness; has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts and slender canoes in which Cæsar discovered her: he has watched her rising fortunes, has trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared with honest pride triumphs that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement through many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of her liberty and law, to the fulness of her prosperity and the amplitude of her fame.

Or should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence; should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance ready to close again over the bright horizon; should Liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him;—even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful meter, would tell him how high the tide had once risen; he would not tread unconsciously the ground where the Muses and the Arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva. Even the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him. He will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate with tenderness and respect the decaying age of his once illustrious parent.



But if an acquaintance with history thus increases a rational love of our country, it also tends to check those low, illiberal, vulgar prejudices which adhere to the uninformed of every nation. Travelling will also cure them: but to travel is not within the power of every one. There is no use, but a great deal of harm in fostering a contempt for other nations; in an arrogant assumption of superiority, and the clownish sneer of ignorance at every thing in laws, government, or manners which is not fashioned after our partial ideas and familiar usages. A well-informed person will not be apt to exclaim at every event out of the common way, that nothing like it has ever happened since the creation of the world, that such atrocities are totally unheard-of in any age or nation;—sentiments we have all of us so often heard of late on the subject of the French revolution: when in fact we can scarcely open a page of their history without being struck with similar and equal enormities. Indeed party spirit is very much cooled and checked by an acquaintance with the events of past times.

When we see the mixed and imperfect virtue of the most distinguished characters; the variety of motives, some pure and some impure, which influence political conduct; the partial success of the wisest schemes, and the frequent failure of the fairest hopes:—we shall find it more difficult to choose a side, and to keep up an interest towards it in our minds, than to restrain our feelings and language within the bounds of good sense and moderation. This, by the way, makes it particularly proper that *ladies* who interest themselves in the events of public life should have their minds cultivated by an acquaintance with history, without which, they are apt to let the whole warmth of their natures flow out, upon party matters, in an ardour more honest than wise, more zealous than candid.

With regard to the moral uses of history, what has just been mentioned may stand for one. It serves also by exercise to strengthen the moral feelings. The traits of generosity, heroism, disinterestedness, magnanimity, are scattered over it like sparkling gems, and arrest the attention of the most common reader. It is wonderfully interesting to follow the revolutions of a great state, particularly when they lead to the successful termination of some glorious contest. Is it true?—a child asks, when you tell him a wonderful story that strikes his imagination. The writer of fiction has the unlimited command of events and of characters; yet that single circumstance of truth, that the events related really came to pass, that the heroes brought upon the stage really existed,—counterbalances, with respect to interest, all the privileges of the former, and in a mind a little accustomed to exertion will throw the advantage on the side of the historian.

The more History approaches to Biography the more interest it excites. Where the materials are meagre and scanty, the antiquarian and chronologer may dwell upon the page; but it will seldom excite the glow of admiration or draw the delicious tear of sensibility. I must acknowledge, however, in order to be candid, that the emotions excited by the actions of our species are not always of so pleasing or so edifying a nature. The miseries and the vices of man form a large part of the picture of human society: the pure mind is disgusted by depravity, the existence of which it could not have imagined to itself; and the feeling heart is cruelly lacerated by the sad repetition of wrongs and oppression, chains and slaughter, sack and massacre, which assail it in every page:—till the mind has gained some strength, so frightful a picture should hardly be presented to it. Chosen periods of

history may be selected for youth, as the society of chosen characters precedes in well-regulated education a more indiscriminate acquaintance with the world. In favour of a more extended view, I can only say that truth is truth,—man must be shown as the being he really is, or no real knowledge is gained. If a young person were to read only the *Beauties of History*, or, according to Madame Genlis's scheme, stories and characters in which all that was vicious should be left out, he might as well, for any real acquaintance with life he would gain, have been reading all the while Sir Charles Grandison or the Princess of Cleves.

One consoling idea will present itself with no small degree of probability on comparing the annals of past and present times,—that of a tendency to amelioration; at least it is evidently found in those countries with which we are most connected. But the only balm that can be poured with full effect into the feeling mind which bleeds for the folly and wickedness of man, is the belief that all events are directed and controlled by supreme wisdom and goodness. Without this persuasion, the world becomes a desert, and its devastators the wolves and tigers that prowl over it.

It is needless to insist on the uses of history to those whose situation in life gives them room to expect that their actions may one day become the objects of it. Besides the immediate necessity to them of the knowledge it supplies, it affords the strongest motives for their conduct of hope and fear. The solemn award, the incorruptible tribunal, and the severe, soul-searching inquisition of Posterity is calculated to strike an awe into their souls. They cannot take refuge in oblivion: it is not permitted them to die:—they may be the objects of gratitude or detestation as long as the world stands. They may flatter themselves

that they have silenced the voice of truth ; they may forbid newspapers and pamphlets and conversation ;— an unseen hand is all the while tracing out their history, and often their minutest actions, in indelible characters ; and it will soon be held up for the judgment of the world at large.

Lastly, this permanency of human characters tends to cherish in the mind the hope and belief of an existence after death. If we had no notices from the page of history of those races of men that have lived before us, they would seem to be completely swept away ; and we should no more think of inquiring what human beings filled our place upon the earth a thousand harvests ago, than we should think about the generations of cattle which at that time grazed the marshes of the Tiber, or the venerable ancestors of the goats that are browsing upon Mount Hymettus ;— no vestige would remain of one any more than of the other, and we might more pardonably fall into the opinion that they both had shared a similar fate. But when we see illustrious characters continuing to live on in the eye of posterity, their memories still fresh, and their noble actions shining with all the vivid colouring of truth and reality, ages after the very dust of their tombs is scattered, high conceptions kindle within us ; and feeling one immortality we are led to hope for another. We find it hard to persuade ourselves that the man who, like Antoninus or Socrates, fills the world with the sweet perfume of his virtue, the martyr or the patriot to whom posterity is doing the justice which was denied him by his contemporaries, should all the while himself be blotted out of existence ; that he should be benefiting mankind and doing good so long after he is capable of receiving any ; that we should be so well acquainted with him, and that he should never know any thing of us. That one who is

an active agent in the world, instructing, informing it, inspiring friendship, making disciples, should be nothing—this does not seem probable; the records of time suggest to us eternity.—Farewell.

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## LETTER III.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

WE have considered the uses of History; I would now direct your attention to those collateral branches of science which are necessary for the profitable understanding of it. It is impossible to understand one thing well without understanding to a certain degree many other things; there is a mutual dependence between all parts of knowledge. This is the reason that a child never fully comprehends what he is taught: he receives an idea, but not the full idea, perhaps not the principal of what you want to teach him. But as his mind opens, this idea enlarges and receives accessory ideas, till slowly and by degrees he is master of the whole. This is particularly the case in History. You may recollect probably that the mere *adventure* was all you entered into, in those portions of it which were presented to you at a very early age. You could understand nothing of the springs of action, nothing of the connexion of events with the intrigues of cabinets, with religion, with commerce; nothing of the state of the world at different periods of society and improvement: and as little could you grasp the measured distances of time and space which are set between them. This you could not do, not because the history was not related with clearness, but because you were destitute of other knowledge.

The first studies which present themselves as accessories in this light are *Geography* and *Chronology*, which have been called the two eyes of History. When was it done? Where was it done? are the two first questions you would ask concerning any fact that was related to you. Without these two particulars there can be no precision or clearness.

Geography is best learned along with history; for if the first explains history, the latter gives interest to geography, which without it is but a dry list of names. For this reason, if a young person begin with ancient history, I should think it advisable, after a slight general acquaintance with the globe, to confine his geography to the period and country of which he is reading; and it would be a desirable thing to have maps adapted to each remarkable period in the great empires of the world. These should not contain any towns or be divided into any provinces which were not known at that period. A map of Egypt for instance, calculated for its ancient monarchy, should have Memphis marked in it, but not Alexandria, because the two capitals did not exist together. A map of Judea for the time of Solomon, or any period of its monarchy, should not exhibit the name of Samaria, nor the villages of Bethany and Nazareth: but each country should have the towns and divisions, as far as they are known, calculated for the period the map was meant to illustrate. Thus geography, civil geography, would be seen to grow out of history; and the mere view of the map would suggest the political state of the world at any period.

It would be a pleasing speculation to see how the arbitrary divisions of kingdoms and provinces vary and become obsolete, and large towns flourish and fall again into ruins: while the great natural features, the mountains, rivers, and seas remain unchanged, by

whatever names we please to call them, whatever empire encloses them within its temporary boundaries. We have, it is true, ancient and modern maps; but the one set includes every period from the Flood to the provincializing the Roman empire under Trajan, and the other takes in all the rest. About half a dozen sets for the ancient states and empires, and as many for the modern, would be sufficient to exhibit the most important changes, and would be as many as we should be able to give with any clearness. The young student should make it an invariable rule never to read history without a map before him; to which should be added plans of towns, harbours, &c. These should be conveniently placed under the eye, separate if possible from the book he is reading, that by frequent glancing upon them the image of the country may be indelibly impressed on his imagination.

Besides the necessity of maps for understanding history, the memory is wonderfully assisted by the local association which they supply. The battles of Issus and the Granicus will not be confounded by those who have taken the pains to trace the rivers on whose banks they were fought: the exploits of Hannibal are connected with a view of the Alps, and the idea of Leonidas is inseparable from the straits of Thermopylæ. The greater accuracy of maps, and still more the facility, from the arts of printing and engraving, of procuring them, is an advantage the moderns have over the ancients. They have been perfected by slow degrees. The Egyptians and Chaldeans studied the science of mensuration; and the first map—rude enough no doubt—is said to have been made by order of Sesostris when he became master of Egypt. Commerce and war have been the two parents of this science. Pharaoh Necho ordered the Phœnicians whom he sent round Africa, to make a

survey of the coast. This they finished in three years. Darius caused the Ethiopic Sea and the mouth of the Indus to be surveyed. That maps were known in Greece you no doubt recollect from the pretty story of Socrates and Alcibiades. Anaximander, a disciple of Thales, is said to have made the first sphere, and first delineated what was then known of the countries of the earth. He flourished 547 years before Christ. Herodotus mentions a map of brass or copper which was presented by Aristagoras, tyrant of Miletus, to Cleomenes, king of Sparta, in which he had described the known world with its seas and rivers. Alexander the Great in his expedition into Asia took two geographers with him; and from their itineraries many things have been copied by succeeding writers.

From Greece the science of geography passed to Rome. The enlightened policy of the Romans cultivated it as a powerful means of extending and securing their dominion. One of the first things they did was to make roads, for which it was necessary to have the country measured. They had a custom when they had conquered a country, to have a painted map of it always carried aloft in their triumphs. The great historian Polybius reconnoitred under a commission from Scipio Emilianus the coasts of Africa, Spain, and France, and measured the distances of Hannibal's march over the Alps and Pyrenees. Julius Cæsar employed men of science to survey and measure the globe; and his own Commentaries show his attention to this parts of knowledge. Strabo, a great geographer whose works are extant, flourished under Augustus; Pomponius Mela in the first century.

Many of the Roman itineraries which are still extant, show the systematic care which they bestowed on a science so necessary for the orderly distribution



and government of their large dominions. But still it was late before Geography was settled upon its true basis,—astronomical observations. The greater part of the early maps were laid down in a very loose, inaccurate manner; and where particular parts were done with the greatest care, yet if the longitude and latitude were wanting, their relative situation to the rest of the earth could not be known. Some attempts had indeed been made by Hipparchus and Possidonius, Greek philosophers, to settle the parallels of latitude by the length of the days; but the foundation they had laid was neglected till the time of Ptolemy, who flourished at Alexandria about 150 years after Christ, under Adrian and Antoninus Pius. This is he from whom the Ptolemaic system took its name. He diligently compared and revised the ancient maps and charts, correcting their errors and supplying their defects by the reports of travellers and navigators, the measured or reputed distances of maps and itineraries, and astronomical calculations, all digested together; he reduced geography to a regular system, and laid down the situation of places according to minutes and degrees of longitude and latitude as we now have them. His maps were in general use till the last three or four centuries, in which time the progress of the moderns in the knowledge of the globe we inhabit has thrown at a great distance all the ancient geographers.

We are now, some few breaks and chasms excepted, pretty well acquainted with the outline of the globe, and with those parts of it with which we are connected by our commercial or political relations; but we are still profoundly ignorant of the interior of Africa, and imperfectly acquainted with that of South America, and the western part of North America. We know little of Thibet and the central parts of

Asia, and have as yet only touched upon the great continent of New Holland.

The best ancient maps are those of D'Anville. It has required great learning and proportionate skill to bring together the scattered notices which are found in various authors, and to fix the position of places which have been long ago destroyed; very often the geographer has no other guide, than the relation of the historian that such a place is within six or eight days' journey from another place. In some instances the maps of Ptolemy are lately come into repute again,—as in his delineation of the course of the Niger, which is thought to be favoured by modern discoveries. Major Rennel has done much to improve the geography of India.

There are many valuable maps scattered in voyages and travels, and many of the atlases contain a collection sufficient for all common purposes; but a complete collection of the best maps and charts, with plans of harbours, towns, &c. becomes an object of even princely expense. The French took the lead in this, as in some other branches of science. The late empress of Russia caused a geographical survey to be taken of her dominions, which has much improved our knowledge of the north-eastern regions of Europe and Asia. We have now, however, both single maps and atlases which yield to none in accuracy or elegance.

Yours affectionately.

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## LETTER IV.

DEAR LYDIA,

GEOGRAPHY addresses itself to the eye, and is easily comprehended: to give a clear idea of Chronology is somewhat more difficult. It is easy to define it by saying it gives an answer to the question, *When* was it done? but the meaning of the *when* is not quite so obvious. A date is a very artificial thing, and the world had existed for a long course of centuries before men were aware of its use and necessity. *When* is a relative term; the most natural application of it is, *How long ago*, reckoning backwards from the present moment. Thus, if you were to ask an Indian when such an event happened, he would probably say—So many harvests ago, when I could but just reach the boughs of yonder tree;—in the time of my father, grandfather, great-grandfather; still making the time then present to him, the date from which he sets out. Even where a different method is well understood, we use in more familiar life this natural kind of chronology—The year before I was married,—when Henry, who is now five years old, was born,—the winter of the hard frost. These are the epochs which mark the annals of domestic life more readily and with greater clearness, so far as the real idea of time is concerned, than the year of our Lord, as long as these are all within the circle of our personal recollection. But when events are recorded, the relator may be forgotten, and *when* again occurs: “When did the historian live? I understand the relative chronology of his narration; I know how the events of it follow one another; but what is their relation to general chronology, to time as it relates to me and to other events?”

To know the transactions of a particular reign, that of Cyrus for instance, in the regular order in which they happened in that reign, but not to know where to place them with respect to the history of other times and nations, is as if we had a very accurate map of a small island existing somewhere in the boundless ocean, and could lay down all the bearings and distances of its several towns and villages, but for want of its longitude and latitude were ignorant of the relative position of the island itself. Chronology supplies this longitude and latitude, and fixes every event to its precise point in the chart of universal time. It supplies a common measure by which I may compare the relator of an event with myself, and his *now* or *ten years ago* with the present *now* or *ten years*, reckoning from the time in which I live.

In order to find such a common measure, men have been led by degrees to fix upon some one known event, and to make that the centre from which, by regular distances, the different periods of time are reckoned, instead of making the present time, which is always varying, and every man's own existence, the centre.

The first approach to such a mode of computing time is to date by the reigns of kings; which, being public objects of great notoriety, seem to offer themselves with great advantage for such a purpose. The scripture history, which is the earliest of histories, has no other than this kind of successive dates: "Now it came to pass in the fifth year of the king Hezekiah." "And the time that Solomon reigned in Jerusalem over all Israel was forty years: and Solomon slept with his fathers; and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead." From this method a regular chronology might certainly be deduced, if we had the whole unbroken series; but unfortunately there are many

gaps and chasms in history ; and you easily see that if any links of the chain are wanting, the whole computation is rendered imperfect. Besides, it requires a tedious calculation to bring it into comparison with other histories and events. To say that an event happened in the tenth year of the reign of king Solomon, gives you only an idea of the time relative to the histories of that king, but leaves you quite in the dark as to its relation with the time you live in, or with the events of the Roman history.

We want therefore an universal date, like a lofty obelisk, seen by all the country round, from and to which every distance should be measured. The most obvious that offers itself for this purpose is the creation of the world, an event equally interesting to all ; to us the beginning of time, and from which therefore time would flow regularly down in an unbroken stream from the earliest to the latest generations of the human race. This would probably therefore have been made use of, if the date of the creation itself could be ascertained with any exactness ; but as chronologers differ by more than a thousand years as to the time of that event, it is necessary previously to mention what system is made use of, which renders this ara obscure and inconvenient. It has therefore been found more convenient, in fact, to take some known event within the limit of well authenticated history, and to reckon from that fixed point backwards and forwards. As we cannot find the head of the river, and know not its termination, we must raise a pillar upon its banks, and measure our distances from that, both up and down the stream. This event ought to be important, conspicuous, and as interesting as possible, that it may be generally received ; for it would spare a great deal of trouble in computation if all the world would make use of the same date. This how-

ever has never been the case, chance and national vanity having had their full share in settling them.

The Greeks reckoned by olympiads, but not till more than sixty years after the death of Alexander the Great. The Olympic games were the most brilliant assembly in Greece, the Greeks were very fond of them, they began 776 years before Christ, and each olympiad includes four years. Some of the earlier Greek historians digested their histories by ages, or by the succession of the priestesses of Juno at Argos; others by the archons of Athens or the kings of Lacedæmon. Thucydides uses simply the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, the subject of his history; for, writing to his contemporaries, it seems not to have occurred to him that another date would ever be necessary. The Arundelian marbles, composed sixty years after the death of Alexander the Great, reckon backwards from the then present time.

The Roman æra was the building of their city, the eternal city as they loved to call it.

The Mahometans date from the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet from Mecca, his birth-place, to Medina, A. D. 622; and they have this advantage, that they began almost immediately to use it.

The æra used all over the Christian world is the birth of Christ. This was adopted as a date about A. D. 360; and though there is an uncertainty of a few years, which are in dispute, the accuracy is sufficient for any present purpose.

The reign of Nabonassar, the first king of Babylon, of Yesdigerd, the last king of Persia,—who was conquered by the Saracens,—and of the Seleucidæ of Syria, have likewise furnished æras.

Julius Scaliger formed an æra which he called the *Julian period*, being a cycle of 7980 years, produced by multiplying several cycles into one another, so as

to carry us back to a period 764 years before the creation of the world. This æra, standing out of all history, like the fulcrum which Archimedes wished for, and independent of variation or possibility of mistake, was a very grand idea ; and in measuring every thing by itself, measured it by the eternal truth of the laws of the heavenly bodies. But it is not greatly employed, the common æra serving all ordinary purposes. In modern histories the olympiads, Roman æras, and others, are reduced, in the margin, to the year of our Lord, or of the creation.

Such is the nature of æras, now in such common use that we can with difficulty conceive the confusion in which, for the want of them, all the early part of history is involved, and the strenuous labours of the most learned men which have been employed in arranging them and reducing history to the order in which we now have it.

The earliest history which we possess, as we have before observed, is that of the Jewish scriptures ; these carry us from the creation to about the time of Herodotus : having no date, we are obliged to compute from generations, and to take the reigns of kings where they are given. But a great schism occurs at the very outset. The Septuagint translation of the Mosaic history into Greek, which was made by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, differs from the Hebrew text by 1400 years from the creation to the birth of Abraham.

The chronology of the Assyrian and Babylonish monarchies is involved in inextricable difficulties ; nor are we successful in harmonizing the Greek with the oriental writers of history. The Persian historians make no mention of the defeat of Xerxes by the Greeks, or that of Darius by Alexander. All nations have had the vanity to make their origin mount as

high as possible ; and they have often invented series of kings, or have reckoned the contemporary individuals of different dynasties as following each other in regular succession, as if one should take the kings of the Heptarchy singly instead of together.

You will perhaps ask, if we have no æras, what have we to reckon by ? We have generations and successions of kings. Sir Isaac Newton, who joined wonderful sagacity to profound learning and astronomical skill, made very great reforms in the ancient chronology. He pointed out the difference between generations and successions of kings. A generation is not the life of man ; it is the time that elapses before a man sees his successor ; and this, reckoning to the birth of the eldest son, is estimated at about thirty years. The succession of kings would seem at first sight to be the same, and so it had been reckoned ; but Newton corrected it, on the principle that kings are often cut off prematurely in turbulent times, or are succeeded either by their brothers, or by their uncles, or others older than themselves. The lines of kings of France, England, and other countries within the range of exact chronology, confirmed this principle. He therefore rectified all the ancient chronology according to it ; and with the assistance of astronomical observations he found reason to allow, as the average length of a reign, about eighteen or twenty years.

But after all, great part of the chronology of ancient history is founded upon conjecture and clouded with uncertainty.

Although I recommend to you a constant attention to chronology, I do not think it desirable to load your memory with a great number of specific dates, both because it would be too great a burthen on the retentive powers, and because it is, after all, not the best way of attaining clear ideas on the subjects of history.



In order to do this, it is necessary to have in your mind the relative situation of other countries at the time of any event recorded in one of them. For instance, if you have got by heart the dates of the accession of the kings of Europe, and want to know whether John lived at the time of the crusades, and in what state the Greek empire was, you cannot tell without an arithmetical process, which perhaps you may not be quick enough to make. You cannot tell whether Constantinople had been taken by the Turks when the Sicilian Vespers happened; for each fact is insulated in your mind; and indeed your dates give you only the dry catalogue of accessions. Nay, you may read separate histories, and yet not bring them together if the countries be remote. Each exists in your mind separately, and you have at no time the state of the world. But you ought to have an idea at once of the whole world, as far as history will give it. You do not see truly what the Greeks were, except you know that the British Isles were then barbarous.

A few dates therefore, perfectly learned, may suffice, and will serve as landmarks to prevent your going far astray in the rest: but it will be highly useful to connect the histories you read in such a manner in your own mind, that you may be able to refer from one to the other, and to form them all into a whole. For this purpose, it is very desirable to observe and retain in your memory certain coincidences, which may link, as it were, two nations together. Thus you may remember that Haroun al Raschid sent to Charlemagne the first clock that was seen in Europe: If you are reading the history of Greece when it flourished most, and want to know what the Romans were doing at the same time, you may recollect that they sent to Greece for instruction when they wanted to draw up the laws of the Twelve Tables. Solon and

Cræsus connect the history of Lesser Asia with that of Greece. Egbert was brought up in the court of Charlemagne; Philip Augustus of France and Richard I. of England fought in the same crusade against Saladin. Queen Elizabeth received the French ambassador in deep mourning after the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

It may be desirable to keep one kingdom as a meter for the rest. Take for this purpose first the Jews, then the Greeks, the Romans, and, because it is so, our own country: then harmonize and connect all the other dates with these.

That the literary history of a nation may be connected with the political, study also biography, and endeavour to link men of science and literature and artists with political characters. Thus Hippocrates was sent for to the plague of Athens; Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis I. Often an anecdote, a smart saying, will indissolubly fix a date.

Sometimes you may take a long reign, as that of Elizabeth or Lewis XIV., and making that the centre, mark all the contemporary sovereigns, and also the men of letters. Another way is, to make a line of life, composed of distinguished characters who touch each other. It will be of great service to you in this view to study Dr. Priestley's biographical chart; and of still greater, to make one for yourself, and fill it by degrees as your acquaintance with history extends. Marriages connect the history of different kingdoms; as those of Mary queen of Scots and Francis II., Philip II. and Mary of England.

These are the kind of dates which make every thing lie in the mind in its proper order; they also take fast hold of it. If you forget the exact date by years, you have nothing left; but of circumstances you never lose all idea. As we come nearer to our

own times, dates must be more exact : a few years more or less signify little in the destruction of Troy, if we knew it exactly ; but the conclusion of the American war should be accurately known, or it will throw other events near it into confusion.

In so extensive a study no auxiliary is to be neglected : Poetry impresses both geography and history in a most agreeable manner upon those who are fond of it. Thus,

“ . . . . . fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms.”

A short, lively character in verse is never forgotten :

“ From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.”

Historic plays deeply impress, but should be read with caution. We take our ideas from Shakspeare more than history : he, indeed, copied pretty exactly from the chroniclers, but other dramatic writers have taken great liberties both with characters and events.

Painting is a good auxiliary ; and though in this country history is generally read before we see pictures, they mutually illustrate one another : painting also shows the costume. In France, where pictures are more accessible, there is more knowledge generally diffused of common history. Many have learned scripture history from the rude figures on Dutch tiles.

I will conclude with the remark, that though the beginner in history may and ought to study dates and epochas for his guidance, chronology can never be fully possessed till after history has been long studied and carefully digested.

Farewell ; and believe me

Yours affectionately.

## FASHION :

A VISION.



YOUNG as you are, my dear Flora, you cannot but have noticed the eagerness with which questions, relative to civil liberty, have been discussed in every society. To break the shackles of oppression, and assert the native rights of man, is esteemed by many among the noblest efforts of heroic virtue ; but vain is the possession of political liberty if there exists a tyrant of our own creation, who, without law or reason, or even external force, exercises over us the most despotic authority ; whose jurisdiction is extended over every part of private and domestic life ; controls our pleasures, fashions our garb, cramps our motions, fills our lives with vain cares and restless anxiety. The worst slavery is that which we voluntarily impose upon ourselves ; and no chains are so cumbrous and galling as those which we are pleased to wear by way of grace and ornament. Musing upon this idea, gave rise to the following dream or vision :

Methought I was in a country of the strangest and most singular appearance I had ever beheld : the rivers were forced into jet-d'eaus, and wasted in artificial water-works ; the lakes were fashioned by the hand of art ; the roads were sanded with spar and gold-dust ; the trees all bore the marks of the shears, they were bent and twisted into the most whimsical forms, and connected together by festoons of ribbon and silk fringe : the wild flowers were transplanted into vases of fine china, and painted with artificial white and red.

The disposition of the ground was full of fancy, but grotesque and unnatural in the highest degree ; it was all highly cultivated, and bore the marks of wonderful industry ; but among its various productions I could hardly discern one that was of any use.

My attention, however, was soon called off from the scenes of inanimate life, by the view of the inhabitants, whose form and appearance were so very preposterous, and, indeed, so unlike any thing human, that I fancied myself transported to the country of

“ The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders : ”

for the heads of many of these people were swelled to an astonishing size, and seemed to be placed in the middle of their bodies. Of some, the ears were distended till they hung upon the shoulders ; and of others, the shoulders were raised till they met the ears : there was not one free from some deformity, or monstrous swelling, in one part or other ; either it was before, or behind, or about the hips, or the arms were puffed up to an unusual thickness, or the throat was increased to the same size with the poor objects once exhibited under the name of the monstrous Craws : some had no necks ; others had necks that reached almost to their waists ; the bodies of some were bloated up to such a size, that they could scarcely enter a pair of folding doors ; and others had suddenly sprouted up to such a disproportionate height, that they could not sit upright in their loftiest carriages.

Many shocked me with the appearance of being nearly cut in two, like a wasp ; and I was alarmed at the sight of a few, in whose faces, otherwise very fair and healthy, I discovered an eruption of black spots, which I feared was the fatal sign of some pestilential disorder.

The sight of these various and uncouth deformities inspired me with much pity ; which however was soon changed into disgust, when I perceived, with great surprise, that every one of these unfortunate men and women was exceeding proud of his own peculiar deformity, and endeavoured to attract my notice to it as much as possible. A lady, in particular, who had a swelling under her throat, larger than any *goître* in the Valais, and which, I am sure, by its enormous projection, prevented her from seeing the path she walked in, brushed by me with an air of the greatest self-complacency, and asked me if she was not a charming creature ?

But by this time I found myself surrounded by an immense crowd, who were all pressing along in one direction ; and I perceived that I was drawn along with them by an irresistible impulse, which grew stronger every moment. I asked whither we were hurrying with such eager steps ? and was told that we were going to the court of Queen Fashion, the great Diana whom all the world worshipping. I would have retired, but felt myself impelled to go on, though without being sensible of any outward force.

When I came to the royal presence, I was astonished at the magnificence I saw around me. The queen was sitting on a throne, elegantly fashioned in the form of a shell, and inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl. It was supported by a camelion, formed of a single emerald. She was dressed in a light robe of changeable silk, which fluttered about her in a profusion of fantastic folds, that imitated the form of clouds, and like them were continually changing their appearance. In one hand she held a rouge-box, and in the other one of those optical glasses which distort figures in length or in breadth according to the position in which they are held. At the foot of the throne was displayed a profusion of the richest productions of

every quarter of the globe, tributes from land and sea, from every animal and plant; perfumes, sparkling stones, drops of pearl, chains of gold, webs of the finest linen; wreaths of flowers, the produce of art, which vied with the most delicate productions of nature; forests of feathers waving their brilliant colours in the air and canopied the throne; glossy silks, network of lace, silvery ermine, soft folds of vegetable wool, rusling paper, and shining spangles;—the whole intermixed with pendants and streamers of the gayest tintured ribbon.

All these together made so brilliant an appearance that my eyes were at first dazzled, and it was some time before I recovered myself enough to observe the ceremonial of the court. Near the throne, and its chief supports, stood the queen's two prime ministers, Caprice on one side, and Vanity on the other. Two officers seemed chiefly busy among the attendants. One of them was a man with a pair of shears in his hand and a goose by his side,—a mysterious emblem, of which I could not fathom the meaning: he sat cross-legged, like the great lama of the Tartars. He was busily employed in cutting out coats and garments; not, however, like Dorcas, for the poor—nor, indeed, did they seem intended for any mortal whatever, so ill were they adapted to the shape of the human body. Some of the garments were extravagantly large, others as preposterously small: of others, it was difficult to guess to what part of the person they were meant to be applied. Here were coverings, which did not cover; ornaments, which disfigured; and defences against the weather, more slight and delicate than what they were meant to defend; but all were eagerly caught up, without distinction, by the crowd of votaries who were waiting to receive them.

The other officer was dressed in a white succinct

linen garment, like a priest of the lower order. He moved in a cloud of incense more highly scented than the breezes of Arabia ; he carried a tuft of the whitest down of the swan in one hand, and in the other a small iron instrument, heated redhot, which he brandished in the air. It was with infinite concern I beheld the Graces bound at the foot of the throne, and obliged to officiate, as handmaids, under the direction of these two officers.

I now began to inquire by what laws this queen governed her subjects, but soon found her administration was that of the most arbitrary tyrant ever known. Her laws are exactly the reverse of those of the Medes and Persians ; for they are changed every day, and every hour : and what makes the matter still more perplexing, they are in no written code, nor even made public by proclamation : they are only promulgated by whispers, an obscure sign, or turn of the eye, which those only who have the happiness to stand near the queen can catch with any degree of precision : yet the smallest transgression of the laws is severely punished ; not indeed by fines or imprisonment, but by a sort of interdict similar to that which in superstitious times was laid by the Pope on disobedient princes, and which operated in such a manner that no one would eat, drink, or associate with the forlorn culprit, and he was almost deprived of the use of fire and water.

This difficulty of discovering the will of the goddess occasioned so much crowding to be near the throne, such jostling and elbowing of one another, that I was glad to retire and observe what I could among the scattered crowd : and the first thing I took notice of was various instruments of torture which every where met my eyes. Torture has, in most other governments of Europe been abolished by the mild spirit of



the times ; but it reigns here in full force and terror. I saw officers of this cruel court employed in boring holes with redhot wires, in the ears, nose, and various parts of the body, and then distending them with the weight of metal chains, or stones, cut into a variety of shapes : some had invented a contrivance for cramping the feet in such a manner that many are lamed by it for their whole lives. Others I saw, slender and delicate in their form and naturally nimble as the young antelope, who were obliged to carry constantly about with them a cumbrous unwieldy machine, of a pyramidal form, several ells in circumference.

But the most common and one of the worst instruments of torture, was a small machine armed with fish-bone and ribs of steel, wide at top but extremely small at bottom. In this detestable invention the queen orders the bodies of her female subjects to be inclosed : it is then, by means of silk cords, drawn closer and closer at intervals, till the unhappy victim can scarcely breathe ; and they have found the exact point that can be borne without fainting, which, however, not unfrequently happens. The flesh is often excoriated, and the very ribs bent, by this cruel process. Yet what astonished me more than all the rest, these sufferings are borne with a degree of fortitude which, in a better cause, would immortalize a hero or canonize a saint. The Spartan who suffered the fox to eat into his vitals, did not bear pain with greater resolution : and as the Spartan mothers brought their children to be scourged at the altar of Diana, so do the mothers here bring their children,—and chiefly those whose tender sex one would suppose excused them from such exertions,—and early inure them to this cruel discipline. But neither Spartan, nor Dervise, nor Bonze, nor Carthusian monk, ever exercised more unrelenting severities over their bodies, than these

young zealots : indeed the first lesson they are taught, is a surrender of their own inclinations and an implicit obedience to the commands of the Goddess.

But they have, besides, a more solemn kind of dedication, something similar to the rite of confirmation. When a young woman approaches the marriageable age, she is led to the altar : her hair, which before fell loosely about her shoulders, is tied up in a tress, sweet oils drawn from roses and spices are poured upon it ; she is involved in a cloud of scented dust, and invested with ornaments under which she can scarcely move. After this solemn ceremony, which is generally concluded by a dance round the altar, the damsel is obliged to a still stricter conformity than before to the laws and customs of the court, and any deviation from them is severely punished.

The courtiers of Alexander, it is said, flattered him by carrying their heads on one side, because he had the misfortune to have a wry neck ; but all adulation is poor, compared to what is practised in this court. Sometimes the queen will lisp and stammer,—and then none of her attendants can speak plain ; sometimes she chooses to totter as she walks,—and then they are seized with sudden lameness : according as she appears half undressed, or veiled from head to foot, her subjects become a procession of nuns, or a troop of Bacchanalian nymphs. I could not help observing, however, that those who stood at the greatest distance from the throne were the most extravagant in their imitation.

I was by this time thoroughly disgusted with the character of a sovereign at once so light and so cruel, so fickle and so arbitrary, when one who stood next me bade me attend to still greater contradictions in her character, and such as might serve to soften the indignation I had conceived. He took me to the back of

the throne, and made me take notice of a number of industrious poor, to whom the queen was secretly distributing bread. I saw the Genius of Commerce doing her homage, and discovered the British cross woven into the insignia of her dignity.

While I was musing on these things, a murmur arose among the crowd, and I was told that a young votary was approaching. I turned my head, and saw a light figure, the folds of whose garment showed the elegant turn of the limbs they covered, tripping along with the step of a nymph. I soon knew it to be yourself:—I saw you led up to the altar,—I saw your beautiful hair tied in artificial tresses, and its bright gloss stained with coloured dust,—I even fancied I beheld produced the dreadful instruments of torture;—my emotions increased:—I cried out, “O spare her! spare my Flora!” with so much vehemence that I awaked.

## TO MISS D\*\*\*\*.



MAY never less of Mirth than now  
 Sit on thy smooth unclouded brow !  
 May never care those furrows trace  
 Which might her softer lines efface !  
 His richest robe may Hymen wear,  
 His brightest torch and gayest air !  
 And O ! where'er he builds thy bower,  
 May joy attend the chosen hour !  
 May Mirth and Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To scatter roses at thy feet !  
 Like this, may every opening year  
 With some new blessing fraught appear ;  
 With sprightly hopes and wishes glow,  
 And promise much, and more bestow !—  
 But what shall we forsaken do,  
 When Mirth and Pleasure fly with you ?

ON THE BIRTH  
OF  
A FRIEND'S ELDEST SON.

---

*Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.*

---

WELCOME, little helpless stranger ;  
Welcome to the light of day ;  
Smile upon thy happy mother,  
Smile, and chase her pains away.

Lift thine eyes and look around thee ;  
Various Nature courts thy sight,  
Spreads for thee her flowery carpet ;  
Earth was made for thy delight.

Welcome to a mother's bosom ;  
Welcome to a father's arms ;  
Heir to all thy father's virtues,  
Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'st, but mix'd with trouble,  
Anxious joys and tender fears,  
Pleasing hopes, and mingled sorrows,  
Smiles of transport, dash'd with tears.

Who can say what lies before thee,  
Calm or tempest, peace or strife ;  
With what turns of various fortune  
Fate shall mark thy chequer'd life.

Who can tell what eager passions  
In this little heart shall beat,  
When ambition, love, or glory,  
Shall invade this peaceful seat.

Who can tell how wide the branches  
Of this tender plant may spread,  
While beneath its ample shadow  
Swains may rest, and flocks be fed.

Angels guard thee, lovely blossom,  
And avert each hovering ill !  
Crown thy parents' largest wishes,  
And their fondest hopes fulfil.

## EPITAPH ON A GOLDFINCH.

—◆—

Here lieth,  
 aged three moons and four days,  
 the body of RICHARD ACANTHIS,  
 a young creature  
 of unblemished life and character.  
 He was taken in his callow infancy,  
 from under the wing  
 of a tender parent,  
 by the rough and pitiless hands  
 of a two-legged animal  
 without feathers.

Though born with the most aspiring dispositions,  
 and unbounded love of freedom,  
 he was closely confined in a grated prison,  
 and scarcely permitted to view those fields,  
 to the possession of which  
 he had a natural and undoubted  
 charter.

Deeply sensible of this infringement  
 of his native and inalienable rights,  
 he was often heard to petition for redress ;  
 not with rude and violent clamours,  
 but  
 in the most plaintive notes  
 of melodious sorrow.

At length,  
 wearied with fruitless efforts to escape,  
 his indignant spirit  
 burst the prison which his body could not,  
 and left behind  
 a lifeless heap of beauteous feathers.

Reader,  
 if suffering innocence can hope for retribution,  
 deny not to the gentle shade  
 of this unfortunate captive  
 the natural though uncertain hope  
 of animating some happier form,  
 or trying his new-fledged pinions  
 in some humble Elysium ;  
 beyond the reach of Man,  
 the tyrant  
 of this lower universe.

## THE MORNING REPAST.



WHEN Apollo had left the bed of Thetis, and with his fiery horses was prancing up the eastern hills, we shook off the chains of Somnus, and having attired ourselves and performed the usual ablutions, descended into the hall of banquets. The table was covered with the finest looms of Ireland, and spread with a variety of cates well calculated to incite the lazy appetite.

Our nostrils were regaled by the grateful steams of the sun-burnt berry of Mocha, sent forth from vases formed of the precious metal of Potosi. The repast was rendered more substantial by the gifts of Ceres and of Pales, and painted vessels of porcelain were filled with the infusion of the Indian leaf, rendered more grateful by the saccharine juices of the American cane, and crowned with rich streams pressed from the milky mother of the herd.

Our company then separated to pursue their various occupations.



DESCRIPTION  
OF  
TWO SISTERS.

---

DEAR COUSIN,

OUR conversation last night upon beauties, put me in mind of two charming sisters, with whom I think you must be acquainted as well as I, though they were not in your list of belles. Their charms are very different however; the youngest is generally thought the handsomest, and yet other beauties shine more in her company than in her sister's; whether it be that her gay looks diffuse a lustre on all around, while her sister's beauty has an air of majesty which strikes with awe, or that the younger sets every one she is with in the fairest light, and discovers perfections which were before concealed, whilst the elder seems only solicitous to set off her own person and throw a shade upon every one else: yet, what you will think strange, it is she who is generally preferred for a confidant; for her sister, with all her amiable qualities, cannot keep a secret.

O! what an eye the younger has, as if she could look a person through; yet modest is her countenance, even and composed her pace, and she treads so softly—"Smooth sliding without step," as Milton says. She seldom meets you without blushing,—her sister cannot blush,—she dresses very gaily, sometimes in clouded silks, which indeed she first brought into fashion, but blue is her most becoming colour, and she

generally appears in it. Now and then, she wears a very rich scarf, or sash, braided with all manner of colours.

The elder, like the Spanish ladies, dresses in black in order to set off her jewels, of which she has a greater quantity than Lady ——, and, if I might judge, much finer. I cannot pretend to give you a catalogue of them; they are of all sizes, and set in all figures: her enemies say she does well to adorn her dusky brow with brilliants, and that without them she would be but little taken notice of; but certain it is, she has inspired more serious and enthusiastic passions than her sister, whose admirers are often fops more in love with themselves than with her. A learned clergyman some time ago fell deeply in love with her, and wrote a fine copy of verses on her; and what was worst, her sister could not go into company without hearing them.

One thing they quite agree in,—not to go out of their way or alter their pace for any body. Once or twice indeed I have heard that the younger . . . . ., but it was a great while ago, and she was not so old then, and was more complaisant. She is generally waked with a fine concert of music, the other prefers a good solo.

But see, the younger beauty looks pale and sick,—she faints,—she is certainly dying,—a slight blush still upon her cheek,—it fades, fast, fast.—She is gone, yet a sweet smile overspreads her countenance. Will she revive? Shall *I* ever see her again? Who can tell me?

## A CHARACTER.



**BE** this Philander's praise,—a well-tuned mind,  
 Lofty as man, and more than woman kind;  
 A virgin soul, which, spotless yet and bright,  
 Keeps all the lustre of its native white.  
 Virtue in him from no cold precept flow'd,  
 But with a vigorous, genuine ardour glow'd;  
 So pure his feelings and his sense so strong,  
 Seldom his head, his heart was never wrong;  
 Gentle to others, to himself severe,  
 And mild from pity only, not from fear.  
 Tender, yet firm, and prudent without art,  
 The sweetest manners and the gentlest heart.  
 If in so fair a mind there reign'd a fault,  
 'Twas sensibility too finely wrought,  
 Too quickly roused, too exquisite for peace,  
 Too deeply thoughtful for unmingled ease.  
 His griefs were like his joys, too far refined  
 To reach the dull or touch the selfish mind;  
 Yet the pure sorrows that on virtue grow,  
 Taste of the sacred spring from which they flow.

## PIC-NIC.

PRAY, mamma, what is the meaning of *pic-nic*? I have heard lately once or twice of a *pic-nic supper*, and I cannot think what it means; I looked for the word in Johnson's Dictionary and could not find it.

I should wonder if you had; the word was not coined in Johnson's time; and if it had been, I believe he would have disdained to insert it among the legitimate words of the language. I cannot tell you the derivation of the phrase; I believe *pic-nic* is originally a cant word, and was first applied to a supper or other meal in which the entertainment is not provided by any one person, but each of the guests furnishes his dish. In a *pic-nic* supper one supplies the fowls, another the fish, another the wine and fruit, &c.; and they all sit down together and enjoy it.

A very sociable way of making an entertainment.

Yes, and I would have you observe, that the principle of it may be extended to many other things. No one has a right to be entertained gratis in society; he must expend, if he wishes to enjoy. Conversation, particularly, is a *pic-nic* feast, where every one is to contribute something, according to his genius and ability. Different talents and acquirements compose the different dishes of the entertainment, and the greater variety, the better; but every one must bring something, for society will not tolerate any one long who lives wholly at the expense of his neighbours. Did not you observe how agreeably we were entertained at Lady Isabella's party last night?

Yes: one of the young ladies sung, and another exhibited her drawings; and a gentleman told some very good stories.

True : another lady who is very much in the fashionable world gave us a great deal of anecdote ; Dr. R., who is just returned from the continent, gave us an interesting account of the state of Germany ; and in another part of the room a cluster was gathered round an Edinburgh student and a young Oxonian, who were holding a lively debate on the power of galvanism. But Lady Isabella herself was the charm of the party.

I think she talked very little ; and I do not recollect anything she said which was particularly striking.

That is true. But it was owing to her address and attention to her company that others talked and were heard by turns ; that the modest were encouraged and drawn out, and those inclined to be noisy restrained and kept in order. She blended and harmonized the talents of each ; brought those together who were likely to be agreeable to each other, and gave us no more of herself than was necessary to set off others. I noticed particularly her good offices to an accomplished but very bashful lady and a reserved man of science, who wished much to be known to one another, but who would never have been so without her introduction. As soon as she had fairly engaged them in an interesting conversation, she left them, regardless of her own entertainment, and seated herself by poor Mr. —, purely because he was sitting in a corner and no one attended to him. You know that in chemical preparations two substances often require a third, to enable them to mix and unite together. Lady Isabella possesses this amalgamating power :—this is what she brings to the pic-nic. I should add, that two or three times I observed she dexterously changed topics, and suppressed stories which were likely to bear hard on the profession or connexions of some of the company. In short, the party which was so agreeable under her harmonizing influence, would have had

quite a different aspect without her. These merits, however, might easily escape a young observer. But I dare say you did not fail to notice Sir Henry B—'s lady, who was declaiming with so much enthusiasm, in the midst of a circle of gentlemen which she had drawn around her, upon the *beau ideal*.

No indeed, mamma ; I never heard so much fire and feeling :—and what a flow of elegant language ! I do not wonder her eloquence was so much admired.

She has a great deal of eloquence and taste : she has travelled, and is acquainted with the best works of art. I am not sure, however, whether the gentlemen were admiring most her declamation or the fine turn of her hands and arms. She has a different attitude for every sentiment. Some observations which she made upon the beauty of statues seemed to me to go to the verge of what a modest female will allow herself to say upon such subjects,—but she has travelled. She was sensible that she could not fail to gain by the conversation while beauty of form was the subject of it.

Pray what did ——, the great poet, bring to the pic-nic, for I think he hardly opened his mouth ?

He brought his fame. Many would be gratified with merely seeing him who had entertained them in their closets ; and he who had so entertained them had a right to be himself entertained in that way which he had no talent for joining in. Let every one, I repeat, bring to the entertainment something of the best he possesses, and the pic-nic table will seldom fail to afford a plentiful banquet.

LETTER  
FROM  
GRIMALKIN TO SELIMA.

MY DEAR SELIMA,

As you are now going to quit the fostering cares of a mother, to enter, young as you are, into the wide world, and conduct yourself by your own prudence, I cannot forbear giving you some parting advice in this important æra of your life.

Your extreme youth, and permit me to add, the giddiness incident to that period, make me particularly anxious for your welfare. In the first place, then let me beg you to remember that life is not to be spent in running after your own tail. Remember you were sent into the world to catch rats and mice. It is for this you are furnished with sharp claws, whiskers to improve your scent, and with such an elasticity and spring in your limbs. Never lose sight of this great end of your existence. When you and your sister are jumping over my back, and kicking and scratching one another's noses, you are indulging the propensities of your nature, and perfecting yourselves in agility and dexterity. But remember that these frolics are only preparatory to the grand scene of action. Life is long, but youth is short. The gaiety of the kitten will most assuredly go off. In a few months, nay even weeks, those spirits and that playfulness, which now exhilarate all who behold you, will subside; and I beg you to reflect how contemptible you will be, if you should have the gravity of an old cat without that

usefulness which alone can ensure respect and protection for your maturer years.

In the first place, my dear child, obtain a command over your appetites, and take care that no tempting opportunity ever induces you to make free with the pantry or larder of your mistress. You may possibly slip in and out without observation; you may lap a little cream, or run away with a chop without its being missed: but depend upon it, such practices sooner or later will be found out; and if in a single instance you are discovered, every thing which is missing will be charged upon you. If Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Susan chooses to regale herself with a cold breast of chicken which was set by for supper,—you will have clawed it; or a raspberry cream,—you will have lapped it. Nor is this all. If you have once thrown down a single cup in your eagerness to get out of the storeroom, every china plate and dish that is ever broken in the house, you will have broken it; and though your back promises to be pretty broad, it will not be broad enough for all the mischief that will be laid upon it. Honesty you will find is the best policy.

Remember that the true pleasures of life consist in the exertion of our own powers. If you were to feast every day upon roasted partridges from off Dresden china, and dip your whiskers in syllabubs and creams, it could never give you such true enjoyment as the commonest food procured by the labour of your own paws. When you have once tasted the exquisite pleasure of catching and playing with a mouse, you will despise the gratification of artificial dainties.

I do not with some moralists call cleanliness a half virtue only. Remember it is one of the most essential to your sex and station; and if ever you should fail in it, I sincerely hope Mrs. Susan will bestow upon you a good whipping.



Pray do not spit at strangers who do you the honour to take notice of you. It is very uncivil behaviour, and I have often wondered that kittens of any breeding should be guilty of it.

Avoid thrusting your nose into every closet and cupboard,—unless indeed you smell mice ; in which case it is very becoming.

Should you live, as I hope you will, to see the children of your patroness, you must prepare yourself to exercise that branch of fortitude which consists in patient endurance : for you must expect to be lugged about, pinched and pulled by the tail, and played a thousand tricks with ; all which you must bear without putting out a claw : for you may depend upon it, if you attempt the least retaliation you will for ever lose the favour of your mistress.

Should there be favourites in the house, such as tame birds, dormice, or a squirrel, great will be your temptations. In such a circumstance, if the cage hangs low and the door happens to be left open,—to govern your appetite I know will be a difficult task. But remember that nothing is impossible to the governing mind ; and that there are instances upon record of cats who, in the exercise of self-government, have overcome the strongest propensities of their nature.

If you would make yourself agreeable to your mistress, you must observe times and seasons. You must not startle her by jumping upon her in a rude manner : and above all, be sure to sheathe your claws when you lay your paw upon her lap.

You have like myself been brought up in the country, and I fear you may regret the amusements it affords ; such as cathing butterflies, climbing trees, and watching birds from the windows, which I have done with great delight for a whole morning together. But these pleasures are not essential. A town life has

also its gratifications. You may make many pleasant acquaintances in the neighbouring courts and alleys. A concert upon the tiles in a fine moonlight summer's evening may at once gratify your ear and your social feelings. Rats and mice are to be met with everywhere : and at any rate you have reason to be thankful that so creditable a situation has been found for you ; without which you must have followed the fate of your poor brothers, and with a stone about your neck have been drowned in the next pond.

It is only when you have kittens yourself, that you will be able to appreciate the cares of a mother. How unruly have you been when I wanted to wash your face ! how undutiful in galloping about the room instead of coming immediately when I called you ! But nothing can subdue the affections of a parent. Being grave and thoughtful in my nature, and having the advantage of residing in a literary family, I have mused deeply on the subject of education ; I have pored by moonlight over Locke, and Edgeworth, and Mrs. Hamilton, and the laws of association : but after much cogitation I am only convinced of this, that kittens will be kittens, and old cats old cats. May you, my dear child, be an honour to all your relations and to the whole feline race. May you see your descendants of the fiftieth generation. And when you depart this life, may the lamentations of your kindred exceed in pathos the melody of an Irish howl.

Signed by the paw of your affectionate mother,

GRIMALKIN.

## PETITION OF A SCHOOLBOY

TO HIS FATHER.



Most honour'd Sir, I must confess,  
 I never liked a letter less  
 Than yours, which brought this new receipt  
 To prove that poets must not eat.  
 Alas ! poetic sparks require  
 The aid of culinary fire :  
 Your ancient bards I always find,  
 Recited best when they had dined :  
 Old Homer, and your brave Greek boys,  
 With whom old stories make such noise,  
 The savoury chine loved full as well  
 As striking on an empty shell ;  
 And mighty idle it was reckon'd  
 (See Pope's translation, book the second)  
 To enter upon any matter  
 Of verse, or business, praise, or satire,  
 Till the dire rage of hunger ceased,  
 And empty stomachs were appeased.  
 Indeed, Sir, with your lean philosophy,  
 For want of moisture I should ossify ;  
 And therefore beg, with all submission,  
 To recommend a composition,  
 Which Phœbus' self to me reveal'd  
 Last night, while sleep my eyelids seal'd.  
 First, from the Naiad's sacred spring  
 The cleansing wave with reverence bring ;  
 Be rites of due lustration paid,—  
 Ill-omened else, you 'll ne'er succeed.  
 Now with pure hands receive the flour  
 Which Ceres from her horn will pour.  
 The fairest herds on Mosswold hill  
 Your pail with smoking streams shall fill,  
 Which, tortured in the whirling churn,  
 Shall soon to waxen butter turn,—  
 Butter, more sweet than morning dew,  
 Butter, which Homer never knew !

My friends, you have not done your task yet :  
 Next of fresh eggs provide a basket ;  
 Let Betty break them in a bowl  
 Large as her own free-hearted soul ;  
 Then, with a triple-tined fork  
 The viscous flood incessant work,  
 Till white with sparkling foam it rise  
 Like a vext sea beneath her eyes.  
 The monarch of the watery reign  
 Thus with his trident smites the main,  
 When roused from Ocean's deepest bed  
 The billows lift their frothy head,  
 And the wet sailor far from shore  
 With dashing spray is cover'd o'er.

With flying sails and falling oars  
 Now speed, my friends, to distant shores,  
 For many a distant realm must join,  
 Ere we fulfil the vast design.  
 From islands of the Western main  
 Bring the sweet juices of the cane ;  
 In bright Hesperia's groves you 'll find  
 The lovely fruit with burnish'd rind ;  
 Not fairer was that golden bough  
 Given to the pious Trojan's vow,  
 When the prophetic Sibyl led  
 To the sad nations of the dead,  
 Which guided through the direful scene,  
 And soothed the stern relentless Queen.  
 Strip of their bark the spicy trees  
 Embosom'd deep in Indian seas.  
 To Venus next address your prayer,  
 That she with rosy hand would bear  
 The luscious fruit to crown your toils  
 From Paphos and Cythera's isles.

From every clime the tribute pour'd,  
 Now heap'd upon the spacious board,  
 Sure sister Sally will not linger  
 To mix them with her snowy finger.

Fair priestess of the mystic rite,  
 Kept close from man's unhallowed sight,  
 Fear not my verse should here disclose  
 What words the sacred charm compose,  
 When with uncover'd arms you bend,  
 The heterogeneous mass to blend :—  
 Your cakes are good, with joy I take them,  
 Nor ask the secret how you make them.

Now, the rich labour to complete,  
Spread o'er the whole an icy sheet,  
Thinner than e'er the pointed thorn,  
The glazing of a winter's morn ;  
Too weak to bear the beams of day,  
The trickling crystal melts away.

'T is done,—consign it o'er to Bray,\*  
And your petitioner shall pray.

\* The Diss and Palgrave carrier.

## THE RIVER AND THE BROOK.

## A FABLE.

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THERE was once a River which was very large, and flowed through a great extent of country, which it rendered fruitful and pleasant. It was some miles broad at its mouth ; it was navigable for a long way up the stream, and ships of large burthen floated on its bosom. The River, elated with its own consequence, despised all the little brooks and streams which fell into it ; and swelling above its banks with pride, said to them—"Ye petty and inconsiderable streams, that hasten to lose your names and your being in my flood, how little does your feeble tribute increase my greatness ! whether you withhold or bring it, I feel no increase and shall perceive no diminution."

"Proud stream !" replied a little Brook, which lifted up its head and murmured these words,—  
"dost thou not know that all thy greatness is owing to us whom thou despisest ?"

The River, mindless of this reproof, in wanton pride overflowed its banks. But the next summer proving a very hot one, all the little streams were dried up, and the River was so far dried that men and cattle could wade over it ; and a strong wind bringing a heap of dust across its stream, it was lost in the sands and never heard of afterwards.

THE LAMENT:  
A BALLAD.

COME here, all ye virgins, and pity my case,  
By a lover neglected and left in disgrace ;  
By a lover whose charms and whose falsehoods are such  
That I neither can praise nor lament him too much.

When first seen o'er the hills of the East he drew nigh,  
How beauteous his footsteps, how cheering his eye !  
The lark sprung to meet him, all nature was gay,  
And his bright golden hair, how it stream'd on the day.

As nearer and nearer each day then he press'd,  
How quickly he thaw'd all the ice of my breast ;  
And the hours of his absence were never then long,  
And those hours too were soothed with the nightingale's song.

O then if I sicken'd, I sicken'd of love,  
For relief from his arduous I sought the cool grove ;  
But where did the grove, rock, or desert appear,  
Which his eye did not pierce, which his smile did not cheer !

O the joys that are past ! by my lover caress'd,  
When my lap teem'd with wealth, the rose bloom'd on my breast ;  
When the poet delighted my charms to rehearse,  
And a wreath from my hair was the meed of his verse.

But those moments so precious are fled with swift pace,—  
For a month at a time I now scarce see his face ;  
So languid his smile is, so distant his air,  
My poor heart is quite sunk in the depths of despair.

My tresses are scattered, dishevell'd, and torn,  
Through the chill night I sigh, and I weep every morn ;  
My charms were call'd forth by a beam from his eye,  
In his absence they wither, they languish, and die.

Now my strength and my youth and my beauty are gone,  
My times are accomplish'd, my fate hastens on ;  
His eye is averted, he sees not my death,—  
Now my last hour approaches, I scarce draw my breath.

To a new fav'rite then he'll his passion transfer,  
And his gifts and his courtship will all be for her ;  
Like me with his smiles she will kindle and glow,  
And his kiss from her bosom will melt off the snow.

But like me deserted, she too will soon prove  
How transient his fervours, how fickle his love ;  
And like mine, her short pageant must quickly be o'er,  
For the circle she treads I have trodden before.

THE OLD YEAR.

*Half-past Eleven at Night, Dec. 31.*



## ALLEGORY ON SLEEP.

MY DEAR MISS D\*\*\*\*,

THE affection I bear you, and the sincere regard I have for your welfare, will, I hope, excuse the liberty I am going to take in remonstrating against the indulgence of a too partial affection which I see with sorrow is growing upon you every day.

You start at the imputation : but hear me with patience ; and if your own heart, your own reason, does not bear witness to what I say, then blame my suspicions and my freedom.

But need I say much to convince you of the power this favoured lover, whose name I will not mention, has over you, when at this very moment he absorbs all your faculties, and engrosses every power of your mind to such a degree as leaves it doubtful whether this friendly admonition will reach your ear, lost as you are in the soft enchantment ? Is it not evident that in his presence you are dead to every thing around you ? The voice of your nearest friends, your most sprightly and once-loved amusements, cannot draw your attention ; you breathe, you exist, only for him. And when at length he has left you, do not I behold you languid, pale, bearing in your eyes and your whole carriage the marks of his power over you ? When we parted last night, did not I see you impatient to sink into his arms ? Have you never been caught reclined on his bosom, on a soft carpet of flowers, on the banks of a purling stream, where the murmuring of the waters, the whispering of the trees, the silence and solitude of the place, and the luxuri-

ous softness of every thing around you, favoured his approach and disposed you to listen to his addresses? Nay, in that sacred temple which ought be dedicated to higher affections, has he never stolen insensibly on your mind, and sealed your ears against the voice of the preacher, though never so persuasive? Has not his influence over you greatly increased within these few weeks? Does he not every day demand, do you not every day sacrifice to him, a larger portion of your time?

Not content with devoting to him those hours

“When business, noise, and day are fled,”

does he not encroach upon the morning watches, break in upon your studies, and detain your mind from the pursuit of knowledge and the pursuit of pleasure,—of all pleasure but the enervating indulgence of your passion?

Diana, who still wishes to number you in her train, invites you to join in her lively sports; for you Aurora bathes the new-born rose in dew, and streaks the clouds with gold and crimson; and Youth and Health offer a thousand innocent pleasures to your acceptance.

And, let me ask you, what can you find in the company of him with whom you are thus enamoured, to make you amends for all that you give up for his sake? Does he entertain you with any thing but the most incoherent rhapsodies, the most romantic and visionary tales? To believe the strange, improbable, and contradictory things he tells you, requires a credulity beyond that of an infant. If he has ever spoken truth, it is mixed with so much falsehood and obscurity, that it is esteemed the certain sign of a weak mind to be much affected with what he says.

As I wish to draw a true portrait, I will by no means disguise his good qualities; and shall therefore

allow that he is a friend to the unhappy and the friendless, that his breast is the only pillow for misfortune to repose on, and that his approaches are so gentle and insinuating as in some moments to be almost irresistible. If he is at all disposed to partiality, it is in favour of the poor and mean, with whom he is generally thought to associate more readily than with the rich. Yet he dispenses favours to all: and those who are most disposed to rebel against his power and treat him with contempt, could never render themselves quite independent of him.

He is of a very ancient family, and came in long before the Conquest. He has a half-brother, somewhat younger than himself, who has made his name very famous in the world: he is a tall meagre figure, with a ghastly air and a most forbidding countenance; he delights in slaughter, and has destroyed more men than Cæsar or Alexander.

He who is the subject of my letter is fond of peace, sleek and corpulent, with a mild heavy eye and a physiognomy perfectly placid; yet with all this opposition of feature and character, there is such a resemblance between them (as often happens in family likenesses), that in some lights and attitudes you can scarce distinguish the one from the other.

To finish the description of your lover,—he is generally crowned with flowers, but of the most languid kind, such as poppies and cowslips; and he is attended by a number of servants, thin and light-footed, to whom he does not give the same livery; for some are dressed in the gayest, others in the most gloomy habits imaginable, but all fantastic.

He is subject to many strange antipathies, and as strange likings. The warbling of the lark, to others so agreeable, is to him the harshest discord, and Peter could not start more at the crowing of a cock. The

slightest accident, the cry of an infant, a mouse behind the wainscot, will oftentimes totally disconcert and put him to flight, and at other times he will not regard the loudest thunder. His favourite animal is the dormouse, and his music the dropping of water, the low tinkling of a distant bell, the humming of bees, and the hollow sound of the wind rustling through the trees.

But I have now said enough to let you into the true character of this powerful enchanter. You will answer, I know, to all this, that he begins by enslaving every faculty that might resist him, and that his power must be already broken before Reason can exert herself. You will perhaps likewise tell me (and I must acknowledge the justice of the retort), that I myself, though my situation affords a thousand reasons to resist him which do not take place with you, have been but too sensible of his attractions.

With blushes I confess the charge. At this moment, however, the charm is broken, and Reason has her full empire over me. Let me exhort you therefore....But why exhort you to what is already done? for if this letter has made its way to your ear, if your eye is now perusing its contents, the spell is dissolved, and you are no longer sunk in the embraces of *Sleep*.

TO \*\*\*\*\*.

OCCASIONED BY HIS POEM ON THE SUN.



WHILE, Florio, thy young venturous Muse  
 Pursues her shining way,  
 And like the generous eagle soars  
 To meet the blaze of day ;

With the fair dawn of genius charmed,  
 A nobler theme I find ;  
 I hail the intellectual morn,  
 I sing the bloom of mind.

The sun which bids the ruby glow,  
 And wakes the purple rose,  
 A richer gem did ne'er refine,  
 A sweeter bud disclose.

That bud to golden fruit shall swell,  
 That gem be polished bright,  
 The kindling dawn of science spread  
 To clear meridian light.

When gems grow pale, and roses droop,  
 And sickening suns expire,—  
 The mind, a ray from heaven, shall live  
 And mix with heavenly fire.

## A HYMN.

LIFT up thyself, O mourning soul ! lift up thyself, raise thine eyes that are wet with tears !

Why are thine eyes wet with tears ? why are they bent continually upon the earth ? and why dost thou go mourning as one forsaken of thy God ?

O thou that toilest ever and retest not ; thou that wishest ever and art not satisfied ; thou that carest ever and art not 'stablished ;

Why dost thou toil and wish ? why is thine heart withered with care, and thine eyes sunk with watching ?

Rest quietly on thy couch, steep thine eyelids in sleep, wrap thyself in sleep as in a garment,—for he careth for thee :

He is with thee, he is about thee, he compasseth thee, he compasseth thee on every side.

The voice of thy Shepherd among the rocks ! he calleth thee, he beareth thee tenderly in his arms ; he suffereth thee not to stray.

Thy soul is precious in his sight, O child of many hopes !

For he careth for thee in the things which perish, and he hath provided yet better things than those.

Raise thyself, O beloved soul ! turn thine eyes from care, and sin, and pain ; turn them to the brightness of the heavens, and contemplate thine inheritance ; for thy birthright is in the skies, and thine inheritance amongst the stars of light.

The herds of the pasture sicken and die, they lie down among the clods of the valley, the foot passeth over them ; they are no more. But it is not so with thee.

For the Almighty is the father of thy spirit, and he hath given thee a portion of his own immortality.

Look around thee and behold the earth, for it is the gift of thy Father to thee and to thy sons, that they should possess it.

Out of the ground cometh forth food ; the hills are covered with fresh shade ; and the animals, thy subjects, sport among the trees.

Delight thyself in them, for they are good ; and all that thou seest is thine.

But nothing that thou seest is like unto thyself ; thou art not of them, nor shalt thou return to them.

Thou hast a mighty void which they cannot fill ; thou hast an immortal hunger which they cannot satisfy : they cannot nourish, they cannot support, they are not worthy that they should occupy thee.

As the fire which while it resteth on the earth yet sendeth forth sparks continually towards heaven ; so do thou from amidst the world send up fervent thoughts to God.

As the lark, though her nest is on the low ground, as soon as she becometh fledged, poiseth her wings, and finding them strong to bear her through the light air, springeth up aloft, singing as she soars ;

So let thy desires mount swiftly upwards, and thou shalt see the world beneath thy feet.

And be not overwhelmed with many thoughts. Heaven is thine, and God is thine : thou shalt be blessed with everlasting salvation and peace upon thy head for evermore.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is that warm, tender, lively attachment, which takes place between persons in whom a similarity of tastes and manners, joined to frequent intercourse, has produced an habitual fondness for each other. It is not among our duties, for it does not flow from any of the necessary relations of society ; but it has its duties when voluntarily entered into. In its highest perfection it can only, I believe, subsist between two ; for that unlimited confidence and perfect conformity of inclinations which it requires, cannot well be found in a larger number : besides, one such friendship fills the heart, and leaves no want or desire after another.

Friendship, where it is quite sincere and affectionate, free from affectation or interested views, is one of the greatest blessings of life. It doubles our joys, and it lessens our sorrows, when we are able to pour both into the bosom of one who takes the tenderest part in all our interests, who is to us as another self. We love to communicate all our feelings ; and it is in the highest degree grateful where we can do it to one who will enter into them all ; who takes an interest in every thing that befalls us ; before whom we can freely indulge even our little weaknesses and foibles, and show our minds as it were undrest ; who will take part in all our schemes, advise us in any emergency ; who rejoices in our company, and who, we are sure, thinks of us in our absence.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say ; for a friend was never chosen. A secret sym-



pathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities ; a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice, or the manner, a similarity of circumstances,—these are the things that begin attachment, which is fostered by being in a situation which gives occasion for frequent intercourse ; and this depends upon chance. Reason and prudence have, however, much to do in restraining our choice of improper or dangerous friends. They are improper if our line of life and pursuits are so totally different as to make it improbable we shall long keep up an intimacy, at least without sacrificing to it connexions of duty ; they are dangerous if they are in any respect vicious.

It has been made a question whether friendship can subsist amongst the vicious. If by vicious be meant those who are void of the social, generous, and affectionate feelings, it is most certain it cannot ; because these make the very essence of it. But it is very possible for persons to possess fine feelings, without that steady principle which alone constitutes virtue ; and it does not appear why such may not feel a real friendship. It will not indeed be so likely to be lasting, and is often succeeded by bitter enmities.

The duties of friendship are, first, sincere and disinterested affection. This seems self-evident : and yet there are many who pretend to love their friends, when at the same time they only take delight in them, as we delight in a fine voice or a good picture. If you love your friend, you will love him when his powers of pleasing and entertaining you have given way to malady or depression of spirits ; you will study *his* interest and satisfaction, you will be ready to resign his company, to promote his advantageous settlement at a distant residence, to favour his connexion with other friends ;—these are the tests of true affection : without such a disposition, you may enjoy your friend, but you do not love him.

Next, friendship requires pure sincerity and the most unreserved confidence. Sincerity every man has a right to expect from us, but every man has not a right to our confidence: this is the sacred and peculiar privilege of friendship; and so essential is it to the very idea of this connexion, that even to serve a friend without giving him our confidence, is but going half way;—it may command gratitude, but will not produce love. Above all things, the general tenour of our thoughts and feelings must be shown to our friends exactly as they are; without any of those glosses, colourings, and disguises which we do, and partly must, put on in our commerce with the world.

Another duty resulting from this confidence is inviolable secrecy in what has been entrusted to us. To every one indeed we owe secrecy in what we are formally entrusted with; but with regard to a friend, this extends to the concealing every thing which in the fulness of his heart and in the freedom of unguarded conversation he has let drop, if you have the least idea it may in any manner injure or offend him. In short, you are to consider yourself as always, to him, under an implied promise of secrecy; and should even the friendship dissolve, it would be in the highest degree ungenerous to consider this obligation as dissolved with it.

In the next place, a friend has a right to our best advice on every emergency; and this, even though we run the risk of offending him by our frankness. Friends should consider themselves as the sacred guardians of each other's virtue; and the noblest testimony they can give of their affection is the correction of the faults of those they love. But this generous solicitude must be distinguished from a teasing, captious, or too officious notice of all the little defects and frailties which their close intercourse with each other

brings continually into view : these must be overlooked or borne with ; for as we are not perfect ourselves, we have no right to expect our friends should be so.

Friends are most easily acquired in youth, but they are likewise most easily lost : the petulance and impetuosity of that age, the eager competitions and rivalships of an active life, and more especially the various changes in rank and fortune, connexions, party, opinions, or local situation, burst asunder or silently untwist the far greater part of those friendships which, in the warmth of youthful attachment, we had fondly promised ourselves should be indissoluble.

Happy is he to whom, in the maturer season of life, there remains one tried and constant friend : their affection, mellowed by the hand of time, endeared by the recollection of enjoyments, toils, and even sufferings shared together, becomes the balm, the consolation, and the treasure of life. Such a friendship is inestimable, and should be preserved with the utmost care ; for it is utterly impossible for any art ever to transfer to another the effect of all those accumulated associations which endear to us the friend of our early years.

These considerations should likewise induce us to show a tender indulgence to our friends, even for those faults which most sensibly wound the feeling heart,— a growing coldness and indifference. These may be brought on by many circumstances, which do not imply a bad heart ; and provided we do not by bitter complaints and an open rupture preclude the possibility of a return, in a more favourable conjuncture the friendships of our youth may knit again, and be cultivated with more genuine tenderness than ever.

I must here take occasion to observe, that there is nothing young people ought to guard against with more care than a parade of feeling, and a profusion of ex-

aggerated protestations. These may sometimes proceed from the amiable warmth of a youthful heart ; but they much oftener flow from the affectation of sentiment, which is both contemptible and morally wrong.

All that has been said of the duties or of the pleasures of friendship in its most exalted sense, is applicable in a proportionate degree to every connexion in which there exists any portion of this generous affection : so far as it does exist in the various relations of life, so far it renders them interesting and valuable ; and were the capacity for it taken away from the human heart, it would find a dreary void, and starve amidst all the means of enjoyment the world could pour out before it.

## CONFIDENCE AND MODESTY :

A FABLE.

WHEN the Gods, knowing it to be for the benefit of mortals that the few should lead and that the many should follow, sent down into this lower world Ignorance and Wisdom, they decreed to each of them an attendant and guide, to conduct their steps and facilitate their introduction. To Wisdom they gave Confidence, and Ignorance they placed under the guidance of Modesty. Thus paired, the parties travelled about the world for some time with mutual satisfaction.

Wisdom, whose eye was clear and piercing, and commanded a long reach of country, followed her conductor with pleasure and alacrity. She saw the windings of the road at a great distance; her foot was firm, her ardour was unbroken, and she ascended the hill or traversed the plain with speed and safety.

Ignorance, on the other hand, was short-sighted and timid. When she came to a spot where the road branched out in different directions, or was obliged to pick her way through the obscurity of the tangled thicket, she was frequently at a loss, and was accustomed to stop till some one appeared, to give her the necessary information, which the interesting countenance of her companion seldom failed to procure her.

Wisdom in the mean time, led by a natural instinct, advanced toward the temple of Science and Eternal Truth. For some time the way lay plain before her, and she followed her guide with unhesitating steps: but she had not proceeded far before the paths grew intricate and entangled; the meeting branches of the

trees spread darkness over her head, and steep mountains barred her way, whose summits, lost in clouds, ascended beyond the reach of mortal vision. At every new turn of the road her guide urged her to proceed; but after advancing a little way, she was often obliged to measure back her steps, and often found herself involved in the mazes of a labyrinth which, after exercising her patience and her strength, ended but where it began.

In the mean time Ignorance, who was naturally impatient, could but ill bear the continual doubts and hesitation of her companion. She hated deliberation, and could not submit to delay. At length it so happened that she found herself on a spot where three ways met, and no indication was to be found which might direct her to the right road. Modesty advised her to wait; and she had waited till her patience was exhausted.—At that moment Confidence, who was in disgrace with Wisdom for some false steps he had led her into, and who had just been discarded from her presence, came up, and offered himself to be her guide. He was accepted. Under his auspices Ignorance, naturally swift of foot, and who could at any time have outrun Wisdom, boldly pressed forward, pleased and satisfied with her new companion. He knocked at every door, visited castle and convent, and introduced his charge to many a society whence Wisdom found herself excluded.

Modesty, in the mean time, finding she could be of no further use to her charge, offered her services to Wisdom. They were mutually pleased with each other, and soon agreed never to separate. And ever since that time Ignorance has been led by Confidence, and Modesty has been found in the society of Wisdom.

## THE DEATH-BED.



[*A little Parlour with deal Floor ; a Bed with a clean Quilt,  
in which lies the Grandmother.*]

I HAD more pain when I brought you into the world than now.

Shall I lay on more clothes ?

Yes, on my feet.

Are they warmer ?

No. When your father died was the greatest grief I ever knew. Well ! we began life together, and lived hardly enough. I have often thought since, I could not do it again. But we loved one another. I am sure I could never have recovered his loss but for the care necessary to take for you : and one friend helped, and another friend, so I struggled through. Yet, my child, I would not live it again ; the tired traveller would not measure back his steps.

If I were to live, I should grow worse and worse, deafer and blind. I have read of a country where they keep their ancestors' mummies,—living mummies would be worse.

Your father's Bible,—your ages are all down in it,—never sell it.

I have loved you all equally....And yet I am not sure....Poor Tommy was so long sick and would come to nobody but me....

Jenny, you may marry the shoemaker.—And now, if I could but see my poor naughty Emmy !.....

You will save nothing by me but water gruel and an egg or two,—care indeed, but that produces love.

You will not quarrel for my inheritance. The Squire,—it has gone to my heart when he has said, My old mother keeps me out of my estate.—Let my ring be buried with me.



## A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD,

BETWEEN

HELEN, AND MADAME MAINTENON.



HELEN.—WHENCE comes it, my dear Madame Maintenon, that beauty, which in the age I lived in produced such extraordinary effects, has now lost almost all its power ?

MAINT.—I should first wish to be convinced of the fact, before I offer to give you a reason for it.

HELEN.—That will be very easy ; for there is no occasion to go any further than our own histories and experience to prove what I advance. You were beautiful, accomplished, and fortunate ; endowed with every talent and every grace to bend the heart of man and mould it to your wish : and your schemes were successful ; for you raised yourself from obscurity and dependance to be the wife of a great monarch.—But what is this to the influence my beauty had over sovereigns and nations ! I occasioned a long ten years' war between the most celebrated heroes of antiquity ; contending kingdoms disputed the honor of placing me on their respective thrones ; my story is recorded by the father of verse ; and my charms make a figure even in the annals of mankind. You were, it is true, the wife of Louis XIV. and respected in his court ; but you occasioned no wars ; you are not spoken of in the history of France, though you furnish materials for the memoirs of a court. Are the love and admiration that were paid you merely as an amiable woman to be compared with the enthusiasm I inspired,

and the boundless empire I obtained over all that was celebrated, great, or powerful in the age I lived in?

MAINT.—All this, my dear Helen, has a splendid appearance, and sounds well in a heroic poem; but you greatly deceive yourself if you impute it all to your personal merit. Do you imagine that half the chiefs concerned in the war of Troy were at all influenced by your beauty, or troubled their heads what became of you provided they came off with honour? Believe me, love had very little to do in the affair: Menelaus sought to revenge the affront he had received; Agamemnon was flattered with the supreme command; some came to share the glory, others the plunder; some because they had bad wives at home, some in hopes of getting Trojan mistresses abroad; and Homer thought the story extremely proper for the subject of the best poem in the world. Thus you became famous: your elopement was made a national quarrel; the animosities of both nations were kindled by frequent battles: and the object was not the restoring of Helen to Menelaus, but the destruction of Troy by the Greeks.—My triumphs, on the other hand, were all owing to myself, and to the influence of personal merit and charms over the heart of man. My birth was obscure, my fortunes low; I had past the bloom of youth, and was advancing to that period at which the generality of our sex lose all importance with the other; I had to do with a man of gallantry and intrigue, a monarch who had been long familiarized with beauty, and accustomed to every refinement of pleasure which the most splendid court in Europe could afford; Love and Beauty seemed to have exhausted all their powers of pleasing for him in vain: yet this man I captivated, I fixed; and far from being content, as other beauties had been, with the honour of possessing his heart, I brought him to make me his

wife, and gained an honourable title to his tenderest affection.—The infatuation of Paris reflected little honour upon you. A thoughtless youth, gay, tender, and impressible, struck with your beauty, in violation of all the most sacred laws of hospitality carries you off, and obstinately refuses to restore you to your husband. You seduced Paris from his duty,—I recovered Louis from vice ; you were the mistress of the Trojan prince, I was the companion of the French monarch.

HELEN.—I grant you were the wife of Louis, but not the queen of France. Your great object was ambition, and in that you met with but a partial success :—my ruling star was love, and I gave up every thing for it. But tell me, did not I show my influence over Menelaus in his taking me again after the destruction of Troy ?

MAINT.—That circumstance alone is sufficient to show that he did not love you with any delicacy. He took you as a possession that was restored to him, as a booty that he had recovered ; and he had not sentiment enough to care whether he had your heart or not. The heroes of your age were capable of admiring beauty, and often fought for the possession of it ; but they had not refinement enough to be capable of any pure, sentimental attachment or delicate passion. Was that period the triumph of love and gallantry, when a fine woman and a tripod were placed together for prizes at a wrestling-bout, and the tripod esteemed the more valuable reward of the two ? No ; it is our Clelia, our Cassandra, and Princess of Cleves that have polished mankind and taught them how to love.

HELEN.—Rather say you have lost sight of nature and the passion, between bombast on one hand and conceit on the other. Shall one of the cold temperament of France teach a Grecian how to love ?

Greece, the parent of fair forms and soft desires, the nurse of poetry, whose soft climate and tempered skies disposed to every gentler feeling, and tuned the heart to harmony and love!—was Greece a land of barbarians? But recollect, if you can, an incident which showed the power of beauty in stronger colours than when the grave old counsellors of Priam on my appearance were struck with fond admiration, and could not bring themselves to blame the cause of a war that had almost ruined their country:—you see I charmed the old as well as seduced the young.

MAINT.—But I, after I was grown old, charmed the young; I was idolized in a capital where taste, luxury, and magnificence were at the height; I was celebrated by the greatest wits of my time, and my letters have been carefully handed down to posterity.

HELEN.—Tell me now sincerely, were you happy in your elevated fortune?

MAINT.—Alas! Heaven knows I was far otherwise: a thousand times did I wish for my dear Scarron again. He was a very ugly fellow it is true, and had but little money; but the most easy, entertaining companion in the world: we danced, laughed, and sung; I spoke without fear or anxiety, and was sure to please. With Louis all was gloom, constraint, and a painful solicitude to please—which seldom produces its effect: the king's temper had been soured in the latter part of life by frequent disappointments; and I was forced continually to endeavour to procure him that cheerfulness which I had not myself. Louis was accustomed to the most delicate flatteries; and though I had a good share of wit, my faculties were continually on the stretch to entertain him,—a state of mind little consistent with happiness or ease: I was afraid to advance my friends or punish my enemies. My pupils at St. Cyr were not more secluded from the world in

a cloister than I was in the bosom of the court ; a secret disgust and weariness consumed me. I had no relief but in my work and books of devotion ; with these alone I had a gleam of happiness.

HELEN.—Alas ! one need not have married a great monarch for that.

MAINT.—But deign to inform me, Helen, if you were really as beautiful as fame reports ? for to say truth, I cannot in your shade see the beauty which for nine long years had set the world in arms.

HELEN.—Honestly, no ; I was rather low, and something sunburnt : but I had the good fortune to please ; that was all. I was greatly obliged to Homer.

MAINT.—And did you live tolerably with Menelaus after all your adventures ?

HELEN.—As well as possible. Menelaus was a good-natured domestic man, and was glad to sit down and end his days in quiet. I persuaded him that Venus and the Fates were the cause of all my irregularities, which he complaisantly believed. Besides, I was not sorry to return home : for to tell you a secret, Paris had been unfaithful to me long before his death, and was fond of a little Trojan brunette whose office it was to hold up my train ; but it was thought dishonourable to give me up. I began to think love a very foolish thing : I became a great housekeeper, worked the battles of Troy in tapestry, and spun with my maids by the side of Menelaus, who was so satisfied with my conduct, and behaved, good man, with so much fondness, that I verily think this was the happiest period of my life.

MAINT.—Nothing more likely : but the most obscure wife in Greece could rival you there.—Adieu ! you have convinced me how little fame and greatness conduce to happiness.

## A RIDDLE.

AN unfortunate maid,  
 I by love was betray'd,  
 And wasted and pined by my grief ;  
 To deep solitudes then,  
 Of rock, mountain, and glen,  
 From the world I retired for relief.

Yet there by the sound  
 Of my voice I am found,  
 Though no footstep betrays where I tread ;  
 The poet and lover,  
 My haunts to discover,  
 Still leave at the dawn their soft bed.

If the poet sublime  
 Address me in rhyme,  
 In rhyme I support conversation ;  
 To the lover's foud moan  
 I return groan for groan,  
 And by sympathy give consolation.

Though I 'm apt, 't is averr'd,  
 To love the last word,  
 Nor can I pretend 't is a fiction ;  
 I shall ne'er be so rude  
 On your talk to intrude  
 With anything like contradiction.

The fair damsels of old  
 By their mothers were told,  
 That maids should be seen and not heard ;  
 The reverse is my case,  
 For you 'll ne'er see my face,  
 To my voice all my charms are transferr'd.

## ON EXPENSE :

## A DIALOGUE.

You seem to be in a reverie, Harriet ; or are you tired with your long bustling walk through the streets of London ?

Not at all papa ; but I was wondering at something.

A grown person even cannot even walk through such a metropolis without meeting with many things to wonder at. But let us hear the particular subject of your admiration ; was it the height and circumference of St. Paul's, or the automaton, or the magical effect of the Panorama that has most struck you ?

No, papa ; but I was wondering how you who have always so much money in your pockets can go through the streets of London, all full of fine shops, and not buy things : I am sure if I had money I could not help spending it all.

As you never have a great deal of money, and it is given you only to please your fancy with, there is no harm in your spending it in any thing you have a mind to ; but it is very well for you and me too that the money does not *burn* in my pocket as it does in yours.

No, to be sure you would not spend all your money in those shops, because you must buy bread and meat, but you might spend a good deal. But you walk past just as if you did not see them : you never stop to give one look. Now tell me really, papa, can you help *wishing* for all those pretty things that stand in the shop windows ?

For all ! Would you have me wish for all of them ? But I will answer you seriously. I do walk by these tempting shops without wishing for any thing, and indeed in general without seeing them.

Well, that is because you are a man, and you do not care for what I admire so very much.

No, there you are mistaken ; for though I may not admire them so very much as you say you do, there are a vast number of things sold in London which it would give me great pleasure to have in my possession. I should greatly like one of Dollond's best reflecting telescopes. I could lay out a great deal of money, if I had it to spare, in books of botany and natural history. Nay, I assure you I should by no means be indifferent to the fine fruit exposed at the fruit-shops ; the plums with the blue upon them as if they were just taken from the tree, the luscious hot-house grapes, and the melons and pine-apples. Believe me, I could eat these things with as good a relish as you could.

Then how can you help buying them, when you have money ; and especially, papa, how can you help thinking about them and wishing for them ?

London is the best place in the world to cure a person of extravagance, and even of extravagant wishes. I see so many costly things here which I know I could not buy, even if I were to lay out all the money I have in the world, that I never think of buying any thing which I do not really want. Our furniture, you know, is old and plain. Perhaps if there were only a little better furniture to be had, I might be tempted to change it ; but when I see houses where a whole fortune is laid out in decorating a set of apartments, I am content with chairs whose only use is to sit down upon, and tables that were in fashion half a century ago. In short, I have formed the habit of *self-government*, one of the most useful powers a



man can be possessed of. Self-government belongs only to civilized man,—a savage has no idea of it. A North-American Indian is temperate when he has no liquor; but as soon as liquor is within his reach, he invariably drinks till he is first furious and then insensible. He possesses no power over himself, and he literally can no more help it, than iron can help being drawn by the loadstone.

But he seldom gets liquor, so he has not a habit of drinking.

You are right; he has not the habit of drinking, but he wants the habit of self-control: this can only be gained by being often in the midst of temptations, and resisting them. This is the wholesome discipline of the mind. The first time a man denies himself any thing he likes and which it is in his power to procure, there is a great struggle within him, and uneasy wishes will disturb for some time the tranquillity of his mind. He has gained the victory, but the enemy dies hard. The next time he does not wish so much, but he still thinks about it. After a while he does not think of it; he does not even see it. A person of moderate fortune, like myself, who lives in a gay and splendid metropolis, is accustomed to see every day a hundred things which it would be madness to think of buying.

Yes; but if you were very rich, papa—if you were a lord?

No man is so rich as to buy every thing his unrestrained fancy might prompt him to desire. Hounds and horses, pictures and statues and buildings, will exhaust any fortune. There is hardly any one taste so simple or innocent, but what a man might spend his whole estate in it, if he were resolved to gratify it to the utmost. A nobleman may just as easily ruin himself by extravagance as a private man, and indeed many do so.

But if you were a king ?

If I were a king, the mischief would be much greater ; for I should ruin not only myself, but my subjects.

A king could not hurt his subjects, however, with buying toys or things to eat.

Indeed but he might. What is a diamond but a mere toy ? but a large diamond is an object of princely expense. That called the Pitt diamond was valued at £1,000,000. It was offered to George the Second, but he wisely thought it too dear. The dress of the late queen of France was thought by the prudent Necker a serious object of expense in the revenues of that large kingdom ; and her extravagance and that of the king's brothers had a great share in bringing on the calamities of the kingdom. As to eating, you could gratify yourself with laying out a shilling or two at the pastry-cook's : but Prince Potemkin, who had the revenues of the mighty empire of Russia at command, could not please his appetite without his dish of sterlet soup, which cost every time it was made above thirty pounds ; and he would send one of his aids-de-camp an errand from Yassy to Petersburg, a distance of nearly 700 miles, to fetch him a tureen of it. He once bought all the cherries of a tree in a green-house at about half-a-crown a piece. The Roman empire was far richer than the Russian, and in the time of the Emperors was all under the power of one man. Yet when they had such gluttons at Vitellius and Heliogabalus, the revenue of whole provinces was hardly sufficient to give them a dinner : they had tongues of nightingales, and such kind of dishes, the value of which was merely in the expense.

I think the throat of the poor little nightingales might have given them much more pleasure than the tongue.

True : but the proverb says, The belly has no

ears. In modern Rome, Pope Adrian, a frugal Dutchman, complained of the expense his predecessor Leo X. was at in peacock sausages. The expenses of Louis XIV. were of a more elegant kind;—he was fond of fine tapestry, mirrors, gardens, statues, magnificent palaces. These tastes were becoming in a great king, and would have been serviceable to his kingdom if kept within proper limits: but he could not deny himself any thing, however extravagant, that it came into his mind to wish for; and indeed would have imagined it beneath him to think at all about the expense: and therefore while he was throwing up water fifty feet high at his palaces of Versailles and Marli, and spouting it out of the mouths of dolphins and tritons, thousands of his people in the distant provinces were wanting bread.

I am sure I would not have done so to please my fancy.

Nor he neither perhaps, if he had seen them; but these poor men and their families were a great way off, and all the people about him looked pleased and happy, and said he was the most generous prince the world had ever seen.

Well, but if I had Aladdin's lamp I might have every thing I wished for.

I am glad at least I have driven you to fairyland. You might no doubt with the lamp of Aladdin, or Fortunatus's purse, have every thing you wished for; but do you know what the consequences would be?

Very pleasant, I should think.

On the contrary; you would become whimsical and capricious, and would soon grow tired of every thing. We do not receive pleasure long from any thing that is not bought with our own labour: this is one of those permanent laws of nature which man cannot change; and therefore pleasure and exertion will

never be separated even in imagination in a well-regulated mind. I could tell you of a couple who received more true enjoyment of their fortune than Aladdin himself.

Pray do.

The couple I am thinking of lived about a century ago in one of our rich trading towns, which was then just beginning to rise by manufacturing tapes and inkle. They had married because they loved one another; they had very little to begin with, but they were not afraid, because they were industrious. When the husband had come to be the richest merchant in the place, he took great pleasure in talking over his small beginnings; but he used always to add, that poor as he was when he married, he would not have taken a thousand pounds for the table his dame and he ate their dinner from.

What! had he so costly a table before he was grown rich?

On the contrary, he had no table at all; and his wife and he used to sit close together, and place their dish of pottage upon their knees;—their knees were the table. They soon got forward in the world, as industrious people generally do, and were enabled to purchase one thing after another: first perhaps a deal table; after a while a mahogany one; then a sumptuous sideboard. At first they sat on wooden benches; then they had two or three rush-bottomed chairs; and when they were rich enough to have an arm-chair for the husband, and another for a friend, to smoke their pipes in, how magnificent they would think themselves! At first they would treat a neighbour with a slice of bread and cheese and a draught of beer; by degrees with a good joint and a pudding; and at length with all the delicacies of a fashionable entertainment: and all along they would be able to say,

“The blessing of God upon our own industry has procured us these things.” By this means they would relish every gradation and increase of their enjoyments : whereas the man born to a fortune swallows his pleasures *whole*, he does not *taste* them. Another inconvenience that attends the man who is born rich, is, that he has not early learned to deny himself. If I were a nobleman, though I could not buy every thing I might fancy for myself, yet playthings for you would not easily ruin me, and you would probably have a great deal of pocket-money ; and you would grow up with a confirmed habit of expense and no ingenuity, for you would never try to make any thing, or to find out some substitute if you could not get just the thing you wanted. That is a very fine cabinet of shells which the young heiress showed you the other day : it is perfectly arranged and mounted with the utmost elegance, and yet I am sure she has not half the pleasure in it, which you have had with those little drawers of shells of your own collecting, aided by the occasional contributions of friends, which you have arranged for yourself and display with such triumph. And now, to show you that I do sometimes think of the pleasures of my dear girl, here is a plaything for you which I bought while you were chatting at the door of a shop with one of your young friends.

A magic-lantern !—how delightful ! O, thank you, papa ! Edward, come and look at my charming magic-lantern.

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NOTE. On page 88, the invention of the *Julian period* is wrongly ascribed to *Julius Scaliger*. It was invented by his son, Joseph Justus Scaliger, and was called *Julian*, because it consists of a certain number of *Julian years*. *American Editor.*

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**EVENINGS AT HOME;**  
CONSISTING OF  
A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,  
FOR  
THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT  
OF  
YOUNG PERSONS.

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The fourteen following pieces embrace the whole portion contributed by Mrs. Barbauld to the work, whose title at length runs, "Evenings at Home ; or the Juvenile Budget opened, consisting of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons, by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. In 2 vols."



## EVENINGS AT HOME.

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### THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.



A Wasp met a Bee, and said to him, Pray, can you tell me what is the reason that men are so ill-natured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are : we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry ; yet men always hate me and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at all their meals ; while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them : yet they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of and feed you, in the winter very often :—I wonder what is the reason.

The Bee said, because you never do them any good, but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous ; therefore they do not like to see you ; but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

## THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG Mouse lived in a cupboard where sweet-meats were kept : she dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never had any little Mouse lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper ; nay, she had sometimes stole down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to her hole behind the wainscot. One day she came running to her mother in great joy ! Mother ! said she, the good people of this family have built me a house to live in ; it is in the cupboard : I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough : the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires ; and I dare say they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often : there is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss cannot follow : and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese, which smells so deliciously, that I should have run in directly and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and both lodge there to night, for it will hold us both.

My dear child, said the old Mouse, it is most happy you did not go in, for this house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again, except to have been devoured, or put to death in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning.

## ALFRED.

## A DRAMA.

*Persons of the Drama.*

ALFRED,	King of England.
GUBBA,	a Farmer.
GANDELIN,	his Wife.
ELLA,	an Officer of Alfred.

*Scene—The Isle of Athelney.*

*Alf.* How retired and quiet is every thing in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it in from the attack of an enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here, otherwise I shall die of hunger.—Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood; and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

*Scene—Before the Cottage.*

GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN *within.*

*Alf.* Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to show hospitality to a poor traveller?

*Gub.* Why truly there are so many poor travellers now a days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.

Wife, I am very weary; I have been chopping wood all day.

*Gan.* You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you: the cakes will

take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high ; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you, I trow ?

*Alf.* Good mother, I am a stranger ; and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

*Gan.* Good mother, quotha ! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers ; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for Old England since strangers came into it.

*Alf.* I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a true born Englishman.

*Gub.* And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat us up, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle ?

*Alf.* I do hate them.

*Gan.* Heartily ! He does not speak heartily, husband.

*Alf.* Heartily I hate them ; most heartily.

*Gub.* Give me thy hand then ; thou art an honest fellow.

*Alf.* I was with King Alfred in the last battle he fought.

*Gan.* With King Alfred ? heaven bless him.

*Gub.* What is become of our good King ?

*Alf.* Did you love him, then ?

*Gub.* Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king ; and kneeled down and prayed for him every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves ; but it was not to be so.

*Alf.* You could not love Alfred better than I did.

*Gub.* But what is become of him ?

*Alf.* He is thought to be dead.

*Gub.* Well, these are sad times ; heaven help us ! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us ; I suppose you are too sharp set to be nice.

*Gan.* Ay, come with us ; you shall be as welcome as a prince ! But hark ye, husband ; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to bē otherwise), yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself : he looks strong and capable.

*Gub.* Why, that 's true. What can you do, friend ?

*Alf.* I am very willing to help you in any thing you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat it.

*Gub.* Let me see. Can you tie up faggots neatly ?

*Alf.* I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

*Gub.* Can you thatch ? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

*Alf.* Alas, I cannot thatch.

*Gan.* Ask him if he can weave rushes : we want some new baskets.

*Alf.* I have never learned.

*Gub.* Can you stack hay ?

*Alf.* No.

*Gub.* Why, here 's a fellow ! and yet he hath as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you employ him in the house ? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

*Gan.* Let him watch these cakes, then : I must go and milk the kine.

*Gub.* And I 'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

*Gan.* But pray observe, friend ! do not let the cakes burn ; turn them often on the hearth.

*Alf.* I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED *alone.*

*Alf.* For myself, I could bear it ; but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is wrung with

bitter anguish!—From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood!—My brave soldiers cut to pieces!—My poor people—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted :—and I, whom heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers!—Gracious heaven! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices : I shall be content, if England is happy.

O ! here come my blunt host and hostess.

*Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.*

*Gan.* Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper : but, mercy on us, how they are burnt ! black as my shoe ; they have not once been turned : you oaf, you lubbard, you lazy loon—

*Alf.* Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it ; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

*Gub.* Come, wife, you must forgive him ; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee—

*Gan.* You remember !

*Gub.* Yes, dame, I do remember it, though it was many a long year since ; my mother was making a kettle of furmenty—

*Gan.* Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

*Alf.* How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread !

*Gub.* Eat heartily, friend. Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin ?

*Gan.* We have but one bed, you know ; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

*Alf. (aside.)* If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

*Gan.* What noise do I hear? It is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

*Alf.* Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I had rather have perished in the wood.

*GUBBA returns followed by ELLA with his sword drawn.*

*Gan.* Mercy defend us, a sword!

*Gub.* The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

*Ella. (kneeling.)* My Liege, my Lord, my Sovereign; have I found you!

*Alf. (embracing him.)* My brave Ella.

*Ella.* I bring you good news, my sovereign! Your troops that were shut up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate sally—the Danes were slaughtered. The fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

*Alf.* Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

*Ella.* Their famous standard, the Danish raven, is taken; their troops are panic struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives a letter.*)

*Gub. (aside.)* What will become of us! Ah, dame, that tongue of thine has undone us!

*Gan.* O, my poor, dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain. But who could have thought it was the king?

*Gub.* Why, Gandelin, do you see, we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because, you know, he was fit for nothing else.

*Alf. (coming forward.)* God be praised for these tidings! Hope is sprung up out of the depths of de-

spair. O, my friend! shall I again shine in arms—again fight at the head of my brave Englishmen—lead them on to victory! Our friends shall now lift their heads again.

*Ella.* Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master, to skulk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive, and in arms again, they will leave their fastnesses, and flock to your standard.

*Alf.* I am impatient to meet them: my people shall be revenged.

*Gub.* and *Gan.* (*throwing themselves at the feet of ALFRED.*) O, my lord—

*Gan.* We hope your majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your majesty's grace.

*Gub.* If your majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue; she means no harm, poor woman!

*Alf.* Pardon you, good people! I not only pardon you, but thank you. You have afforded me protection in my distress; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect *you*. Come, my faithful *Ella*, to arms! to arms! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane; and here I vow to heaven, that I will never sheath the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,  
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.



ANIMALS,  
AND THEIR COUNTRIES.

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O'er *Afric's* sand the tawny Lion stalks :  
On *Phasis'* banks the graceful Pheasant walks :  
The lonely Eagle builds on *Kilda's* shore :  
*Germania's* forests feed the tusky Boar :  
From *Alp* to *Alp* the sprightly Ibex bounds ;  
With peaceful lowings *Britain's* isle resounds :  
The *Lapland* peasant o'er the frozen meer  
Is drawn in sledges by his swift Rein-Deer :  
The River-Horse and scaly Crocodile  
Infest the reedy banks of fruitful *Nile* :  
Dire *Dispas* hiss o'er *Mauritania's* plain ;  
And Seals and spouting Whales sport in the *Northern Main*.

## CANUTE'S REPROOF

TO HIS COURTIER.

## PERSONS.

CANUTE,	King of England.
OSWALD, OFFA,	Courtiers.

Scene—*The Sea-Side, near Southampton—The tide coming in.*

*Can.* Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

*Offa.* It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

*Osw.* We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

*Offa.* Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

*Can.* Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

*Offa.* Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

*Can.* Is not the tide coming up?

*Osw.* Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

*Can.* Bring me a chair then; set it here upon the sands.

*Offa.* Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

*Can.* Yes, set it just here.

*Osw.* (*aside.*) I wonder what he is going to do.

*Offa. (aside.)* Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us.

*Can.* O mighty Ocean ! thou art my subject ; my courtiers tell me so ; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

*Osw. (aside.)* I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

*Offa.* See how fast the tide rises !

*Osw.* The next wave will come up to the chair. It is a folly to stay ; we shall be covered with salt water.

*Can.* Well, does the sea obey my commands ? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants ! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies ? that I believed your abject flatteries ? Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, " Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man ; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him ? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace !

## THE MASQUE OF NATURE.

WHO is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

WHO is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beach tree—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass—let me wander with her in the soft twilight,

when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name.

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WHO is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he and what is his name.

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WHO is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald: his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice.

If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

*Charles.* PAPA, you grow very lazy. Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty one.

*Father.* With all my heart—what shall it be?

*C.* A bloody murder, papa!

*F.* A bloody murder! Well then—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike . . .

*C.* With black crapes over their faces?

*F.* No; they had steel caps on:—having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest . . . .

*C.* They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

*F.* I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were tall, personable men as most one shall see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill . .

*C.* At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

*F.* No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning:—and moved forwards, one behind another . .

*C.* As still as death, creeping along under the hedges.

*F.* On the contrary—they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavouring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

*C.* But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

*F.* They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they

were about.—They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat pretty village, which they set on fire . . . .

*C.* Set a village on fire? wicked wretches!

*F.* And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.

*C.* O fie! papa! You don't intend I should believe this; I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

*F.* No, truly—they resisted as long as they could.

*C.* How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

*F.* Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

*C.* O, now I have found you out! You mean a BATTLE.

*F.* Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders* half so bloody.

## THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.



A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him : “ I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties are confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you ; I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air ; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters ; I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped.”

The *Horse*, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, “ It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed ; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do ; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground ; but how graceful is my make ! how well turned my limbs ! how highly finished my whole body ! how great my strength ! how astonishing my speed ! I had rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all.”



## ON MANUFACTURES.

*Father—Henry.*

*Hen.* My dear father, you observed the other day that we had a great many *manufactures* in England. Pray what is a *Manufacture* ?

*Fa.* A *Manufacture* is something made by the hand of man. It is derived from two Latin words, *manus*, the hand, and *facere*, to make. *Manufactures* are therefore opposed to *productions*, which latter are what the bounty of nature spontaneously affords us ; as fruits, corn, marble.

*Hen.* But there is a great deal of trouble with corn ; you have often made me take notice how much pains it costs the farmer to plough his ground, and put the seed in the earth, and keep it clear from weeds.

*Fa.* Very true ; but the farmer does not *make* the corn ; he only prepares for it a proper soil and situation, and removes every hindrance arising from the hardness of the ground, or the neighbourhood of other plants, which might obstruct the secret and wonderful process of vegetation ; but with the vegetation itself he has nothing to do. It is not *his* hand that draws out the slender fibres of the root, pushes up the green stalk, and by degrees the spiky ear ; swells the grain, and embrowns it with that rich tinge of tawny russet, which informs the husbandman it is time to put in his sickle : all this operation is performed without his care or even knowledge.

*Hen.* Now then I understand ; corn is a *Production*, and bread a *Manufacture*.

*Fa.* Bread is certainly, in strictness of speech, a *Manufacture* ; but we do not in general apply the term to any thing in which the original material is so

little changed. If we wanted to speak of bread philosophically, we should say, it is a *preparation* of corn.

*Hen.* Is sugar a Manufacture?

*Fa.* No, for the same reason. Besides which, I do not recollect the term being applied to any article of food; I suppose from an idea that food is of too perishable a nature, and generally obtained by a process too simple to deserve the name. We say, therefore, sugar-works, oil-mills, chocolate-works; we do not say a beer-manufactory, but a brewery; but this is only a nicety of language, for properly all those are manufactories, if there is much of art and curiosity in the process.

*Hen.* Do we say a manufactory of *pictures*?

*Fa.* No; but for a different reason. A picture, especially if it belong to any of the higher kinds of painting, is an effort of genius. A picture cannot be produced by any given combinations of canvass and colour. It is the hand, indeed, that executes, but the head that works. Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have gone, when he was engaged to paint a picture, and hired workmen, the one to draw the eyes, another the nose, a third the mouth; the whole must be the painter's own, that particular painter's, and no other; and no one who has not his ideas can do his work. His work is therefore nobler, of a higher species.

*Hen.* Pr'y give me an instance of a manufacture.

*Fa.* The making of watches is a manufacture: the silver; iron, gold, or whatever else is used in it, are productions, the material of the work; but it is by the wonderful art of man that they are wrought into the numberless wheels and springs of which this complicated machine is composed.

*Hen.* Then is there not so much art in making a watch as a picture? Does not the head work?

*Fa.* Certainly, in the original invention of watches,

as much or more, than in painting; but when once invented, the art of watchmaking is capable of being reduced to a mere mechanical labour, which may be exercised by any man of common capacity, according to certain precise rules, when made familiar to him by practice. This, painting is not.

*Hen.* But, my dear father, making of books surely requires a great deal of thinking and study; and yet I remember the other day at dinner a gentleman said that Mr. Pica had *manufactured* a large volume in less than a fortnight.

*Fa.* It was meant to convey a satirical remark on his book, because it was compiled from other authors, from whom he had taken a page in one place, and a page in another; so that it was not produced by the labour of his brain, but of his hands. Thus you heard your mother complain that the London cream was *manufactured*; which was a pointed and concise way of saying, that the cream was not what it ought to be, nor what it pretended to be; for cream, when genuine, is a pure production; but when mixed up and adulterated with flour and isinglass, and I know not what, it becomes a Manufacture. It was as much as to say, art has been here, where it has no business; where it is not beneficial, but hurtful. A great deal of the delicacy of language depends upon an accurate knowledge of the specific meaning of single terms, and a nice attention to their relative propriety.

*Hen.* Have all nations manufactures?

*Fa.* All that are in any degree cultivated; but it very often happens that countries naturally the poorest have manufactures of the greatest extent and variety.

*Hen.* Why so?

*Fa.* For the same reason, I apprehend, that individuals, who are rich without any labour of their own,

are seldom so industrious and active as those who depend upon their own exertions: thus the Spaniards, who possess the richest gold and silver mines in the world, are in want of many conveniences of life, which are enjoyed in London and Amsterdam.

*Hen.* I can comprehend that; I believe if my uncle Ledger were to find a gold mine under his warehouse, he would soon shut up shop.

*Fa.* I believe so. It is not however easy to establish Manufactures in a *very poor* nation; they require science and genius for their invention; art and contrivance for their execution; order, peace, and union, for their flourishing; they require a number of men to combine together in an undertaking, and to prosecute it with the most patient industry; they require, therefore, laws and government for their protection. If you see extensive Manufactures in any nation, you may be sure it is a civilized nation; you may be sure property is accurately ascertained and protected. They require great expenses for their first establishment, costly machines for shortening manual labour, and money and credit for purchasing materials from distant countries. There is not a single manufacture of Great Britain which does not require, in some part or other of its process, productions from the different parts of the globe; oils, drugs, varnish, quicksilver, and the like; it requires, therefore, *ships* and a friendly intercourse with foreign nations to transport commodities, and exchange productions. We could not be a manufacturing, unless we were also a commercial nation. They require time to take root in any place, and their excellence often depends upon some nice and delicate circumstance; a peculiar quality, for instance, in the air or water, or some other local circumstance not easily ascertained. Thus, I have heard, that the Irish women spin better than the En-

glish, because the moister temperature of their climate makes their skin more soft and their fingers more flexible: thus again we cannot die so beautiful a scarlet as the French can, though with the same drugs, perhaps on account of the superior purity of their air. But though so much is necessary for the perfection of the more curious and complicated manufactures, all nations possess those which are subservient to the common conveniences of life—the loom and the forge, particularly, are of the highest antiquity.

*Hen.* Yes, I remember Hector bids Andromache return to her apartment, and employ herself in weaving with her maids; and I remember the shield of Achilles.

*Fa.* True; and you likewise remember, in an earlier period, the fine linen of Egypt; and, to go still higher, the working in brass and iron is recorded of Tubal Cain before the flood.

*Hen.* Which is the most important, manufactures or agriculture?

*Fa.* Agriculture is the most *necessary*, because it is first of all necessary that man should live; but almost all the enjoyments and comforts of life are produced by manufactures.

*Hen.* Why are we obliged to take so much pains to make ourselves comfortable?

*Fa.* To exercise our industry. Nature provides the materials for man. She pours out at his feet a profusion of gems, metals, dyes, plants, ores, barks, stones, gums, wax, marbles, woods, roots, skins, earths, and minerals of all kinds! She has likewise given him tools.

*Hen.* I did not know that Nature gave us tools.

*Fa.* No! what are those two instruments you carry always about with you, so strong and yet so flexible, so nicely jointed, and branched out into five

long, taper, unequal divisions, any of which may be contracted or stretched out at pleasure; the extremities of which have a feeling so wonderfully delicate, and which are strengthened and defended by horn?

*Hen.* The hands.

*Fa.* Yes. Man is as much superior to the brutes in his outward form, by means of the hand, as he is in his mind by the gifts of reason. The trunk of the elephant comes perhaps the nearest to it in its exquisite feeling and flexibility, (it is, indeed, called his hand in Latin,) and accordingly that animal has always been reckoned the wisest of brutes. When nature gave man the hand, she said to him, "Exercise your ingenuity and work." As soon as ever man rises above the state of a savage, he begins to contrive and to make things, in order to improve his forlorn condition; thus you may remember Thomson represents Industry coming to the poor shivering wretch, and teaching him the arts of life.

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose:  
Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,  
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn.

*Hen.* It must require a great deal of knowledge, I suppose, for so many curious works; what kind of knowledge is most necessary?

*Fa.* There is not any which may not be occasionally employed; but the two sciences which most assist the manufacturer are *mechanics* and *chemistry*. The one for building mills, working of mines, and in general for constructing wheels, wedges, pullies, &c. either to shorten the labour of man, by performing it in less time, or to perform what the strength of man alone could not accomplish:—the other in fusing and working ores, in dyeing and bleaching, and extracting the virtues of

various substances for particular uses : making of soap, for instance, is a chemical operation ; and by chemistry an ingenious gentleman has lately found out a way of bleaching a piece of cloth in eight and forty hours, which by the common process would have taken up a great many weeks.—You have heard of Sir Richard Arkwright who died lately—

*Hen.* Yes ; I have heard he was at first only a barber, and shaved people for a penny a piece.

*Fa.* He did so ; but having a strong turn for mechanics, he invented, or at least perfected, a machine, by which one pair of hands may do the work of twenty or thirty ; and, as in this country every one is free to rise by merit, he acquired the largest fortune in the county, had a great many hundreds of workmen under his orders, and had leave given him by the king to put *Sir* before his name.

*Hen.* Did that do him any good ?

*Fa.* It pleased him, I suppose, or he would not have accepted of it ; and you will allow, I imagine, that if titles are used, it does honour to those who bestow them, that they are given to such as have made themselves noticed for something useful.—Arkwright used to say, that if he had time to perfect his inventions, he would put a fleece of wool into a box, and it should come out broad-cloth.

*Hen.* What did he mean by that ; was there any fairy in the box to turn it into broad-cloth with her wand ?

*Fa.* He was assisted by the only fairies that ever had the power of transformation, Art and Industry : he meant that he would contrive so many machines, wheel within wheel, that the combing, carding, and other various operations, should be performed by mechanism, almost without the hand of man.

*Hen.* I think, if I had not been told, I should never

have been able to guess that my coat came off the back of a sheep.

*Fa.* You hardly would ; but there are manufactures in which the material is much more changed than in woollen cloth. What can be meaner in appearance than sand and ashes ? Would you imagine that any thing beautiful could be made out of such a mixture ? Yet the furnace transforms this into that transparent crystal we call *glass*, than which nothing is more sparkling, more brilliant, more full of lustre. It throws about the rays of light as if it had life and motion.

*Hen.* There is a glass-shop in London, which always puts me in mind of Aladdin's palace.

*Fa.* It is certain that if a person ignorant of the manufacture were to see one of our capital shops, he would think all the treasures of Golconda were centred there, and that every drop of cut glass was worth a prince's ransom.—Again, who would suppose on seeing the green stalks of a plant, that it could be formed into a texture so smooth, so snowy-white, so firm, and yet so flexible, as to wrap round the limbs and adapt itself to every movement of the body ? Who would guess this fibrous stalk could be made to float in such light undulating folds as in our lawns and cambrics ? not less fine, we presume, than that transparent drapery which the Romans called *ventus textilis, woven wind*.

*Hen.* I wonder how any body can spin such fine thread.

*Fa.* Their fingers must have the touch of a spider, that, as Pope says,

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

And indeed you recollect that *Arachne* was a spinner. Lace is a still finer production from flax, and is one of those in which the original material is most



improved. How many times the price of a pound of flax do you think that flax will be worth when made into lace ?

*Hen.* A great many times, I suppose.

*Fa.* Flax at the best hand is bought at fourteen pence a pound. They make lace at Valenciennes, in French Flanders, of ten guineas a yard, I believe indeed higher, but we will say ten guineas ; this yard of lace will weigh probably not more than half an ounce : what is the value of half an ounce of flax ? reckon it.

*Hen.* It comes to one farthing and three quarters of a farthing.

*Fa.* Right ; now tell me how many times the original value the lace is worth.

*Hen.* Prodigious ! it is worth 5760 times as much as the flax it is made of.

*Fa.* Yet there is another material that is still more improveable than flax.

*Hen.* What can that be ?

*Fa.* Iron. The price of pig-iron is ten shillings a hundred weight ; this is not quite one farthing for two ounces ; now you have seen some of the beautiful cut steel that looks like diamonds.

*Hen.* Yes, I have seen buckles, and pins, and watch-chains.

*Fa.* Then you can form an idea of it ; but you have seen only the most common sorts. There was a chain made at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and sent to France, which weighed only two ounces, and cost 170*l.* Calculate how many times *that* had increased its value.

*Hen.* Amazing ! It was worth 163,600 times the value of the iron it was made of.

*Fa.* That is what manufactures can do ; here man is a kind of creator, and like the great Creator, he

may please himself with his work, and say it is good. In the last mentioned manufacture, too, that of steel, the English have the honour of excelling all the world.

*Hen.* What are the chief manufactures of England ?

*Fa.* We have at present a greater variety than I can pretend to enumerate, but our staple manufacture is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep ; hence our wool has always been a valuable article of trade ; but we did not always know how to work it. We used to sell it to the Flemish or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth ; till in the year 1326, Edward the Third invited some Flemish weavers over to teach us the art ; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have arisen to great consequence from small beginnings, almost within the memory of old men now living ; the first for cotton and muslin goods, the second for cutlery and hard ware, in which we at this moment excel all Europe. Of late years, too, carpets, beautiful as fine tapestry, have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are greatly esteemed. The earthen-ware plates and dishes, which we all use in common, and the elegant set for the tea-table, ornamented with musical instruments, which we admired in our visit yesterday, belong to a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is at Burslem in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there belong to one person, an excellent chymist, and a man of great taste ; he, in conjunction with another man of taste who is since dead, has made our clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China. He has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek and Etruscan artists. In the more common articles he has penciled it with

the most elegant designs, shaped it into shelves and leaves, twisted it into wicker-work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket. He has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are lightly traced, with the purest simplicity, the fine forms and floating draperies of Herculaneum. In short, he has given to our houses a classic air, and has made every saloon and every dining-room schools of taste. I should add that there is a great demand abroad for this elegant manufacture. The Empress of Russia has had some magnificent services of it; and the other day one was sent to the King of Spain, intended as a present from him to the Archbishop of Toledo, which cost a thousand pounds. Some morning you shall go through the rooms in the London warehouse.

*Hen.* I should like very much to see manufactures, now you have told me such curious things about them.

*Fa.* You will do well! there is much more entertainment to a cultivated mind in seeing a pin made, than in many a fashionable diversion which young people half ruin themselves to attend. In the mean time I will give you some account of one of the most elegant of them, which is *paper*.

*Hen.* Pray do, my dear father.

*Fa.* It shall be left for another evening, however, for it is now late. Good night.

## THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings: and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the Tropic bird and the Albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemies, the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recal his present; but Jupiter said to her, "when I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment."

## A LESSON IN

## THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

*F.* COME hither, Charles; what is that you see grazing in the meadow before you?

*C.* It is a horse.

*F.* Whose horse is it?

*C.* I do not know; I never saw it before.

*F.* How do you know it is a horse, if you never saw it before?

*C.* Because it is like other horses.

*F.* Are all horses alike then?

*C.* Yes.

*F.* If they are all alike, how do you know one horse from another?

*C.* They are not quite alike.

*F.* But they are so much alike, that you can easily distinguish a horse from a cow?

*C.* Yes, indeed.

*F.* Or from a cabbage?

*C.* A horse from a cabbage! yes, surely I can.

*F.* Very well; then let us see if you can tell how a horse differs from a cabbage?

*C.* Very easily; a horse is alive.

*F.* True; and how is every thing called, which is alive?

*C.* I believe all things that are alive are called *animals*.

*F.* Right; but can you tell me what a horse and a cabbage are alike in?

*C.* Nothing, I believe.

*F.* Yes, there is one thing in which the slenderest moss that grows upon the wall is like the greatest man or the highest angel.

*C.* Because God made them.

*F.* Yes; and how do you call every thing that is made?

*C.* A creature.

*F.* A horse then is a creature, but a living creature; that is to say, an animal.

*C.* And a cabbage is a dead creature; that is the difference.

*F.* Not so, neither; nothing is dead that has never been alive.

*C.* What must I call it then, if it is neither dead nor alive?

*F.* An inanimate creature; there is the animate and inanimate creation. Plants, stones, metals, are of the latter class; horses belong to the former.

*C.* But the gardener told me some of my cabbages were dead, and some were alive.

*F.* Very true. Plants have a *vegetative* life, a principle of growth and decay; this is common to them with all organized bodies; but they have not sensation, at least we do not know they have—they have not *life*, therefore, in the sense in which animals enjoy it.

*C.* A horse is called an animal, then.

*F.* Yes; but a salmon is an animal, and so is a sparrow; how will you distinguish a horse from these?

*C.* A salmon lives in the water, and swims; a sparrow flies, and lives in the air.

*F.* I think a salmon could not walk upon the ground, even if it could live out of the water.

*C.* No, indeed; it has no legs.

*F.* And a bird would not gallop like a horse.

*C.* No; it would hop away upon its two slender legs.

*F.* How many legs has a horse ?

*C.* Four.

*F.* And an ox ?

*C.* Four likewise.

*F.* And a camel ?

*C.* Four still.

*F.* Do you know any animals which live upon the earth that have not four legs ?

*C.* I think not ; they have all four legs ; except worms and insects, and such things.

*F.* You remember, I suppose, what an animal is called that has four legs ; you have it in your little books.

*C.* A quadruped.

*F.* A horse then is a *quadruped* : by this we distinguish him from the birds, fishes, and insects.

*C.* And from men.

*F.* True ; but if you had been talking about birds, you would not have found it so easy to distinguish them.

*C.* How so ! a man is not at all like a bird.

*F.* Yet an ancient philosopher could find no way to distinguish them, but by calling man a *two-legged animal without feathers*.

*C.* I think he was very silly ; they are not at all alike, though they have both two legs.

*F.* Another ancient philosopher, called Diogenes, was of your opinion. He stript a cock of his feathers, and turned him into the school where Plato,—that was his name,—was teaching, and said, Here is Plato's man for you.

*C.* I wish I had been there, I should have laughed very much.

*F.* Probably. Before we laugh at others, however, let us see what we can do ourselves. We have not yet found any thing which will distinguish a horse from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

*C.* O, that is easy enough. An elephant is very large, and a rat is very small ; a horse is neither large nor small.

*F.* Before we go any further, look what is settled on the skirt of your coat.

*C.* It is a butterfly ; what a prodigious large one ; I never saw such a one before.

*F.* Is it larger than a rat, think you ?

*C.* No, that it is not.

*F.* Yet you called the butterfly large, and you called the rat small.

*C.* It is very large for a butterfly.

*F.* It is so. You see, therefore, that large and small are *relative terms*.

*C.* I do not well understand that phrase.

*F.* It means that they have no precise and determinate signification in themselves, but are applied differently, according to the other ideas which you join with them, and the different positions in which you view them. This butterfly, therefore, is *large*, compared with those of its own species, and *small*, compared with many other species of animals. Besides, there is no circumstance which varies more than the size of individuals. If you were to give an idea of a horse from its size, you would certainly say it was much bigger than a dog ; yet if you take the smallest Shetland horse, and the largest Irish grey-hound, you will find them very much upon a par : size, therefore, is not a circumstance by which you can accurately distinguish one animal from another ; nor yet his colour.

*C.* No ; there are black horses, and bay, and white, and pied.

*F.* But you have not seen that variety of colours in a hare, for instance.

*C.* No, a hare is always brown.



*F.* Yet if you were to depend upon that circumstance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he sees them white as snow. We must, therefore, find out some circumstances that do not change like size and colour, and I may add shape, though they are not so obvious, nor perhaps so striking. Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

*C.* No; some have long taper claws, and some have thick clumsy feet without claws.

*F.* The thick feet are horny; are they not?

*C.* Yes, I recollect they are called hoofs.

*F.* And the feet that are not covered with horn, and are divided into claws, are called *digitated*, from *digitus*, a finger; because they are parted like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand division of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated*. Of which division is the horse?

*C.* He is hoofed.

*F.* There are a great many different kinds of horses; did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

*C.* No, never.

*F.* Do you think we run any hazard of a stranger telling us, Sir, horses are hoofed indeed in your country, but in mine, which is in a different climate, and where we feed them differently, they have claws?

*C.* No, I dare say not.

*F.* Then we have got something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal, under every variation of situation or treatment. But an ox is hoofed, and so is a sheep; we must distinguish still farther. You have often stood by, I suppose, while the smith was shoeing a horse. What kind of a hoof has he?

*C.* It is round, and all in one piece.

*F.* And is that of an ox so?

C. No, it is divided.

F. A horse, then, is not only hoofed, but *whole hoofed*. Now how many quadrupeds do you think there are in the world that are whole hoofed?

C. Indeed I do not know.

F. There are, among all animals that we are acquainted with, either in this country or in any other, only the horse, the ass, and the zebra, which is a species of wild ass. Now, therefore, you see we have nearly accomplished our purpose; we have only to distinguish him from the ass.

C. That is easily done, I believe; I should be sorry if any body could mistake my little horse for an ass.

F. It is not so easy, however, as you imagine; the eye readily distinguishes them by the air and general appearance, but naturalists have been rather puzzled to fix upon any specific difference, which may serve the purpose of a definition. Some have, therefore, fixed upon the ears, others on the mane and tail. What kind of ears has an ass?

C. O, very long clumsy ears. Asses' ears are always laughed at.

F. And the horse?

C. The horse has small ears, nicely turned, and upright.

F. And the mane, is there no difference there?

C. The horse has a fine long flowing mane; the ass has hardly any.

F. And the tail; is it not fuller of hair in the horse than in the ass?

C. Yes; the ass has only a few long hairs at the end of his tail; but the horse has a long bushy tail, when it is not cut.

F. Which, by the way, it is pity it ever should. Now, then, observe what particulars we have got. *A*

*horse is an animal of the quadruped kind, whole-hoofed, with short erect ears, a flowing mane, and a tail covered in every part with long hairs.* Now is there any other animal, think you, in the world, that answers these particulars?

*C.* I do not know; this does not tell us a great deal about him.

*F.* And yet it tells us enough to distinguish him from all the different tribes of the creation which we are acquainted with in any part of the earth. Do you know now what we have been making?

*C.* What?

*F.* A DEFINITION. It is the business of a definition to distinguish precisely the thing defined from every other thing, and to do it in as few terms as possible. Its object is to separate the subject of definition, first, from those with which it has only a general resemblance; then, from those which agree with it in a greater variety of particulars; and so on, till by constantly throwing out all which have not the qualities we have taken notice of, we come at length to the individual or the species we wish to ascertain. It is a kind of chase, and resembles the manner of hunting in some countries, where they first enclose a very large circle with their dogs, nets, and horses; and then, by degrees, draw their toils closer and closer, driving their game before them till it is at length brought into so narrow a compass, that the sportsmen have nothing to do but to knock down their prey.

*C.* Just as we have been hunting this horse, till at last we held him fast by his ears and his tail.

*F.* I should observe to you, that in the definition naturalists give of a horse, it is generally mentioned that he has six cutting teeth in each jaw; because this circumstance of the teeth has been found a very convenient one for characterizing large classes: but

as it is not absolutely necessary here, I have omitted it ; a definition being the more perfect the fewer particulars you make use of, provided you can say with certainty from those particulars, The object so characterized must be this, and no other whatever.

*C.* But, papa, if I had never seen a horse, I should not know what kind of animal it was by this definition.

*F.* Let us hear, then, how you would give me an idea of a horse.

*C.* I would say it was a fine large prancing creature, with slender legs and an arched neck, and a sleek smooth skin, and a tail that sweeps the ground, and that he snorts and neighs very loud, and tosses his head, and runs as swift as the wind.

*F.* I think you learned some verses upon the horse in your last lesson : repeat them.

*C.* The wanton courser thus with reins unbound  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;  
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides ;  
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies ;  
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

POPE'S HOMER.

*F.* You have said very well ; but this is not a *Definition*, it is a *Description*.

*C.* What is the difference ?

*F.* A description is intended to give you a lively picture of an object, as if you saw it ; it ought to be very full. A definition gives no picture to those who have not seen it ; it rather tells you what its subject is not, than what it is, by giving you such clear specific marks, that it shall not be possible to confound it with any thing else ; and hence it is of the greatest use in throwing things into classes. We have a great many beautiful descriptions from ancient authors so loosely

worded that we cannot certainly tell what animals are meant by them ; whereas if they had given us definitions, three lines would have ascertained their meaning.

*C.* I like a description best, papa.

*F.* Perhaps so ; I believe I should have done the same at your age. Remember, however, that nothing is more useful than to learn to form ideas with precision, and to express them with accuracy : I have not given you a definition to teach you what a horse is, but to teach you to *think*.

## THE PHENIX AND DOVE.



A PHENIX, who had long inhabited the solitary deserts of Arabia, once flew so near the habitations of men as to meet with a tame Dove, who was sitting on her nest, with wings expanded, fondly brooding over her young ones, while she expected her mate, who was foraging abroad to procure them food. The Phenix, with a kind of insulting compassion, said to her, "Poor bird, how much I pity thee! confined to a single spot, and sunk in domestic cares; thou art continually employed either in laying eggs or in providing for thy brood; and thou exhaustest thy life and strength in perpetuating a feeble and defenceless race. As to myself, I live exempt from toil, care, and misfortune. I feed upon nothing less precious than rich gums and spices; I fly through the trackless regions of the air, and when I am seen by men, am gazed at with curiosity and astonishment; I have no one to control my range, no one to provide for; and when I have fulfilled my five centuries of life, and seen the revolutions of ages, I rather vanish than die, and a successor, without my care, springs up from my ashes. I am an image of the great sun whom I adore; and glory in being, like him, single and alone, and having no likeness."

The Dove replied, "O Phenix, I pity thee much more than thou affectest to pity me! What pleasure canst thou enjoy, who livest forlorn and solitary in a trackless and unpeopled desert; who hast no mate to caress thee, no young ones to excite thy tenderness and reward thy cares, no kindred, no society amongst

thy fellows. Not long life only, but immortality itself would be a curse, if it were to be bestowed on such uncomfortable terms. For my part, I know that my life will be short, and therefore I employ it in raising a numerous posterity, and in opening my heart to all the sweets of domestic happiness. I am beloved by my partner ; I am dear to man ; and shall leave marks behind me that I have lived. As to the sun, to whom thou hast presumed to compare thyself, that glorious being is so totally different from, and so infinitely superior to, all the creatures upon earth, that it does not become us to liken ourselves to him, or to determine upon the manner of his existence. One obvious difference, however, thou mayest remark ; that the sun, though alone, by his prolific heat, produces all things, and though he shines so high above our heads, gives us reason every moment to bless his beams ; whereas thou, swelling with thy imaginary greatness, dreamest away a long period of existence, equally void of comfort and usefulness.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

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*F.* I WILL now, as I promised, give you an account of the elegant and useful manufacture of *Paper*, the basis of which is itself a manufacture. This delicate and beautiful substance is made from the meanest and most disgusting materials, from old rags, which have passed from one poor person to another, and at length have perhaps dropped in tatters from the child of the beggar. These are carefully picked up from dung-hills, or bought from servants by Jews, who make it their business to go about and collect them. They sell them to the rag-merchant, who gives from two-pence to four-pence a pound, according to their quality; and he, when he has got a sufficient quantity, disposes of them to the owner of the paper-mill. He gives them first to women to sort and pick, agreeably to their different degrees of fineness: they also with a knife cut out carefully all the seams, which they throw into a basket for other purposes; they then put them into the dusting engine, a large circular wire sieve, from whence they receive some degree of cleansing. The rags are then conveyed to the mill. Here they were formerly beat to pieces with vast hammers, which rose and fell continually with a most tremendous noise, that was heard from a great distance. But now they put the rags into a large trough or cistern, into which a pipe of clear spring water is constantly flowing. In this cistern is placed a cylinder, about two feet long, set thick round with rows of iron spikes, standing as near as they can to one another without touching. At the bottom of the trough there



are corresponding rows of spikes. The cylinder is made to whirl round with inconceivable rapidity, and with these iron teeth rends and tears the cloth in every possible direction; till, by the assistance of the water, which continually flows through the cistern, it is thoroughly masticated, and reduced to a fine pulp; and by the same process all its impurities are cleansed away, and it is restored to its original whiteness. This process takes about six hours. To improve the colour they then put in a little smalt, which gives it a blueish cast, which all paper has more or less: the French paper has less of it than ours. This fine pulp is next put into a copper of warm water. It is the substance of paper, but the form must now be given it: for this purpose they use a mould. It is made of wire, strong one way, and crossed with finer. This mould they just dip horizontally into the copper, and take it out again. It has a little wooden frame on the edge, by means of which it retains as much of the pulp as is wanted for the thickness of the sheet, and the superfluity runs off through the interstices of the wires. Another man instantly receives it, opens the frame, and turns out the thin sheet, which has now shape, but not consistence, upon soft felt, which is placed on the ground to receive it. On that is placed another piece of felt, and then another sheet of paper, and so on till they have made a pile of forty or fifty. They are then pressed with a large screw-press, moved by a long lever, which forcibly squeezes the water out of them, and gives them immediate consistence. There is still, however, a great deal to be done. The felts are taken off and thrown on one side, and the paper on the other, from whence it is dexterously taken up with an instrument in the form of a T, three sheets at a time, and hung on lines to dry. There it hangs for a week or ten days, which

likewise further whitens it ; and any knots and roughnesses it may have are picked off carefully by the women. It is then sized. Size is a kind of glue ; and without this preparation the paper would not bear ink ; it would run and blot, as you see it does on grey paper. The sheets are just dipped into the size and taken out again. The exact degree of sizing is a matter of nicety, which can only be known by experience. They are then hung up again to dry, and when dry taken to the finishing-room, where they are examined anew, pressed in the dry presses, which gives them their last gloss and smoothness ; counted up into quires, made up in reams, and sent to the stationer's, from whom we have it, after he has folded it again and cut the edges ; some too he makes to shine like satin, by glossing it with hot plates. The whole process of paper-making takes about three weeks.

*H.* It is a very curious process indeed. I shall almost scruple for the future to blacken a sheet of paper with a careless scrawl, now I know how much pains it costs to make it so white and beautiful.

*F.* It is true that there is hardly any thing we use with so much waste and profusion as this manufacture ; we should think ourselves confined in the use of it, if we might not tear, disperse, and destroy it in a thousand ways ; so that it is really astonishing from whence linen enough can be procured to answer so vast a demand. As to the coarse brown papers, of which an astonishing quantity is used by every shopkeeper in packages, &c., these are made chiefly of oakum, that is, old hempen ropes. A fine paper is made in China of silk.

*H.* I have heard lately of woven paper ; pray what is that ? they cannot weave paper, surely !

*F.* Your question is very natural. In order to answer it, I must desire you to take a sheet of com-

mon paper, and hold it up against the light. Do not you see marks in it?

*H.* I see a great many white lines running along lengthways, like ribs, and smaller that cross them. I see, too, letters and the figure of a crown.

*F.* These are all the marks of the wires; the thickness of the wire prevents so much of the pulp lying upon the sheet in those places, consequently wherever the wires are, the paper is thinner, and you see the light through more readily, which gives that appearance of white lines. The letters too are worked in the wire, and are the maker's name. Now to prevent these lines, which take off from the beauty of the paper, particularly of drawing paper, there have been lately used moulds of brass wire exceedingly fine, of equal thickness, and woven or latticed one within another; the marks, therefore, of these are easily pressed out, so as to be hardly visible; if you look at this sheet you will see it is quite smooth.

*H.* It is so.

*F.* I should mention to you, that there is a discovery very lately made, by which they can make paper equal to any in whiteness, of the coarsest brown rags, and even of dyed cottons; which they have till now been obliged to throw by for inferior purposes. This is by means of manganese, a sort of mineral, and oil of vitriol; a mixture of which they just pass through the pulp, while it is in water, for otherwise it would burn it, and in an instant it discharges the colours of the dyed cloths, and bleaches the brown to a beautiful whiteness.

*H.* That is like what you told me before of bleaching cloth in a few hours.

*F.* It is indeed founded upon the same discovery. The paper made of these brown rags is likewise more valuable, from being very tough and strong, almost like parchment.

*H.* When was the making of paper found out ?

*F.* It is a disputed point, but probably in the fourteenth century. The invention has been of almost equal consequence to literature, as that of printing itself ; and shows how the arts and sciences, like children of the same family, mutually assist and bring forward each other.

## THE FOUR SISTERS.

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I AM one of four sisters; and having some reason to think myself not well used either by them or by the world, I beg leave to lay before you a sketch of our history and characters. You will not wonder there should be frequent bickerings amongst us, when I tell you that in our infancy we were continually fighting; and so great was the noise, and din, and confusion, in our continual struggles to get uppermost, that it was impossible for any body to live amongst us in such a scene of tumult and disorder. These brawls, however, by a powerful interposition, were put an end to; our proper place was assigned to each of us, and we had strict orders not to encroach on the limits of each other's property, but to join our common offices for the good of the whole family.

My first sister, (I call her the first, because we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank,) is, I must acknowledge, of a very active, sprightly disposition; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us; but she is hot; every thing serves for fuel to her fury when it is once raised to a certain degree, and she is so mischievous whenever she gets the upper hand, that, notwithstanding her aspiring disposition, if I may freely speak my mind, she is calculated to make a good servant, but a very bad mistress.

I am almost ashamed to mention, that notwithstanding her seeming delicacy, she has a most voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way; though, like other eager thin people, she does no credit to her keeping. Many a time has she con-

sumed the product of my barns and store-houses, but it is all lost upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-shop or tallow chandler's, when every body was asleep, and lick up, with the utmost greediness, whatever she found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks, and though she is admitted into the best families, they take care to watch her very narrowly. I should not forget to mention, that my sister was once in a country where she was treated with uncommon respect; she was lodged in a sumptuous building, and had a number of young women, of the best families, to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health; in short, she was looked upon as something more than a common mortal. But she always behaved with great severity to her maids, and if any of them were negligent of their duty, or made a slip in their own conduct, nothing would serve her but burying the poor girls alive. I have myself had some dark hints and intimations from the most respectable authority, that she will some time or other make an end of me. You need not wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next sister I shall mention to you, has so far the appearance of Modesty and Humility, that she generally seeks the lowest place. She is indeed of a very yielding, easy temper, generally cool, and often wears a sweet placid smile upon her countenance; but she is easily ruffled, and when worked up, as she often is, by another sister, whom I shall mention to you by and by, she becomes a perfect fury. Indeed she is so apt to swell with sudden gusts of passion, that she is suspected at times to be a little lunatic. Between her and my first mentioned sister, there is more settled antipathy than between the Theban pair; and they never meet without making efforts to destroy one another. With me she is always ready

to form the most intimate union, but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a story in our family, that when we were all young, she once attempted to drown me. She actually kept me under a considerable time, and though at length I got my head above water, my constitution is generally thought to have been essentially injured by it ever since. From that time she has made no such atrocious attempt, but she is continually making encroachments upon my property; and even when she appears most gentle, she is very insidious, and has such an undermining way with her, that her insinuating arts are as much to be dreaded as open violence. I might indeed remonstrate, but it is a known part of her character, that nothing makes any lasting impression upon her.

As to my third sister, I have already mentioned the ill offices she does me with my last mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is, besides, of a very uncertain, variable temper, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; nobody knows where to have her. Her lightness is even proverbial, and she has nothing to give those who live with her more substantial than the smiles of courtiers. I must add, that she keeps in her service three or four rough, blustering bullies, with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loose, think they have nothing to do but to drive the world before them. She sometimes joins with my first sister, and their violence occasionally throws me into such a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm constitution, I shake as if I was in an ague fit.

As to myself, I am of a steady, solid temper; not shining indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one tastes of my beneficence, and I am of so graceful a disposition, that I have been known to return an hundred-fold for any present that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my chil-

dren, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other home. I bear with unrepining patience all manner of ill usage ; I am trampled upon, I am torn and wounded with the most cutting strokes ; I am pillaged of the treasures lidden in my most secret chambers ; notwithstanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually subservient to the pleasure or advantage of others ; yet, so ungrateful is the world, that because I do not possess all the airiness and activity of my sisters, I am stigmatized as dull and heavy. Every sordid, miserly fellow is called by way of derision one of *my* children ; and if a person on entering a room does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought stupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the satisfaction, however, of finding that people always incline towards me as they grow older ; and that those who seemed proudly to disdain any affinity with me, are content to sink at last into my bosom. You will probably wish to have some account of my person. I am not a regular beauty ; some of my features are rather harsh and prominent, when viewed separately ; but my countenance has so much variety of expression, and so many different attitudes of elegance, that those who study my face with attention, find out continually new charms ; and it may be truly said of me, what Titus says of his mistress, and for a much longer space,

Pendant cinq ans entiers tous les jours je la vois,  
Et crois toujours la voir pour la premiere fois.

For five whole years each day she meets my view,  
Yet every day I seem to see her new.

Though I have been so long a mother, I have still a surprising air of youth and freshness, which is assisted by all the advantages of well chosen ornament, for I dress well, and according to the season.



This is what I have chiefly to say of myself and my sisters. To a person of your sagacity it will be unnecessary for me to sign my name. Indeed, one who becomes acquainted with any one of the family, cannot be at a loss to discover the rest, notwithstanding the difference in our features and characters.



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**HYMNS IN PROSE**

FOR

**CHILDREN.**

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## HYMNS.

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COME, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great ;  
let us bless God, for he is very good.

He made all things ; the sun to rule the day, the  
moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant ; and  
the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they  
warble sweetly in the green shade.

The brooks and rivers praise God, when they mur-  
mur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my voice ; for I may praise  
him though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I was a little infant, and my  
tongue was dumb within my mouth :

And I did not know the great name of God, for  
my reason was not come unto me.

But now I can speak, and my tongue shall praise  
him ; I can think of all his kindness, and my heart  
shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will come unto him ; let  
him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better ; and I  
will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth  
in me.

## HYMN II.

COME, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring, let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger if any one comes near.

The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs just dropt are in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs can hardly support their weight.

If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt; there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass; it is spread on purpose to receive you.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive,—they thank him that has made them alive.

They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues; we are better than they, and can praise him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can

bleat ; but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about, if you could, you would say how good he is ; but you are dumb, we will say it for you.

We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise.



### HYMN III.

**BEHOLD** the shepherd of the flock ; he taketh care for his sheep, he leadeth them among clear brooks, he guideth them to fresh pasture : if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms ; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's Shepherd ; who taketh care for him ? who guideth him in the path he should go ? and, if he wander, who shall bring him back ?

God is the shepherd's Shepherd. He is the Shepherd over all ; he taketh care for all ; the whole earth is his fold ; we are all his flock ; and every herb, and every green field is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she bringeth it up on her knees ; she nourisheth its body with food ; she feedeth its mind with knowledge : if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love ; she watcheth over it when asleep ; she forgetteth it not for a moment ; she teacheth it how to be good ; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

## HYMNS IN PROSE.

But who is the Parent of the mother? who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm? and if she is sick, who shall heal her?

God is the Parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All the men, and all the women, who are alive in the wide world, are his children; he loveth all, he is good to all.

The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands; his subjects fear before him; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger; and if they do evil, he punisheth them.

But who is the Sovereign of the king? who commandeth him what he must do? whose hand is reached out to protect him from danger? and if he doeth evil, who shall punish him?

God is the Sovereign of the king; his crown is of rays of light, and his throne is amongst the stars. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords: if he biddeth us live, we live; and if he biddeth us die, we die: his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God is our Shepherd, therefore we will follow him; God is our Father, therefore we will love him; God is our King, therefore we will obey him.

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## HYMN IV.

COME, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers! her



leaves glow like fire ; the air is filled with her sweet odour ! she is the delight of every eye.

She is beautiful, but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose ; he is all lovely ; he is the delight of every heart.

I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong ; when he raiseth up himself from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he : his anger is terrible ; he could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of his hand.

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places ; by night as well as by day ; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him ?

This great name is **GOD**. He made all things, but he is himself more excellent than all which he hath made : they are beautiful, but he is beauty ; they are strong, but he is strength ; they are perfect, but he is perfection.

## HYMN V.

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the night dews fall; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their coloured leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling, they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or among the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in dark night as well as in the bright sunshine.

When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds ; that eye seeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

The eye that sleepeth not is God's ; his hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary : he made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed ; as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes ; so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us ; so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for he never sleeps : you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise.

Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs ; sing to him before you sing to your mates.

Let his praise be in our hearts, when we lie down ; let his praise be in our lips, when we awake.

## HYMN VI.

CHILD of reason, whence comest thou? What has thine eye observed, and whither has thy foot been wandering?

I have been wandering along the meadows, in the thick grass; the cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade; the corn sprung up in the furrows; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing more? Didst thou observe nothing besides? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these.

—God was among the fields; and didst thou not perceive him? his beauty was upon the meadows; his smile enlivened the sunshine.

I have walked through the thick forest; the wind whispered among the trees; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleasant murmur; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough: and the birds sung to each other amongst the branches.

Didst thou hear nothing, but the murmur of the brook? no whispers but the whispers of the wind? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was amongst the trees; his voice sounded in the murmur of the water; his music warbled in the shade; and didst thou not attend?

I saw the moon rising behind trees; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky; the thunder growled at a distance; it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunder-bolt? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning? Return, O child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him?

God is in every place; he speaks in every sound we hear; he is seen in all that our eyes behold; nothing, O child of reason, is without God;—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.

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### HYMN VII.

COME, let us go into the thick shade, for it is the noon of day, and the summer sun beats hot upon our heads.

The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun as with a green curtain; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered with flowers; let us lie down upon it; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass and sleep; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

The cattle can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better; we can raise our voices to heaven; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun, and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are his work.

Can we raise our voices up to the high heaven? Can we make him hear who is above the stars? We need not raise our voices to the stars, for he heareth

us when we only whisper ; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

May we that are so young, speak to him that always was ? May we, that can hardly speak plain, speak to God ?

We that are so young, are but lately made alive ; therefore we should not forget his forming hand who hath made us alive. We that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

When we could not think of him, he thought of us ; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow ; he maketh us strong, and tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we ought to praise him better than the former day.

The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit ; but they know not how they grow, nor who caused them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

Ask them if they will tell thee ; bid them break forth into singing, and fill the air with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet ; they look beautiful ; but they are quite silent ; no sound is in the still air ; no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man ; but man is made to praise God who made him.

We love to praise him, because he loveth to bless us ; we thank him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

We love God, who hath created all beings ; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good to all persons

every where ; but we can rejoice that every where there is a God to do them good.

We will think of God when we play, and when we work ; when we walk out, and when we come in ; when we sleep, and when we wake ; his praise shall dwell continually upon our lips.



### HYMN VIII.

SEE where stands the cottage of the labourer covered with warm thatch ! the mother is spinning at the door ; the young children sport before her on the grass ; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient ; the father worketh to provide them food : either he tilleth the ground, or he gathereth in the corn, or shaketh his ripe apples from the tree ; his children run to meet him when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family ; the father is the master thereof. If the family be numerous, and the grounds large, there are servants to help to do the work : all these dwell in one house ; they sleep beneath one roof ; they eat of the same bread ; they kneel down together and praise God every night and every morning with one voice ; they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick, they mourn together ; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together ; many families live near one another ; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice : and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God, in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him ; if he is sad, he com-

forteth him. This is a village ; see where it stands enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town—it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom ; it is enclosed by mountains ; it is divided by rivers ; it is washed by seas ; the inhabitants thereof are countrymen ; they speak the same language ; they make war and peace together ; a king is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock ; some are black with the hot sun ; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold ; some drink of the fruit of the vine ; some the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut ; and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

All are God's family ; he knoweth every one of them, as a shepherd knoweth his flock ; they pray to him in different languages, but he understandeth them all ; he heareth them all ; he taketh care of all ; none are so great that he cannot punish them ; none are so mean, that he will not protect them.

Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepst over thy sick child : though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee ; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee : raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one ; call upon him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee.

Monarch, that rulest over an hundred states ; whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself as though there were none above thee :—God is above thee ; his powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.



Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made ? let him not worship him : is there any one whom he hath not blessed ? let him not praise him.

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### HYMN IX.

COME, let us walk abroad ; let us talk of the works of God.

Take up a handful of the sand ; number the grains of it ; tell them one by one into your lap.

Try if you can count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

You cannot count them, they are innumerable ; much more the things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey willow bends above the stream.

The thistle is armed with sharp prickles ; the mallow is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole ; the oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the winter storm.

The daisy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the passenger : the tulip asketh a rich soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh ; the rich grass covereth the meadows ; and the purple heath flower enliveneth the waste ground.

The water lilies grow beneath the stream ; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water : the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst the broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form ; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them ; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb : in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands : they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews ? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of Heaven : and giveth them colours, and smells, and spreadeth out their thin transparent leaves ?

How doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily its shining white ? How can a small seed contain a plant ? How doth every plant know its season to put forth ? They are marshalled in order : each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snow-drop, and the primrose, make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, Here we are ! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year ; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn ; nor will a grape-stone produce cherries ; but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground ; and the sharp frost bites on the plain ? Who soweth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth,

and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres ?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare ; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood ?

Lo, these are a part of his works ; and a little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him.

Every field is like an open book ; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue ; a voice is in every whispering wind.

They all speak of him who made them ; they all tell us, he is very good.

We cannot see God, for he is invisible ; but we can see his works, and worship his footsteps in the green sod.

They that know the most, will praise God the best ; but which of us can number half his works ?

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## HYMN X.

LOOK at that spreading oak, the pride of the village green ! its trunk is massy, its branches are strong. Its roots, like crooked fangs, strike deep into the soil, and support its huge bulk. The birds build among the boughs ; the cattle repose beneath its shade ; the neighbours form groups beneath the shelter of its green canopy. The old men point it out to their children, but they themselves remember not its growth : generations of men one after another have been born and died, and this son of the forest has remained the same, defying the storms of two hundred winters.

Yet this large tree was once a little acorn ; small in size, insignificant in appearance ; such as you are now picking up upon the grass beneath it. Such an acorn, whose cup can only contain a drop or two of dew, contained the whole oak. All its massy trunk, all its knotty branches, all its multitude of leaves were in that acorn ; it grew, it spread, it unfolded itself by degrees, it received nourishment from the rain, and the dews, and the well adapted soil, but it was all there. Rain, and dews, and soil, could not raise an oak without the acorn ; nor could they make the acorn any thing but an oak.

The mind of a child is like the acorn ; its powers are folded up, they do not yet appear, but they are all there. The memory, the judgment, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong, are all in the mind of a child ; of a little infant just born ; but they are not expanded, you cannot perceive them.

Think of the wisest man you ever knew or heard of ; think of the greatest man ; think of the most learned man, who speaks a number of languages and can find out hidden things ; think of a man who stands like that tree, sheltering and protecting a number of his fellow men, and then say to yourself, the mind of that man was once like mine, his thoughts were childish like my thoughts, nay, he was like the babe just born, which knows nothing, remembers nothing, which cannot distinguish good from evil, nor truth from falsehood.

If you had only seen an acorn, you could never guess at the form and size of an oak : if you had never conversed with a wise man, you could form no idea of him from the mute and helpless infant.

Instruction is the food of the mind ; it is like the dew and the rain and the rich soil. As the soil and the rain and the dew cause the tree to swell and put

forth its tender shoots, so do books and study and discourse feed the mind, and make it unfold its hidden powers.

Reverence therefore your own mind ; receive the nurture of instruction, that the man within you may grow and flourish. You cannot guess how excellent he may become.

It was long before this oak showed its greatness ; years passed away, and it had only shot a little way above the ground, a child might have plucked it up with his little hands ; it was long before any one called it a tree ; and it is long before the child becomes a man.

The acorn might have perished in the ground, the young tree might have been shorn of its graceful boughs, the twig might have bent, and the tree would have been crooked ; but if it grew at all, it could have been nothing but an oak, it would not have been grass or flowers, which live their season and then perish from the face of the earth.

The child may be a foolish man, he may be a wicked man, but he must be a man ; his nature is not that of any inferior creature, his soul is not akin to the beasts which perish.

O cherish then this precious mind, feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge ; it comes from God, it is made in his image ; the oak will last for centuries of years, but the mind of man is made for immortality.

Respect in the infant the future man. Destroy not in the man the rudiments of an angel.

## HYMN XI.

THE golden orb of the sun is sunk behind the hills, the colours fade away from the western sky, and the shades of evening fall fast around me.

Deeper and deeper they stretch over the plain ; I look at the grass, it is no longer green ; the flowers are no more tinted with various hues ; the houses, the trees, the cattle, are all lost in the distance. The dark curtain of night is let down over the works of God ; they are blotted out from the view, as if they were no longer there.

Child of little observation ! canst thou see nothing because thou canst not see grass and flowers, trees and cattle ? Lift up thine eyes from the ground shaded with darkness, to the heavens that are stretched over thy head ; see how the stars one by one appear and light up the vast concave.

There is the moon bending her bright horns like a silver bow, and shedding her mild light, like liquid silver over the blue firmament.

There is Venus, the evening and the morning star ; and the Pleiades, and the Bear that never sets, and the Pole star that guides the mariner over the deep.

Now the mantle of darkness is over the earth ; the last little gleam of twilight is faded away ; the lights are extinguished in the cottage windows, but the firmament burns with innumerable fires ; every little star twinkles in its place. If you begin to count them, they are more than you can number ; they are like the sands of the sea shore.

The telescope shows you far more, and there are thousands and ten thousands of stars which no telescope has ever reached.

Now Orion heaves his bright shoulder above the horizon, and Sirius, the dog star, follows him, the brightest of the train.

Look at the milky way, it is a field of brightness : its pale light is composed of myriads of burning suns.

All these are God's families : he gives the sun to shine with a ray of his own glory : he marks the path of the planets, he guides their wanderings through the sky, and traces out their orbit with the finger of his power.

If you were to travel as swift as an arrow from a bow, and to travel on further and further still, for millions of years, you would not be out of the creation of God.

New suns in the depth of space would still be burning round you, and other planets fulfilling their appointed course.

Lift up thine eyes, child of earth, for God has given thee a glimpse of heaven.

The light of one sun is withdrawn, that thou mayest see ten thousand. Darkness is spread over the earth, that thou mayest behold, at a distance, the regions of eternal day.

This earth has a variety of inhabitants ; the sea, the air, the surface of the ground, swarm with creatures of different natures, sizes, and powers ; to know a very little of them, is to be wise among the sons of men.

What then, thinkest thou, are the various forms and natures and senses and occupations of the peopled universe ?

Who can tell the birth and generation of so many worlds ? who can relate their histories ? who can describe their inhabitants ?

Canst thou measure infinity with a line ? canst thou grasp the circle of infinite space ?

Yet these all depend upon God, they hang upon him as a child upon the breast of its mother ; he tempereth the heat to the inhabitant of Mercury ; he provideth resources against the cold in the frozen orb of Saturn. Doubt not that he provideth for all beings that he has made.

Look at the moon when it walketh in brightness ; gaze at the stars when they are marshalled in the firmament, and adore the Maker of so many worlds.

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## HYMN XII.

It is now Winter, dead Winter. Desolation and silence reign in the fields, no singing of birds is heard, no humming of insects. The streams murmur no longer ; they are locked up in frost.

The trees lift their naked boughs, like withered arms, into the bleak sky ; the green sap no longer rises in their veins ; the flowers and the sweet smelling shrubs are decayed to their roots.

The sun himself looks cold and cheerless ; he gives light only enough to show the universal desolation.

Nature, child of God, mourns for her children. A little while ago, and she rejoiced in her offspring ; the rose shed its perfume upon the gale ; the vine gave its fruit ; her children were springing and blooming around her, on every lawn and every green bank.

O Nature, beautiful Nature, beloved child of God, why dost thou sit mourning and desolate ? Has thy father forsaken thee, has he left thee to perish ? Art thou no longer the object of his care ?

He has not forsaken thee, O Nature ; thou art his beloved child, the eternal image of his perfections ;



his own beauty is spread over thee, the light of his countenance is shed upon thee.

Thy children shall live again, they shall spring up and bloom around thee ; the rose shall again breathe its sweetness on the soft air, and from the bosom of the ground, verdure shall spring forth.

And dost thou not mourn, O Nature, for thy human births ; for thy sons and thy daughters that sleep under the sod ; and shall they not also revive ? Shall the rose and the myrtle bloom anew, and shall man perish ? Shall goodness sleep in the ground, and the light of wisdom be quenched in the dust, and shall tears be shed over *them* in vain ?

They also shall live ; their winter shall pass away ; they shall bloom again. The tears of thy children shall be dried up when the eternal year proceeds. Oh come that eternal year !



### HYMN XIII.

CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou ? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping ?

I have seen the rose in its beauty ; it spread its leaves to the morning sun—I returned, it was dying upon its stalk : the grace of the form of it was gone ; its loveliness was vanished away ; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow ; the trunk was like a strong pillar ; the roots were like crooked fangs.—I returned, the verdure was nipt by the east wind ; the branches

were lopt away by the ax ; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed ; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sun-shine, and darting along the streams ; their wings glittered with gold and purple ; their bodies shone like the green emerald : they were more numerous than I could count ; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance—I returned, they were brushed into the pool ; they were perishing with the evening breeze ; the swallow had devoured them ; the pike had seized them ; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength ; his cheeks glowed with beauty ; his limbs were full of activity ; he leaped ; he walked ; he ran ; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those—I returned, he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground ; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out ; his life was departed from him ; and the breath out of his nostrils :—therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world ; the spoiler is among the works of God : all that is made, must be destroyed ; all that is born, must die : let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

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#### HYMN XIV.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again and it sprung forth afresh ; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon ; there was no

colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east, he gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fell away.

I have seen the insect being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without feet, or shape or power to move.

I looked again, it had burst its tomb : it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up out of ashes ; and life out of the dust.

A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth : but thou shalt be raised again ; and, if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb : to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ?

He descendeth on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand.

It is Jesus, the Son of God ; the Saviour of men ; the friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of his Father ; he hath received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality ;—for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued : Jesus hath conquered death : child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

## HYMN XV.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with thorns : the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springeth up amongst the brambles.

The spring is pleasant, but it is soon past : the summer is bright, but the winter destroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanisheth away : life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land, there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof ; rivers of pleasures are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire.

This country is Heaven : it is the country of those that are good ; and nothing that is wicked must inhabit there.

The toad must not spit its venom amongst turtle doves : nor the poisonous hen-bane grow amongst sweet flowers.

Neither must any one that doeth ill enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better : there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong

any more ; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us.

In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more ; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more.

There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful ; and Moses after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert ; and Elijah, the prophet of God ; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den ; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth ; they praised him on earth : but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place ; and there we shall behold the glory of the high God.

We cannot see him here, but we will love him here ; we must be now on earth, but we will often think on heaven.

That happy land is our home, we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for ages of eternal years.

The first of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has a long and distinguished history of service to the medical profession and the public. It was founded in 1847 and has since that time been a leading force in the development of the medical profession in this country. It has been instrumental in the establishment of many of the medical schools and hospitals that are now a part of our medical system. It has also been active in the promotion of medical research and the improvement of medical education. In addition, it has been a strong advocate of the interests of the medical profession and has fought hard to secure the recognition and respect that are due to its members. It has also been active in the promotion of public health and the improvement of the medical services available to the people. It has been a leader in the development of the medical profession and has been instrumental in the establishment of many of the medical schools and hospitals that are now a part of our medical system. It has also been active in the promotion of medical research and the improvement of medical education. In addition, it has been a strong advocate of the interests of the medical profession and has fought hard to secure the recognition and respect that are due to its members. It has also been active in the promotion of public health and the improvement of the medical services available to the people.

The second of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has a strong and effective organization. It has a large membership and a wide representation of the medical profession in this country. It has a strong and effective organization and has been able to carry out its various activities with great efficiency and success. It has a strong and effective organization and has been able to carry out its various activities with great efficiency and success. It has a strong and effective organization and has been able to carry out its various activities with great efficiency and success.

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**CRITICAL ESSAY**

ON THE

TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



## CRITICAL ESSAY.\*



It is equally true of books as of their authors, that one generation passeth away and another cometh. Whoever has lived long enough to compare one race of men with that which has preceded it, will have observed a change, not only in the tastes and habitudes of common life, but in the fashion of their studies, and their course of general reading. Books influence manners; and manners, in return, influence the taste for books.

Books make a silent and gradual, but a sure change in our ideas and opinions; and as new authors are continually taking possession of the public mind, and old ones falling into disuse, new associations insensibly take place, and shed their influence unperceived over our taste, our manners, and our morals. If, for instance, the parent of the last age would put Fenelon into the hands of his child, and the parent of the present day would give him Berquin; each with a view of impressing the same general sentiments of piety and benevolence: yet their offspring will be pupils of a different school, and their moral ideas will have some shades of difference. This new infusion of taste and moral sentiment acts in its turn upon the relish for books; and thus the fame of writers is exposed to continual fluctuation. Nor does this remark

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\* Originally prefixed to "Selections from the Tatler, Spectator," &c. chiefly designed for the benefit of Young Persons.

apply only to those ephemeral publications, which, either from the nature of the subject or the mediocrity of its execution, live their day, and are then buried in oblivion ; but to books that have been the favourites of the public, and ‘the very glass by which its noble youth did dress themselves.’ Books that were in every one’s hands, and that have contributed to form our relish for literature itself ; these are laid aside, as philosophy opens new viens of thought, or fashion and caprice direct the taste of the public into a different channel. It is true, indeed, that a work of the first excellence cannot perish. It will continue to be respected as a classic : but it will no longer be the book which every one who reads, is expected to be acquainted with, to which allusions are often made, and readily understood in conversation ; it loses the precious privilege of occupying the minds of youth : in short, it is withdrawn from the parlour-window, and laid upon the shelf in honourable repose. It ceases to be current coin, but is preserved like a medal in the cabinets of the curious.

This revolution, the Spectators, with the other sets of papers by the same hands, appear to the Editor to have undergone. When those were young who now are old, no books were so popular, particularly with the female sex. They were the favourite volumes in a young lady’s library ; and probably the very first that, after the Bible, she would have thought of purchasing. Sir Roger de Coverley and the other characters of the club were ‘familiar in our mouths as household names ;’ and every little circumstance related of them, remained indelibly engraven on our memories. From the papers of Addison we imbibed our first relish for wit ; from his criticisms we formed our first standard of taste ; and from his delineations we drew our first ideas of manners. It requires little

attention to be convinced, that this is now far from being the case. It is not difficult to meet with those among the rising generation who have only seen here and there an occasional paper of a publication once so generally diffused; and it now and then happens, that a story from the *Tatler* is produced as new, in polite company, without detection. Various causes have contributed to this change. When these periodical papers were first published, the plan itself was new. It has since been adopted by various writers with more or less success, till the frame-work is worn out, or, if the reader please, till the canvass of the panorama is become threadbare. Style has also been purified and refined. Criticism has become more profound. Essay-writing has been largely cultivated. Moral sentiments of weight and importance have become trite from frequent repetition. The talent also of composition is more common than it was a century ago; and many things which were then first said, have since been better said. Add to this, that much of the wit and lively satire of these papers has been employed on subjects of a temporary nature, and has consequently lost much of its salt and pungency. We are no longer interested in the contest between the opera and the puppet show. We can only guess, how much of truth and how much of invention is contained in the account of the *Mohawks*; and we are less struck with the whimsical effect of party-patching, when the mode itself is forgotten, amidst newer inventions of capricious ornament, and more modern exhibitions of fashionable folly.

It is also to be considered, that the more efficacious these pieces have been,—and no doubt they have had considerable effect, in refining the taste and correcting the manners of society,—the sooner will they be thrown by as antiquated or useless. Thus, the

very success of a book may hasten the period of its being forgotten; and the completion of an author's purpose may turn out to be the ruin of his fame. Addison was himself aware of this cause of a diminution of popularity, and says, in one of his essays, that those papers which attack the follies of the day, will, in process of time, become like old plate; the weight will remain, but the fashion will be lost.

It must however be acknowledged, that a great part of these compositions do by no means stand upon so high a ground of merit, as to have any strong claim upon the notice of the present age. In the *Tatlers* there is a great deal of absolute trifling; and the *Spectators* themselves, though the best of the several sets, are very unequally written,—as indeed might be expected from the various hands engaged in the work. Steele was an entertaining rather than a fine writer; and none of his coadjutors (the immortal Addison alone excepted) would now be thought much above the common run of essay-writers in a newspaper or a magazine. Many inaccuracies, and even vulgarisms, blemish the pages of Steele, which an author of less celebrity would now avoid. We are grown more accurate in our definitions, more discriminating in our investigations, more pure in our diction, more fastidious in the ornaments of style; we possess standards of excellence of every kind to refer to, books multiply on our hands, and we willingly consign to oblivion a portion of the old, to make room for the increasing demands of the new.

This being the case, it has been thought that a *Selection* from the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, comprising all those papers in which the peculiar spirit and excellence of these works chiefly resides, might be no unacceptable present to the world in general, and particularly to *young people* of both sexes, who

may not happen to possess the originals, and who, if they did, would want a guide, in so miscellaneous a work, to direct them to what is best worth their notice. Let it not be imagined that such a Selection is presumptuously intended to supersede the original volumes; they must always find their place in a well furnished library; but the generality of readers, of whose various occupations the cultivation of literature makes only a part, (and of this class are nearly all women, and most men who are not devoted to professional studies,) may perhaps be well content to have some of the most beautiful compositions in our language presented to them, without being obliged to lose their own time in separating them from a mass of uninteresting matter. The French are very fond of extracting what they call *l'esprit d'un auteur*, which may be translated *the essence of a writer*. In this, which may be compared to the essential oils of plants, resides the genuine and distinguishing flavour of an author's wit; but it commonly bears a very small proportion to his bulk. Whole libraries might by this process be distilled down to a few pocket volumes; as a single vial of *attar* of roses contains the precious product of many acres. Time is an admirable chymist in this way. We are apt to lament the waste he has made among the productions of ancient genius: but it is probable, if we had an opportunity of inspecting them, we should find that, in reality, nearly all are preserved to us that are most worth preservation; and that what has perished, is chiefly made up of the residuum of science, and the *caput mortuum* of literature. It is true, indeed, that there is a light in which papers that describe the manners and little incidents of the day, rise in value as their contents become more obsolete. With what curiosity should we peruse a Roman newspaper, or a critique upon Roscius,

or a *conversation* at the toilette of Aspasia ! To an antiquary, the Spectators are already a great source of information, and five hundred years hence will be invaluable ; though it must be observed, some discernment is necessary to separate the playful exaggerations of humour, from the real facts on which they are grounded.

It may be proper to preface this Selection with some account of the original publications. The *Tatler* was undertaken by Sir Richard Steele, under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff ; which he assumed, as he tells us himself in the dedication to the first volume, in order to take advantage of the popularity the name had acquired, from its having been made use of by Swift in his humorous predictions relative to poor Partridge, the almanac-maker. The first number was published April 12, 1709. Addison was at this time in Ireland, secretary to Wharton the lord-lieutenant. He is said to have discovered his friend when he got to the sixth number, by a remark on Virgil, which he recollected having communicated to him. From that time Addison enriched it with occasional pieces, though he seems to have confined his assistance to loose hints and sketches during the earlier period of the work. It is not till the second volume that we meet with any entire paper in his best style. But the hand of Swift, who then acted with the whigs, and was intimate with Steele, is frequently discernible. The *Verses on a Morning in Town*, and on *A City Shower*, which are printed in his works, made their first appearance here. The remarks on various preachers then in vogue, No. 66, contain much of the substance of his *Letter to a Clergyman* ; and the first hint and germ of his *Polite Conversation* is evidently to be seen in the repartees of Miss Bidley and Miss Sly, which, for that reason only, is inserted here. It

shows what pains Swift took with his pieces, when we find him working up this single thought into a volume. The next year Swift left the whigs, and joined with Mrs. Manley and others in a party paper called, *The Examiner*, conducted with great virulence on the other side. *The Tatler* was a kind of newspaper, as well as an essay : it was published three times a week, and sold, there being then no stamp-duty, at the low price of a penny.

Addison kept himself concealed, and was only suspected of being one of the authors, till its appearance in volumes. This publication gave, as it were, the dawn and promise of its successor, the *Spectator* ; and indeed there are papers in it, equal in humour to any of the latter : as the account of the freezing of words in Nova Zembla, the Court of Honour, and some others : but, in general, the wit is local and temporary, the style negligent ; and even the strain of the graver papers rather gives the idea of a wit who lashes the town, than an elegant moralist who instructs the world. *The Tatler* abounds in personalities. To some of these, the clue cannot now be recovered, and of others the interest has long since been lost. Party spirit also, at the time these papers were published, ran very high ; the whigs and tories were so nearly balanced, that they maintained for some time an equal struggle, which at length ended in the complete defeat of the whigs, the disgrace of the duke of Marlborough, and the forming that ministry which directed the four last years of queen Anne. Steele took a decided part in favour of the whigs, and introduced a paper against Harley, which lost him his place of Gazetteer. Weary, perhaps, of the responsibility of a paper, of which he was now well known to be the editor, and of being personally threatened, as he often was, for the liberties he took with living characters, he suddenly

dropped the work on January 2, 1710. It revived in two months' time, under better auspices and with new associates, and bore the title of the *Spectator*. Swift was by this time completely alienated from his old friends; but his defection was more than compensated by the regular assistance of Addison. The new plan was better concerted, the authors felt their strength, they had experienced how popular this way of writing was capable of becoming, and they determined to keep it free from personal satire and party politics. This in general they did, and it was laid on the queen's table at breakfast. It is not difficult, however, for a skilful reader to discern in the general turn of sentiment, the political complexion of the writers. The town soon found out to whom they were obliged for their entertainment; and an elegant compliment was paid to the *Spectator* in the following epigram:

When first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her Censor's silence mourn'd;  
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,  
Till the *Spectator* rose and blazed as bright.  
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd—till circling day his joys renew'd;  
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright successor or the same:  
So we; but now from this suspense are freed,  
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,  
'T is the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To estimate the good which was done by this publication, we should consider the state of society at the time it was written. Party spirit was high and bitter, the manners of the wits and fashionable young men were still tinctured with the licentiousness of the court of Charles II., mixed with the propensity to disorderly outrages and savage frolics incident to a people, who



were still amused by the Bear Garden,\* and who had not yet been taught to bend under the yoke of a strict police. The stage was in its meridian of genius and fashion, but disgraced by rant and grossness, which offended the sober and excluded the strict. Men lived much in clubs, and of course drinking was common. There was more separation than at present between the different classes of society; and each was more strongly marked with the peculiarities of his profession. There were learned and there were elegant women; but manners had not received a general polish, nor had women the advantage of a general cultivation. Genius had already attained its perfection, but the reign of taste may be said to have commenced with Addison. The coadjutors of Addison and Steele in this work were Eustace Budgell, Tickell, Hughes, author of the *Siege of Damascus*, Henry Martin, Pierce, bishop of Rochester, and Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton; occasionally Mr. Byrom, Parnell, and Pope, whose *Messiah* was first published here, together with various correspondents, some known and others unknown. Of all these, Addison was the head of gold. His merit is indeed so superior to that of his associates, that their labours probably live to this day, only by being grafted on his fame. Many of their papers are pleasing and instructive: yet, if by any accident they were destroyed, their loss would scarcely be felt amongst the various treasures of English literature; whereas the loss of Addison could not elsewhere be supplied, and would make a

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\* The Bear Garden was a sort of amphitheatre dedicated to bull-baiting, bear-baiting, prize-fighting, and similar sports. It was attended by butchers, drovers, &c. &c.; also by people of the highest fashion, for whom there were seats set apart, ornamented with old tapestry hangings, the price of which was half-a-crown. Its neighbourhood was notorious for pickpockets and infamous women. May Fair, another place of disorderly resort, was abolished in 1709.

chasm, not in the number only, but in the species of our fine writers.

Addison was one of a cluster of men of genius, who, flourishing at a time when the taste of the nation was forming itself, became, in their different walks, the standards of literary excellence. His peculiar portion was delicate humour, taste, and richness of imagination: these were all enlisted on the side of virtue and good manners. In these periodical papers he assumed the title of Censor; and no one was better qualified for so delicate and useful an office. Decency and sobriety of behaviour are every where inculcated: every offensive singularity, every outrage of the licentious upon the sober and defenceless part of society, is held up to reprobation: marriage, the constant butt of the wits and jest of the stage, is treated with just respect, and its duties enforced. Addison says of himself, that as Socrates made it his boast, that he had drawn down philosophy from the gods to dwell among men, so he shall be satisfied to have it said of him, that he had brought her from schools and colleges to the tea-table and the dressing-room. His talents were well adapted for an undertaking of this sort. His excellence lay not so much in the depth or extent of his ideas, as in his pleasing manner of communicating them; in the splendour he diffused over a serious—in the grace with which he touched a lighter subject. Addison had a large portion of the honey of Fenelon: nourished like him with the purest flower of classical literature, he possessed a like vivid fancy; a similar fulness and richness of style. But he also possessed the attic salt of Lucian: the manner of this author is so admirably imitated in his *Menippus*, that any person, with a slight knowledge of the Greek author, might easily be induced to believe the dialogue was really translated from that elegant satirist.

Addison had a wonderful talent in working up a hint, and producing a most beautiful fancy-piece from a neglected fragment, a slight outline, or an obscure tradition. Of this, his account of the nation of the Amazons, the loves of Shalum and Hilpah, and the History of the Lover's Leap, may be given as instances. Even where the substance is borrowed, as in some of the Eastern tales which he has condescended to illustrate; who is not struck with their different effect as clothed in his style, and as we read them in the bald translation of the Arabian Tales? Whatever he touches, he turns to gold. If we compare him with the most distinguished of his contemporaries, (for to the most distinguished alone can he be compared), we shall find he has more ease and simplicity than Pope, whose wit is not always free from affectation, and whose satire is frequently splenetic, sometimes malignant. Arbuthnot and Swift had as much wit, perhaps a freer vein of humour; but Swift could not, like Addison, ally it to grace and soften it with amenity. The satire of Swift is caustic and contemptuous; that of Addison is so sheathed in urbanity, that it scarcely offends those whom it chastises.

To be convinced of this, we need only turn our thoughts to the different effect produced by the strictures of each upon the female sex. Both are perhaps in reality equally severe, and by their pleasantries betray a contempt for a sex, they probably considered in a very inferior light: yet such is the charm of manner, that the Spectator has ever been the favourite of the toilette and the dressing-room; while it requires no common strength of mind in a lady to overcome the disgust excited by the supercilious harshness of the Irish Dean, and to profit by lessons delivered with so much roughness. When Addison rallies, you see a satyr peeping over the shoulder of the Graces. His

wit is refined ; it is of a kind, that requires and exercises penetration in the reader, who is to catch his meaning from the side views that are dexterously presented to him ; for the author never laughs himself. The style of Addison is pure and clear ; rather diffuse than concentrated, and ornamented to the highest degree consistent with good taste. But this ornament consists in the splendour of imagery, not in the ordonnance of words ; his readers will seek in vain for those sonorous cadences with which the public ear has been familiarised since the writings of Dr. Johnson. They will find no stately magnificence of phrase, no triads of sentences artfully balanced, so as to form a sweep of harmony at the close of a period. His words are genuine English : he deals little in inversions, and often allows himself to conclude negligently with a trivial word. The fastidious ear may occasionally be offended with some colloquial phrases, and some expressions which would not now, perhaps, be deemed perfectly accurate ; the remains of barbarisms which he more than any one had laboured to banish from good writing ; but the best judges have doubted, whether our language has not lost, more than it has gained since his time. An idiomatic style gives a truth and spirit to a composition, that is but ill compensated by an elaborate pomp, which sets written composition at too great a distance from speech, for which it is only the substitute. There is perhaps a little too much of what the French call *persiflage*, in the manner in which he conveys his advice to the female part of his readers : but it was the fashion of that age to address women in a style of gallantry, under which was often concealed a sly ridicule. Swift, in his surly way, used to say, ‘ Let him *fair sex* it to the world’s end, I will not meddle with the Spectator.’

The Essays of Addison are given sometimes in sets.

and sometimes in single papers, and may be thrown into different classes : those *on criticism, on moral and religious subjects, fancy pieces, and those that exhibit character, life, and manners.* From each of these, several have been chosen for the present Selection. The sets, which for the sake of variety were originally mingled with the other papers, are here given without interruption, for the greater conveniencæ of the reader. Of these, the first is the *Essay on true and false Wit*, in six papers. These strictures will appear particularly seasonable, if we recollect how much the taste for point and verbal wit had prevailed in the punning reign of James the first, and among the minor wits of the court of Charles the second. Authors then abounded in thought, but had not yet learned what to reject. Addison has seasoned these papers with a plentiful share of the quality in its best form, which is the subject of them. They conclude with a well imagined allegory, which has been made the groundwork of a very pretty mock-heroic poem by the late Mr. Cambridge, entitled *The Scribblersiad*. The *Critique on Milton's Paradise Lost* is more elaborate, and is extended through 18 papers. For this task the author was qualified, as well by his exquisite natural taste, as by his familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics, and the laws of composition ; we may add also, by his serious and religious turn of mind, a circumstance of no small moment in relishing a poem the basis of which is laid in scriptural mythology. This admirable poem, which is now the boast of every Englishman, was at that time but little noticed. Not that Addison, as some seem to think, *discovered* the *Paradise Lost* : it had been long enough before the public to attract the notice of judges : but there had been no large edition before his time, and many circumstances had contributed to

prevent its soon becoming a popular work. Milton's political character was for some time obnoxious; his style had many little roughnesses, and many scholastic terms not easily understood. His poem was in blank verse, which was then a novelty to the English reader, as was also the nature of the poem itself; for we had no regular epic, and the common reader was not, as now, familiarized, through the medium of good translations, with Homer and Virgil. It was therefore a necessary preliminary, to explain the laws and construction of epic poetry in general; after which, in a pleasing strain of liberal and elegant criticism, the essayist goes on to illustrate the beauties of his author. The many brilliant passages that are quoted, and brought into parallel with corresponding ones in the ancient poets, chequer the page with a pleasing variety, and, by familiarizing the reader with the style of Milton, made way for the more general reception of the entire poem. Such a critique has certainly less in it that suits the present day, and therefore the editor was long in doubt whether to admit these papers in the present Selection. They will however be found useful to young persons in laying a basis of just taste, and older ones might have regretted the omission of what they have been accustomed to admire. A reader of the present day will be apt to smile to see Blackmore mentioned, as he is by Addison, in the same page with Milton; but the truth is, there was a great mixture of party spirit in the cry raised by the tory wits against the dulness of Blackmore. He was too prolific a poet; but his *Creation* is superior to many poems which those wits thought proper to commend. Worse authors have been promised immortality, and much better have failed to obtain it.

The next set is on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. This piece of criticism is equally calculated to

enlighten the mind by the soundness of its rules ; and to form the taste by the beauty of its illustrations : the language of Addison is no where more brilliant and highly finished than in some passages of these papers. Akenside, as is well known, made them the groundwork of his didactic poem, and had little more to do in many parts, than to reduce to measure what had already all the other charms of poetry.

Several papers are devoted to theatrical entertainments. Such was then the licentiousness of the playhouse, that the austere moralists condemned it altogether. Addison did better ; for he undertook to reform it ; and no doubt it is owing to the castigation which he and other writers of taste and virtue have bestowed upon it, that it is at present tolerably free from gross indecency, rant, and profaneness. It was then common for ladies of character to go in a mask the first night of a new play, as they *expected* to be put out of countenance. Steele had a great share in this reformation, as well by his own comedies as by his strictures on those of others.

Not content with the incidental and indirect service done to virtue and religion in the general strain of his writings, the Saturday papers, through many of the volumes, are devoted by Addison expressly to that purpose. The sentiments of rational and liberal devotion which breathe through them, are blended with the speculations of philosophy and the paintings of a fine imagination. His religious affections break forth at a fine sun-set, the view of the starry heavens, and other circumstances proper to impress a mind of feeling. Of these a portion are presented to the reader ; perhaps not so many as, upon a vague recollection, he will imagine might have been collected : but the truth is, we abound so much in excellent discourses of this nature, that many of them would not now appear

to be marked with that originality which is meant to form the basis of this Selection. In one particular, we must reluctantly confess, Addison was *not* liberal. He had no enlarged ideas of religious toleration. He treats Freethinkers, whom he often attacks, with a contempt and insult by no means consistent with either the philosophy or the urbanity of his character : nay, he gives broad hints that the civil magistrate would be well employed in hunting these vermin, as he calls them, out of society ; and talks, half in jest, half in earnest, of “ blowing an atheist out of the mouth of a cannon.” But Addison was, and was accustomed to call himself, a tory in religion, though a whig in politics.

The next class may be called his Fancy Pieces, as the *Vision of Mirzah*, the *Mountain of Miseries*, *Marraton and Yaratilda*. These are almost all such as none but himself could write. The flower of the most elegant imagination, the visions of a poetical fancy, are blended sometimes with sentiment, sometimes with wit and gaiety, and often are illustrative of some sublime moral truth. In this kind of writing, particularly pleasing to young minds, Addison has been often imitated, but perhaps never equalled.

In the pictures of life and delineation of manners, which make up a large part of the work, the hand of a master is not less apparent. The character of the Spectator himself is well conceived and faithfully kept up ; and that of Sir Roger de Coverley is exquisitely drawn. It is however remarkable, that his character, as delineated in the course of the work, is very different from the sketch of it given in the account of the club with which the first volume of the Spectator opens : but that paper is not Addison's, and it should seem as if the authors had intended to make more use of those characters, than they afterwards found it con-



venient to do ; for the greater part of them come but little into play, and are no way essential to the conduct of the work. Sir Roger de Coverley, in the account given of him in the first paper, is said to have been in his youth a man of the town, a fine gentleman, to have supped with wits, blustered in coffee-houses, and fought duels. Addison's Sir Roger is nothing of all this. He is an honest country gentleman, ignorant of the town and the ways of it, with a moderate share of sense, very little information, and a large portion of what many would call salutary prejudices. By the first paper we are prepared to expect a man whose singularities proceed from good sense and an original cast of thought ; a kind of humorist, not unlike the elder Shandy ; but the singularities of Addison's Sir Roger proceed from rusticity, and the prejudices of a confined education, operating indeed upon a most benevolent and friendly heart. His character is set in a new light, in a paper written by Dr. Aikin, in the Monthly Magazine for February, 1800. It is there observed, that this character, though meant to be a favourite, is also meant as a vehicle of satire upon the character of the country gentleman, which Addison has more openly held up to ridicule in the country squire of his Freeholder : they are extremely different with regard to the amiableness of their characters, but they have the same national and party prejudices, and are both intended to exhibit inferiority to the more cultured inhabitant of the town, and to fasten a ridicule upon the tory, which at that time was the country party. In Sir Roger de Coverley, however, this design is subservient to that of drawing an amiable and worthy character. Sir Roger's benevolence, hospitality, piety, and honest open cheerfulness, win our warmest affections ; and if we often smile at, we always love him. The reserved, sagacious, and thought-

ful character of the Spectator, contrasts very well with the simplicity and turn for active sports, of the knight. With regard to his passion for the widow, and the effect it is said to have had upon him, it may be doubted whether it forms a natural feature in a character like his. Minds that expand themselves in feelings of cheerful good will, and acts of general benevolence, and are at the same time destitute of those nicer discriminations of taste that influence particular predilections, are perhaps not very likely to have the colour of their whole lives affected by a hopeless passion. But Addison has had little to do with that part of his character. Opposed to Sir Roger is Sir Andrew Freeport, a London merchant. Trade, though rising fast, or rather already risen into consequence, was despised by the country gentry. Addison has frequently taken occasion to set the trading part of the community, who were nearly all whigs, in a respectable light, and to show the connexion of commerce with science and liberal principles. Many other characters, in the course of the work, are delineated with great spirit, and humour; and the Spectators are by this alone, advantageously distinguished from all the periodical papers which have succeeded them.

Thus various are the merits of an author, whose fame can only perish with the language in which he wrote. As a critic, it is not profound learning or metaphysical subtlety, but exquisite taste; as a philosopher, it is not deep research, but the happy art of unfolding an idea, and placing it in the most attractive light; as a moralist, it is not that energy which rouses and carries away the soul in the vortex of its own enthusiasm; nor the novelty of system, resulting from bold original ideas, but an eloquence urbane, persuasive, and temperate, the alliance of the heart with the

imagination, which distinguishes the page of Addison. In strokes of delicate humour and refined wit he is inexhaustible ; but he has given us no instance of the pathetic, except in his story of Theodosius and Constantia.

To the other authors of these periodical papers we are indebted for many pleasing essays. Pierce, bishop of Rochester, has some ingenious papers of the serious kind. The unfortunate Budgell, the relation of Addison, wrote many papers : his style often comes so near that of his friend and master, as to do him great honour, were it not said that Addison added so many touches of his own as to make Budgell's property in them very doubtful. He uses the signature of X. Tickell, who in many of his works presented a fainter reflexion of Addison, was one of the set ; but his papers have no mark. Parnell wrote the vision of the Grotto of Grief, and the Palace of Vanity. Mr. Byrom wrote the popular piece, *My time, O ye Muses*, and some papers on dreaming. Most of the interesting stories are Steele's ; and the greater part of those papers that paint the manners of the town. Steele had a flowing pen, but his style is negligent ; and though he has endeavoured to serve the cause of virtue, particularly in his strictures on duelling, then very common, and gaming, yet his morals have neither the dignity nor the purity of those of his coadjutor. 'The snuffers (says bishop Latimer) should be of pure gold.' Such was not Steele, whose weaknesses and faults drew upon him the reprobation of his own better judgment. He was a character vibrating between virtue and vice, but he wanted not moral feeling. He is said to have opposed duelling, in consequence of the deep remorse he felt from the fatal termination of a duel which he himself fought in early life with a brother officer. Steele tells a story

with humour, but without its more delicate touches ; and his style is marked by little flippancies, and a certain air of the town. His signature is T. and sometimes R. Those of Addison were the letters which compose the name of the Muse Clio ; which gave occasion to the elegant compliment paid him in the following couplet :

When fainting Virtue her last effort made,  
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

The Spectator continued from 1710 to 1714 ; that is, during the last years of Queen Anne to the beginning of the reign of George the First : and during a time when all the other periodical publications were party papers, and so bitter a spirit of animosity divided almost every company, it was no small advantage that one paper appeared every morning, the tendency of which was of an opposite nature, and that presented subjects for conversation which men might canvass without passion, and on which they might differ without resentment. Three thousand of them were sold daily soon after the commencement of the publication ; afterwards, it is said, twenty thousand ; and it may rebuke our rage for typographical luxury to be told, that the immortal productions of Addison were first given to the public on a half sheet of very coarse paper, and, before the imposition of a stamp, for the price of one penny.

The Guardians may be considered as a kind of sequel to the Spectators. They were in two volumes. The strain of them is somewhat less sprightly ; but they contain many excellent papers, and among them several by Pope. The Guardian was published in the year 1713, between the seventh and eighth volumes of the Spectator. For what reason the authors dropped, changed, and resumed their title in so short

a space, cannot now be known. The Guardian has, like the Spectator, a set of characters as a frame to the work, my Lady Lizard and her sons and daughters, to whom Nestor Ironside is the Guardian; but they are drawn with less spirit than those of the club in the Spectator, and both have the fault of not being necessary to the conduct of the work. It is justly observed by Dr. Johnson, that the grave character of a Guardian, and a guardian to young ladies, is unfavourable to the propriety of the lighter papers. What, says he, have clubs of tall and short men to do with the education of Lady Lizard's daughters? The only *set* of papers in these volumes is that on pastoral poetry, written, it should seem, by Tickell, perhaps with the assistance of Phillips, and some touches of Addison. They contain many just criticisms on a species of poetry now almost obsolete, but at one period so much in fashion, that there was hardly a poet who did not try his hand at it; till at length it became insipid by the triteness of the sentiment, and the servile use of the heathen mythology. The lovers of Italian poetry will by no means be satisfied to see the beautiful poems of Aminta and Pastor Fido only mentioned to be found fault with; but English readers had, at that time, little relish for the belles lettres of other nations. The Italian language was perhaps less cultivated than in the preceding century. Addison himself had a sufficient portion of national prejudice, as appears whenever the French writers are incidentally mentioned. The concluding allegory on pastoral poetry exhibits much elegant fancy, along with a strange confusion in the application of it to different writers, and the periods in which they flourished. The critique on Pope's Pastorals by that author himself, is remarkable for the delicacy and artful irony which imposed on the editor of the paper,

and secured its insertion, though it was, in fact, a concealed ridicule on Phillips, whose pastorals it had been the aim of the former papers to extol.

The Freeholder was a direct party paper, written by Addison alone, on the side of Government, immediately after the rebellion of 1715, when perhaps one half of the nation were Jacobites in their hearts. It can of course supply little matter for a selection of this kind; yet a few papers are given, both as they possess genuine humour, and because, as Addison himself remarks, future readers may see in them the complexion of the times in which they were written. His country squire is drawn with great humour and much effect, as the representative of a set of men who were then almost all partizans against the court, if not favourers of the Stuart family.

There seems to be no kind of writing which admits of selection more readily than these periodical papers. There is no plan to interrupt, no thread of reasoning to break. Each paper or set of papers is complete in itself; and though many are left out which may be thought to have some claim to insertion, none, it is hoped, are inserted which the reader of taste will wish to have been left out.

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**ESSAY**  
ON  
THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS  
OF  
ROMANCE-WRITING.

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ORIGIN AND PROGRESS  
OF  
ROMANCE-WRITING.\*



A collection of novels has a better chance of giving pleasure than of commanding respect. Books of this description are condemned by the grave and despised by the fastidious; but their leaves are seldom found unopened, and they occupy the parlour and the drawing room, while productions of higher name are only gathering dust upon the shelf. It might not perhaps be difficult to show that this species of composition is entitled to a higher rank than has been generally assigned it. Fictitious adventures in one form or other have made a part of the polite literature of every age and nation. These have been grafted on the actions of their heroes; they have been interwoven with their mythology; they have been moulded upon the manners of the age,—and in return have influenced the manners of the succeeding generation by the sentiments they have infused, and the sensibilities they have excited.

Adorned with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic; more concentrated in the story and exchanging narrative for action, they become dramatic.

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\* Originally prefixed to an edition of the British Novelists published in 1810.

When allied with some great moral end as in the *Telemaque* of Fenelon, and Marmontel's *Belisaire*, they may be termed didactic. They are often made the vehicles of satire as in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Candide* and *Babouc* of Voltaire. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are made use of successfully to attack or recommend the prevailing systems of the day. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive and its effects so great, it seems evident that it ought to hold a respectable place among the productions of genius. Nor is it easy to say, why the poet, who deals in one kind of fiction, should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of fame, and the romance-writer so low a one as in the general estimation he is confined to. To measure the dignity of a writer by the pleasure he affords his readers, is not perhaps using an accurate criterion; but the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the ordonnance of the plan, occasional beauties of description; and above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart by filling it with the successive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport or indignation, together with the grave impressive moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to be appreciated accordingly. A good novel is an epic in prose, with more of character and less (indeed in modern novels nothing) of the supernatural machinery.

If we look for the origin of fictitious tales and adventures, we shall be obliged to go to the earliest accounts of the literature of every age and country. The Eastern nations have always been fond of this species of mental gratification. The East is emphatically the country of invention. The Persians, Arabians, and other nations in that vicinity, have been and still are in the habit of employing people whose business it is

to compose and to relate entertaining stories ; and it is surprising how many stories (as Parnell's Hermit for instance) which have passed current in verse and prose through a variety of forms, may be traced up to this source. From Persia the taste passed into the soft and luxurious Ionia. The *Milesian Tales* written by Aristides of Miletus, at what time is not exactly known, seem to have been a kind of novels. They were translated into Latin during the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. They consisted of loose love stories, but were very popular among the Romans ; and the Parthian General who beat Crassus, took occasion from his finding a copy of them amongst the camp equipage, to reproach that nation with effeminacy, in not being able, even in time of danger to dispense with such an amusement. From Ionia the taste for romances passed over to the Greeks about the time of Alexander the Great. The *Golden Ass* of Lucian, which is exactly in the manner of the Arabian Tales, is one of the few extant.

In the time of the Greek Emperors, these compositions were numerous and had attained a form and polish which assimilates them to the most regular and sentimental of modern productions. The most perfect of those which are come down to our time is *Theagenes and Chariclea*, a romance or novel written by Heliodorus bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, who flourished under Arcadius and Honorius. Though his production was perfectly chaste and virtuous, he was called to account for it by a provincial synod, and ordered to burn his book or resign his bishopric ; upon which, with the heroism of an author, he chose the latter. Of this work a new translation was given in 1789 ; and had this Selection admitted translations, it would have found a place here. It is not so much read as it ought to be ; and it may not be amiss to

inform the customers to circulating libraries that they may have the pleasure of reading a genuine novel, and at the same time enjoy the satisfaction of knowing how people wrote in Greek about love above a thousand years ago. The scene of this work is chiefly laid in Egypt. It opens in a striking and picturesque manner. A band of pirates from a hill that overlooks the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile, see a ship lying at anchor, deserted by its crew; a feast spread on the shore; a number of dead bodies scattered round, indicating a recent skirmish or quarrel at an entertainment; the only living creatures, a most beautiful virgin seated on a rock, weeping over and supporting a young man of equally distinguished figure who is wounded and apparently lifeless. These are the hero and the heroine of the piece, and being thus let into the middle of the story, the preceding events are given in narration. The description of the manner of life of the pirates at the mouth of the Nile, is curious and no doubt historical. It shows that as well then as in Homer's time, piracy was looked upon as a mode of honourable war, and that a captain who treated the women with respect and took a regular ransom for his captives and behaved well to his men, did not scruple to rank himself with other military heroes. Indeed it might be difficult to say why he should not. It is a circumstance worth observing, that Tasso has in all probability borrowed a striking circumstance from the Greek romance. *Chariclea* is the daughter of a Queen of Ethiopia, exposed by her mother to save her reputation, as in consequence of the Queen, while pregnant, having gazed at a picture of Perseus and Andromeda, her infant was born with a fair complexion. This is the counterpart of the story of Clorinda in the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, whose mother is surprised with the same phenomenon, occasioned by

having had in her chamber a picture of St. George. The discovery is kept back to the end of the piece and is managed in a very striking manner. There is much beautiful description, of which the pomp of heathen sacrifices and processions makes a great part; and the love is at once passionate and chaste.

The pastoral romance of Longus is also extant in the Greek language. It is esteemed elegant, but it would be impossible to chastise it into decency. The Latins who had less invention, had no writings of this kind, except the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius may be reckoned such. In it is found the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, which has been elegantly modernized by La Fontaine. But romance writing was destined to revive with greater splendour under the Gothic powers, and it sprung out of the histories of the times, enlarged and exaggerated into fable. Indeed all fictions have probably grown out of real adventures. The actions of heroes would be the most natural subject for recital in a warlike age; a little flattery and a little love of the marvellous would overstep the modesty of truth in the narration. A champion of extraordinary size would be easily magnified into a giant. Tales of magic and enchantment probably took their rise from the awe and wonder with which the vulgar looked upon any instance of superior skill in mechanics or medicine, or acquaintance with any of the hidden properties of nature. The Arabian Tales, so well known and so delightful, bear testimony to this. At a fair in Tartary, a *magician* appears who brings various curiosities, the idea of which was probably suggested by inventions they had heard of, which, to people totally ignorant of the mechanical powers, would appear the effect of enchantment. How easily might the exhibition at Merlin's or the tricks of Jonas be made to pass for magic in New Holland or Ota-

heite! Letters and figures were easily turned into talismans by illiterate men, who saw that a great deal was effected by them, and intelligence conveyed from place to place in a manner they could not account for. Medicine has always in rude ages and countries been accompanied with charms and superstitious practices, and the charming of serpents in the East is still performed in a way which the Europeans cannot discover. The total separation of scholastic characters from men of the world favoured the belief of magic, and when to these causes are added the religious superstitions of the times, we shall be able to account for much of the marvellous in the first instance. These stories as well as the historical ones would be continually embellished as they passed from hand to hand, till the small mixture of truth in them was scarcely discoverable.

The first Gothic romances appeared under the venerable guise of history. Arthur and the knights of the round table, Charlemagne and his peers were their favourite heroes. The extended empire of Charlemagne and his conquests naturally offered themselves as subjects for recital, but it seems extraordinary that Arthur, a British prince the scene of whose exploits was in Wales, a country little known to the rest of Europe and who was continually struggling against ill fortune, should have been so great a favourite upon the continent. Perhaps however the comparative obscurity of his situation might form the genius of the composition, and the intercourse between Wales and Brittany would contribute to diffuse and exaggerate the stories of his exploits. In fact, every song and record relating to this hero was kept with the greatest care in Brittany, and together with a Chronicle deducing Prince Arthur from Priam king of Troy, was brought to England about the year 1110

by Walter Mapes archdeacon of Oxford, when he returned from the continent through that province. This medley of historical songs, traditions, and invention, was put into Latin by Geoffry of Monmouth, with many additions of his own, and from Latin translated into French in the year 1115, under the title of *Brut d'Angleterre*. It is full of the grossest anachronisms. *Merlin* the enchanter is a principal character in it. He opposes his Christian magic to the Arabian sorcerers. About the same time appeared a similar history of *Charlemagne*. Two expeditions of his were particularly celebrated; his conversion of the Saxons by force of arms, and his expedition into Spain against the Saracens; in returning from which he met with the defeat of Roncevaux in which was slain the celebrated *Roland*. This was written in Latin by a monk, who published it under the name of Archbishop Turpin, a contemporary of Charlemagne, in order to give it credit. These two works were translated into most of the languages of Europe, and became the groundwork of numberless others, each more wonderful than the former, and each containing a sufficient number of giants, castles, and dragons, beautiful damsels and valiant princes, with a good deal of religious zeal and very little morality. *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the most famous of this class. Its origin is disputed between France and Spain. There is a great deal of fighting in it, much of the marvellous, and very little of sentiment. It has been lately given to the public in an elegant English dress by Mr. Southey; but notwithstanding he has considerably abridged its tediousness, a sufficiency of that ingredient remains to make it rather a task to go through a work which was once so great a favourite. *Palmerin of England*, *Don Belianis of Greece*, and the others which make up the catalogue of Don Quixote's library, are of this stamp.

Richard Cœur de Lion and his exploits were greatly to the taste of the early romance writers. The Crusades kindled a taste for romantic adventure; the establishment of the Saracens in Spain had occasioned a large importation of genii and enchantments, and Moorish magnificence was grafted upon the tales of the Gothic chivalry. Of these heroic romances the Troubadours were in France the chief composers: they began to flourish about the middle of the tenth century. They by degrees mingled a taste for gallantry and romantic love with the adventures of heroes, and they gave to that passion an importance and refinement which it had never possessed among the ancients. It was a compound of devotion, metaphysics, Platonism, and chivalry, making altogether such a mixture as the world had never seen before. There is something extremely mysterious in the manner in which ladies of rank allowed themselves to be addressed by these poetical lovers; sometimes no doubt a real passion was produced, and some instances there are of its having had tragical consequences: but in general it may be suspected that the addresses of the Troubadours and other poets were rather a tribute paid to rank than to beauty; and that it was customary for young men of parts, who had a fortune to make, to attach themselves to a patroness, of whom they made a kind of idol, sometimes in the hope of rising by her means, sometimes merely as a subject for their wit. The manner in which Queen Elizabeth allowed herself to be addressed by her courtiers, the dedications which were in fashion in Dryden's time, the letters of Voiture, and the general strain of poetry of Waller and Cowley, may serve to prove that there may be a great deal of gallantry without any passion. It is evident that while these romance-writers worshipped their mistress as a distant star, they did not disdain to



warm themselves by meaner and nearer fires; for the species of love or rather adoration they professed, did not at all prevent them from forming connexions with more accessible fair ones. Of all the countries on the continent, France and Spain had the greatest number of these chivalrous romances. In Italy the genius of the nation and the facility of versification led them to make poetry the vehicle of this kind of entertainment. The Cantos of Boiardo and Ariosto are romances in verse.

In the meantime Europe settled into a state of comparative tranquillity; castles and knights and adventures of distressed damsels ceased to be the topics of the day, and romances founded upon them had begun to be insipid, when the immortal satire of Cervantes drove them from the field, and they have never since been able to rally their forces. The first work of entertainment of a different kind which was published in France (for the *Pantagruel* of Rabelais is rather a piece of licentious satire than a romance) was the *Astrea* of M. d'Urfé. It is a pastoral romance, and became so exceedingly popular that the belles and beaux of that country assumed the airs and language of shepherds and shepherdesses. A Celadon (the hero of the piece) became a familiar appellation for a languishing lover, and men of gallantry were seen with a crook in their hands, leading a tame lamb about the streets of Paris. The celebrity of this work was in great measure owing to its being strongly seasoned with allusions to the intrigues of the court of Henry the Fourth, in whose reign it was written. The volumes of *Astrea* are never opened in the present day but as a curiosity; to read them through, would be a heavy task indeed. There is in the machinery a great mixture of wood nymphs and druids. The work is full of anachronisms, but the time is supposed

to be in the reign of Pharamond or his successors. The tale begins with the lover, who is under the displeasure of his mistress, throwing himself into the water where he narrowly escapes drowning at the very outset of the piece. We find here the *fountain of love*, in which if a man looks, he sees, if he is beloved, the face of his mistress; but if not, he is presented with the countenance of his rival; long languishing speeches and little adventures of intrigue fill up the story. It is interspersed with little pieces of poetry, very tolerable for the time, but highly complimentary. One of them turns upon the incident of the poet's mistress having burnt her cheeks with her curling-iron, upon which he takes occasion to say, "*that the fire of her eyes caused the mischief.*" This work was however found so interesting by M. Huet, the grave bishop of Avranches, that when he read it along with his sisters, he was often obliged, (as he tells us) to lay the book down, that he and they might give vent to their tears.

Though Cervantes had laid to rest the giants and enchanters, a new style of fictitious writing was introduced, not less remote from nature, in the romances *de longue haleine*, which originated in France, and of which Calpréuede and Mad. Scudery were the most distinguished authors. The principle of these was high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore little resemblance to a natural passion. These, in the construction of the story came nearer to real life than the former had done. The adventures were marvellous, but not impossible. The heroes and heroines were taken from ancient history, but without any resemblance to the personages whose names they bore. The manners therefore and passions referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer; but the situations were often

striking and the sentiments always noble. It is a curious circumstance that Rousseau, who tells us that his childhood was conversant in these romances, (a course of reading which no doubt fed and inflamed his fine imagination) has borrowed from them an affecting incident in his *Nouvelle Heloise*. *St. Preux*, when his mistress lies ill of the small-pox, glides into the room, approaches the bed in order to imbibe the danger, and retires without speaking. *Jahi*, when recovered, is impressed with a confused idea of having seen him, but whether in a dream, a vision, or a reality, she cannot determine. This striking circumstance is taken from the now almost forgotten *Cassandra* of Scudery. The complimentary language of these productions seems to have influenced the intercourse of common life, at least in the provinces, for Boileau introduces in his satires—

“Deux nobles campagnards, grands lecteurs de romans,  
Qui m’ont dit tout Cyrus dans leurs longs complimens.”

The same author makes a more direct attack upon these productions in a dialogue entitled *Les Héros de Roman*, a humourous little piece, in which he ridiculed these as Cervantes had done the others, and drove them from the stage.

Heroic sentiment and refined feeling, as expressed in romances and plays, were at this time at their height in France; and while the story and adventures were taken from the really chivalrous ages, it is amusing to observe how the rough manners of those times are softened and polished to meet the ideas of a more refined age. A curious instance of this occurs in Corneille’s well known play of the *Cid*. *Chimene*, having lost her father by the hand of her lover, not only breaks off the connexion, but throws herself at the feet of the king to entreat him to avenge her by

putting *Rodrigues* to death: “*Sire, vengeance!*” But in the genuine chronicle of the *Cid*, with which curious and entertaining work Mr. Southey has lately obliged the public, the previous incidents of the combat are nearly the same, and *Ximena* in like manner throws herself at the feet of the king; but to beg what? not vengeance upon the murderer of her father, but that the king would be pleased to give her *Rodrigues* for a husband, to whom moreover she is not supposed to have had any previous attachment; her request seems to proceed from the simple idea that *Rodrigues*, by killing her father having deprived her of one protector, it was but reasonable that he should give her another.

Rude times are fruitful of striking adventures; polished times must render them pleasing. The ponderous volumes of the romance writers being laid upon the shelf, a closer imitation of nature began to be called for; not but that from the earliest times, there had been stories taken from, or imitating, real life. The *Decameron* of Boccacio, (a storehouse of tales, and a standard of the language in which it is written,) the *Cent Nouvelles* of the Queen of Navarre, *Contes et Fabliaux* without number, may be considered as novels of a lighter texture; they abounded with adventure, generally of the humorous, often of the licentious kind, and indeed were mostly founded on intrigue, but the nobler passions were seldom touched. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind. Its subject is the adventures of a set of strolling players. Comic humour it certainly possesses, but the humour is very coarse, and the incidents mostly low. Smollet seems to have formed himself very much on this model.—But the *Zaide* and the *Princesse de Cheves* of Mad. de la Fayette are esteemed to be the first which approach the modern novel of the

serious kind, the latter especially. Voltaire says of them, that "they were the first novels which gave the manners of cultivated life and natural incidents related with elegance. Before the time of this lady the style of these productions was affectedly turgid, and the adventures out of nature." The modesty of Mad. de la Fayette led her to shelter her productions, on their first publication, under the name of Segrais, her friend, under whose revision they had passed. Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, a work of infinite entertainment, though of dubious morality, has given us pictures of more familiar life, abounding in character and incident. The scene is laid in Spain, in which country he had travelled, and great part of it is imitated from the adventures of *Don Gusman d'Alvarache*; for Spain, though her energies have so long lain torpid, was earlier visited by polite literature than any country of Europe, Italy excepted. Her authors abounded in invention, so that the plots of plays and groundwork of novels were very frequently drawn from their productions. Cervantes himself, besides his *Don Quixote*, which has been translated and imitated in every country, wrote several little tales and novels, some of which he introduced into that work, for he only banished one species of fiction to introduce another. The French improved upon their masters. There is not perhaps a more amusing book than *Gil Blas*; it abounds in traits of exquisite humour and lessons of life, which, though not always pure, are many of them useful. In this work of Le Sage, like some of Smollet's, the hero of the piece excites little interest, and it rather exhibits a series of separate adventures, slightly linked together, than a chain of events concurring in one plan to the production of the catastrophe, like the *Tom Jones* of Fielding. The scenes of his *Diable Boiteux* are still more slightly linked together. That and his

*Bachelier de Salamanque* are of the same stamp with *Gil Blas*, though inferior to it. Marivaux excelled in a different style. His *Marianne* and *Paisan Parvenu* give a picture of French manners with all their refinement and delicacy of sentiment. He lays open the heart, particularly the female heart, in its inmost folds and recesses; its little vanities and affectations as well as its finer feelings. He abounds in wit, but it is of a refined kind, and requires thought in the reader to enter into it. He has also much humour, and describes comic scenes and characters amongst the lower and middle ranks with a great deal of the comic effect but without the coarseness of Fielding. He eluded the difficulty of winding up a story by leaving both his pieces unfinished. Marivaux was cotemporary with our Richardson; his style is found fault with by some French critics. From his time novels of all kinds have made a large and attractive portion of French literature.

At the head of writers of this class stands the seductive, the passionate Rousseau,—the most eloquent writer in the most eloquent modern language: whether his glowing pencil paints the strong emotions of passion, or the enchanting scenery of nature in his own romantic country, or his peculiar cast of moral sentiment,—a charm is spread over every part of the work, which scarcely leaves the judgment free to condemn what in it is dangerous or reprehensible. His are truly the “thoughts that breathe and words that burn.” He has hardly any thing of story; he has but few figures upon his canvass; he wants them not; his characters are drawn more from a creative imagination than from real life, and we wonder that what has so little to do with nature, should have so much to do with the heart. Our censure of the tendency of this work will be softened, if we reflect that

Rousseau's aim as far as he had a moral aim, seems to have been to give a striking example of fidelity in the married state, which it is well known is little thought of by the French; though they would judge with the greatest severity the more pardonable failure of an unmarried woman. But Rousseau has not reflected that *Julie* ought to have considered herself as indissolubly united to *St Preux*; her marriage with another was the infidelity. Rousseau's great rival in fame, Voltaire has written many light pieces of fiction which can scarcely be called novels. They abound in wit and shrewdness but they are all composed to subserve his particular views, and to attack systems which he assailed in every kind of way. His *Candide* has much strong painting of the miseries and vices which abound in this world, and is levelled against the only system which can console the mind under the view of them. In *L'Ingénu*, besides the wit, he has shown that he could also be pathetic. *Les Lettres Peruviennes*, by Madame Grafigny is a most ingenious and charming little piece. *Paul and Virginie*, by that friend of humanity St Pierre, with the purest sentiment and most beautiful description, is pathetic to a degree that even distresses the feelings. *La Chaumiere Indienne*, also his, breathes the spirit of universal philanthropy. *Caroline de Lichtfeld* is justly a favourite; but it were impossible to enumerate all the elegant compositions of this class which later times have poured forth. For the expression of sentiment in all its various shades, for the most delicate tact, and a refinement and polish, the fruit of high cultivation, the French writers are superior to those of every other nation.

There is one species of this composition which may be called the *Didactic Romance*, which they have peculiarly made use of as a vehicle for moral sentiment and philosophical or political systems and opinions.

Of this nature is the beautiful fiction of *Telémaque*, if it be not rather an Epic in prose; the high merit of which cannot be sufficiently appreciated, unless the reader bears in mind when and to whom it was written; that it dared to attack the fondness for war and the disposition to ostentatious profusion, under a monarch the most vain and ambitious of his age, and to draw expressly as a pattern for his successor, the picture of a prince the reverse of him in almost every thing. *Les Voyages de Cyrus*, by Ramsay, and *Sethos*, by the Abbé Terrasson, are of the same kind; the former production is rather dry and some what mystical; it enters pretty deeply into the mythology of the ancients, and aims at showing that the leading truths of religion,—an original state of happiness, a fall from that state, and the final recovery and happiness of all sentient beings are to be found in the mythological systems of all nations. Ramsay was a Scotchman by birth, but had lived long enough in France to write the language like a native, a rare acquisition! The latter, *Sethos*, contains interwoven in its story all that we know concerning the customs and manners of the ancient Egyptians; the trial of the dead before they are received to the honours of sepulture, and the various ordeals of the initiation, are very striking. A high and severe tone of morals reigns through the whole, and indeed both this and the last-mentioned composition are much too grave for the readers of romance in general. That is not the case with the *Belisaire*, and *Les Incas*, of Marmontel, in which the incidents meant to strike the feelings and the fancy are executed with equal happiness with the preceptive part. Writings like these co-operated powerfully with the graver labours of the encyclopedists in diffusing sentiments of toleration, a spirit of free enquiry, and a desire for equal laws and good



government over Europe. Happy, if the mighty impulse had permitted them to stop within the bounds of justice and moderation! The French language is well calculated for eloquence. The harmony and elegance of French prose, the taste of their writers, and the grace and amenity which they know how to diffuse over every subject, give great effect to compositions of this kind. When *we* aim at eloquence in prose, we are apt to become turgid. Florian, though a feeble writer, is not void of merit. His *Galatee* is from Cervantes; his *Gonsalve de Cordoue* is built upon the history of that hero.

There is one objection to be made to these romances founded on history, which is, that if the personages are not judiciously selected, they are apt to impress false ideas on the mind. *Sethos* is well chosen for a hero in this respect. His name scarcely emerges from the obscurity of half fabulous times and of a country whose records are wrapped in mystery; for all that is recorded of *Sethos* is, merely that there was such a prince, and that for some reason or other, he entered into the priesthood. *Cyrus*, though so conspicuous a character, was probably thought a fair one for the purpose, as Xenophon has evidently made use of him in the same manner; but it may admit a doubt whether *Belisarius* is equally so; still less, many in more modern times that have been selected for writings of this kind. *Telemachus* is a character already within the precincts of poetry and fable; and may illustrate without any objection the graceful fictions of Fenelon. Our own Prince *Arthur* offers himself with equal advantage for poetry or romance. Where history says little, fiction may say much: events and men that are daily seen through the obscurity of remote periods and countries, may be illuminated with these false lights; but where history throws her light

steady and strong, no artificial colouring should be permitted. Impressions of historical characters very remote from the truth, often remain on the mind from dramatic compositions. If we examine into our ideas of the Henries and Richards of English history, we shall perhaps find that they are as much drawn from Shakspeare as from Hume or Rapin. Some of our English romances are very faulty in this respect. A lady confessed that she could not get over a prejudice against the character of our Elizabeth, arising from her cruelty to two imaginary daughters of Mary Queen of Scots, who never existed but in the pages of a novel. The more art is shown, (and much is often shown,) in weaving the fictitious circumstances into the texture of the history, the worse is the tendency. A romance of which *Edward the Black Prince* is the hero, by Clara Reeve, has many curious particulars of the customs of that age; but the manners of his court are drawn with such a splendid colouring of heroic virtue as certainly neither that court nor any other ever deserved.

Among the authors of preceptive novels, Madame Genlis stands very high. Her *Adele & Théodore* is a system of education, the whole of which is given in action; there is infinite ingenuity in the various illustrative incidents: the whole has an air of the world and of good company; to an English reader it is also interesting as exhibiting traits of Parisian manners and modern manners from one who was admitted into the first societies. A number of characters are delineated and sustained with truth and spirit, and the stories of *Cecile* and the *Duchesse de C.* are uncommonly interesting and well told, while the sublime benevolence of M. and Mad. Lagaraye presents a cure for sorrow worthy of a Howard. From the system of Madame Genlis many useful hints may be gather-

ed, though the English reader will probably find much that differs from his own ideas. A good bishop, as Huet relates, conceiving of love as a most formidable enemy to virtue, entertained the singular project of writing or procuring to be written, a number of novels framed in such a manner as to inspire an antipathy to this profane passion. Madame Genlis seems to have had the same idea ; and in this manual of education, love is represented as a passion totally unfit to enter the breast of a young female ; and in this, and all her other works, she represents as ending in misery, every connexion which is begun by a mutual inclination. The parent, the mother rather, must dispose of her daughter ; the daughter must be passive ; and the great happiness of her life, is to be the having in her turn a daughter, in whose affections *she* is to be the prime object. Filial affection is no doubt much exaggerated by this writer. It is not natural that a young woman should make it an indispensable condition of marrying an amiable young man, that he will not separate her from her mother. We know in England what filial affection is, and we know it does not rise so high, and we know too that it ought not. There is another objection to Madame Genlis's system of education which applies also to Rousseau's *Emile* ; which is, that it is too much founded on deception. The pupil never sees the real appearances of life and manners ; the whole of his education is a series of contrived artificial scenery, produced, as occasion demands, to serve a particular purpose. Few of these scenes would succeed at all ; a number of them certainly never would. Indeed Madame Genlis is not very strict in the point of veracity. A little fibbing is even enjoined to Adele occasionally on particular emergencies. *Les Veillées du Chateau*, by the same author, has great merit. A number of other produc-

tions which have flowed from her pen, witness her fertility of invention and astonishing rapidity of creation; their merit is various; all have great elegance of style; but it is observable that in some of her later novels she has endeavoured to favour the old order of things, to make almost an object of worship of Louis the Fourteenth, and to revive the reverence for monastic seclusion, which with so much pathos she had attacked in her charming story of *Cecile*. The *Atala* of M. Chateau Briand is in like manner directed to prop the falling fabric of the Romish faith.

The celebrated daughter of Necker is one whose name cannot be passed over in this connection. Her *Delphine* exhibits great powers; some of the situations are very striking; and the passion of love is expressed in such a variety of turns and changes, and with so many refined delicacies of sentiment that it is surprising how any language could, and surely no language could but the French, find a sufficient variety of phrases in which to dress her ideas. Yet this novel cannot be called a pleasing one. One monotonous colour of sadness prevails through the whole, varied indeed with deeper or lighter shades, but no where presenting the cheerful hues of contentment and pleasure. A heavier accusation lies against this work from its tendency, on which account it was said that the author was desired by the present sovereign of France to leave Paris; but we may well suspect that a scrupulous regard to morality had less share than political motives in such a prohibition. *Corinne*, by the same author is less exceptionable and has less force. It has some charming descriptions, and a picture of our English country manners which may interest our curiosity, though it will not greatly flatter our vanity. Elegant literature has sustained a loss in the recent death of Madame Cotin. Her *Elizabeth*

and *Matilde* have given her a deserved celebrity. The latter is however very enthusiastic and gloomy.

A number of other French writers of this class might have been mentioned as Madame Riccoboni, Madame Elie de Beaumont, the Abbe Prevost, whose *Chevalier de Grioux* though otherwise not commendable, has some very pathetic parts. To these may be added Cerebillon, and a number of writers of his class; for it must not be disguised, that besides the more respectable French novels there are a number of others which having passed no license of press, were said to be sold *sous le manteaux*, and were not therefore the less read. These are not merely exceptionable; they are totally unfit to enter a house where the morals of young people are esteemed an object. They are generally not coarse in language, perhaps less so than many English ones which aim at humour; but gross sensual pleasure is the very soul of them. The awful frown with which the better part of the English public seem disposed to receive any approaches, either in verse or prose, to the French voluptuousness, does honor to the national character.

The Germans formerly remarkable for the laborious heaviness and patient research of their literary labours, have within this last century, cultivated with great success the field of polite literature. Plays, tales and novels of all kinds; many of them by their most celebrated authors, were at first received with avidity in this country and even made the study of their language popular. The tide has turned, and they are now as much depreciated. The *Sorrows of Werter* by Gœthe was the first of these with which we were familiarized in this country; we received it through the medium of a French translation. It is highly pathetic, but its tendency has been severely, perhaps justly, censured; yet the author might plead

that he has given warning of the probable consequences of illicit and uncontrolled passions by the awful catastrophe. It is certain, however, that the impression made is of more importance than the moral deduced; and if Schiller's fine play of *The Robbers* has had, as we are assured was the case, the effect of leading some well-educated young gentlemen to commit depredations on the public, allured by the splendour of the principal character, we may well suppose that Werter's delirium of passion will not be less seducing. Gœthe has written another novel, much esteemed, it is said, by the Germans, which contains, amongst other things, criticisms on the drama. The celebrated Wieland has composed a great number of works of fiction; the scene of most of them is laid in ancient Greece. His powers are great, his invention fertile, but his designs insidious. He and some others of the German writers of philosophical romance, have used them as a frame to attack received opinions, both in religion and in morals. Two at least of his performances have been translated, *Agathon* and *Peregrine Proteus*. The former is beautifully written, but its tendency is seductive. The latter has taken for its basis a historical character; its tendency is also obvious. Klinger is an author who deals in the horrid. He subsists on murders and atrocities of all sorts, and introduces devils and evil spirits among his personages; he is said to have powers, but to labour under a total want of taste. In contrast to this writer and those of his class, may be mentioned the *Ghost Seer* by Schiller, and *The Sorcerer* by another hand. These were written to expose the artifices of the Italian adepts of the school of Cagliostro. It is well known that these were spreading superstition and enthusiasm on the German part of the continent to an alarming degree, and had so worked upon the mind

of the late King of Prussia, that he was made to believe he possessed the power of rendering himself invisible, and was wonderfully pleased when one of his courtiers, (who by the way, understood his trade) ran against and jostled him, pretending not to see his Majesty. These have been translated; as also a pleasant and lively satire on Lavater's system of physiognomy, written by Musæus, author of *Popular Tales of the Germans*. The Germans abound in materials for works of the imagination; for they are rich in tales and legends of an impressive kind, which have perhaps amused generation after generation as nursery stories, and lain like ore in the mine, ready for the hand of taste to separate the dross and polish the material: for it is far easier, when a nation has gained cultivation, to polish and methodise than to invent. A very pleasing writer of novels in the more common acceptation of the term, is Augustus La Fontaine; at least he has written some for which he merits that character, though perhaps more that are but indifferent. His *Tableaux de Famille* contains many sweet domestic pictures and touches of nature. It is imitated from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The Germans are a very book-making people. It is calculated that twenty thousand authors of that nation live by the exercise of the pen; and in the article of novels it is computed that seven thousand, either original or translated, have been printed by them within the last twenty-five years.

One Chinese novel has been translated. It is called the *Pleasing History or the Adventures of Han Kion Choan*. It is said to be much esteemed, but can only be interesting to an European, as exhibiting something of the manners of that remote and singular country. It chiefly turns upon the stratagems used by the heroine to elude the ardour of her lover, and re-

tard his approaches, till every circumstance of form and ceremony had been complied with. In their most tender assignations the lady is hid behind a curtain, as he is not permitted to see her face; and a female attendant conveys the tender speeches from one to the other; by which, according to our ideas they would lose much of their pathos. The chief quality the heroine exhibits is cunning, and the adventures are a kind of hide-and-seek between the lovers. In short, *Shuy Ping Sin* to a Chinese may possibly be as great an object of admiration as *Clarissa*, but her accomplishments are not calculated for the meridian of this country.

In England, most of the earlier romances from the days of Chaucer to James the First, were translations from the Spanish or French. One of the most celebrated of our own growth is Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, dedicated to his sister the Countess of Pembroke. It is a kind of pastoral romance, mingled with adventures of the heroic and chivalrous kind. It has great beauties, particularly in poetic imagery. It is a book which all have heard of, which some few possess, but which nobody reads. The taste of the times seems to have been for ponderous performances. The Duchess of Newcastle was an indefatigable writer in this way. Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, published in 1664, a romance called *Parthenissa*. It was in three volumes folio and unfinished, to which circumstance alone, his biographer, Mr. Walpole, attributes its being but little read. He must have had a capacious idea of the appetite of the readers of those days. There is a romance of later date in one small volume by the Hon. Robert Boyle—The *Martyrdom of Didymus and Theodora*, a Christian heroic tale. We had pretty early some celebrated political romances. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, Barclay's *Argenis*, and Har-



rington's *Oceana*, are of this kind : the two former are written in Latin. The *Utopia*, which is meant as a model of a perfect form of civil polity, is chiefly preserved in remembrance at present by the same singular fortune with the *Quixote* of Cervantes, of furnishing a new word, which has been adopted into the language as a permanent part of it ; for we speak familiarly of an Utopian scheme and a Quixotish expedition. Barclay was a Scotchman by birth ; he was introduced into the court of James the First, and was afterwards Professor of civil law at Angers ; he died at Rome. His *Argenis* is a political allegory which displays the revolutions and vices of courts ; it is not destitute of imagery and elevated sentiment, and displays much learning ; and while the allusions it is full of were understood, it was much read and was translated into various languages, but is at present sunk into oblivion, though a new translation was made not many years since by Mrs. Clara Reeve. Harrington's *Oceana* is meant as a model of a perfect republic, the constant idol of his imagination. All these, though works of fiction, would greatly disappoint those who should look into them for amusement. Of the lighter species of this kind of writing, the *Novel*, till within half a century we had scarcely any. The *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manley lives only in that line of Pope which seems to promise it immortality :

“ As long as *Atalantis* shall be read.”

It was like *Astrea*, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious ; they are also fallen ; but it ought not to be forgotten that Southern borrowed from her his affecting story of *Oroonoko*. Mrs. Haywood was a very prolific genius ; her earlier novels are in the style of Mrs. Behn's, and Pope has chastised her in his *Dunciad* without mercy or delica-

cy, but her later works are by no means void of merit. She wrote the *Invisible Spy*, and *Betsy Thoughtless*, and was the author of *The Female Spectator*.

But till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a far greater part of polite reading than novels, which had attained neither to elegance nor discrimination of character. Some adventures and a long story were all they aimed at. The ladies' library described in the *Spectator* contains *The grand Cyrus*, with a pin stuck in one of the leaves" and "*Clelia*, which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower:" but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of an English novel, the *Atalantis* only excepted; though plays are often mentioned as a favorite and dangerous part of ladies' reading; and certainly the plays of those times were worse than any novels of the present. The first author amongst us who distinguished himself by natural painting, was that truly original genius De Foe. His *Robinson Crusoe* is to this day an *unique* in its kind, and he has made it very interesting without applying to the common resource of love. At length in the reign of George the Second, Richardson, Fielding and Smollett appeared in quick succession; and their success raised such a demand for this kind of entertainment, that it has ever since been furnished from the press, rather as a regular and necessary supply, than as an occasional gratification. Novels have been numerous as "leaves in Vallombrosa." The indiscriminate passion for them, and their bad effects on the female mind, became the object of the satire of Garrick, in a sprightly piece entitled *Polly Honeycomb*. A few deserve to be mentioned, either for their excellence or the singularity of their plan.

The history of *Gaudenzio di Lucca*, published in

1725, is the effusion of a fine fancy and a refined understanding ; it is attributed to Bishop Berkeley. It gives an account of an inaginary people in the heart of Africa, their manners and customs. They are supposed to be descended from the ancient Egyptians, to be concealed from all the world by impenetrable deserts. The description of crossing the sands is very striking, and shows much information as well as fancy. It is not written to favour any particular system ; the whole is a play of fine imagination delighting itself with images of perfection and happiness, which it cannot find in any existing form of things. The frame is very well managed ; the whole is supposed to be read in manuscript to the fathers of the Inquisition, and the remarks of the holy office are very much in character. A highly romantic air runs through the whole, but the language is far from elegant.

Another singular publication which appeared in 1756, was *The Memoirs of several Ladies*, by John Bunclé, followed the next year by the *Life of Bunclé*. These volumes are very whimsical, but contain entertainment. The ladies whose memoirs he professes to give, are all highly beautiful and deeply learned ; good Hebrew scholars ; and above all, zealous Unitarians. The author generally finds them in some sequestered dell, among the fells and mountains of Westmoreland, where after a narrow escape from breaking his neck among rocks and precipices, he meets like a true knight-errant with one of these adventures. He marries in succession four or five of these prodigies, and the intervals between description and adventure are filled up with learned conversations on abstruse points of divinity. Many of the descriptions are taken from nature, and as the book was much read, have possibly contributed to spread that taste for lake and mountain scenery which has since been so prevalent. The author was a clergyman.

A novel universally read at the time was *Chrysal* or *The Adventures of a Guinea*. It described real characters and transactions, mostly in high life, under fictitious names; and certainly, if a knowledge of the vicious part of the world be a desirable acquisition, *Chrysal* will amply supply it; but many of the scenes are too coarse not to offend a delicate mind, and the generation it describes, is past away. *Pompey the Little*, with a similar frame, has less of personality, and is a lively and pleasant satire. Its author is unknown.

About fifty years ago a very singular work appeared somewhat in the guise of a novel, which gave a new impulse to writings of this stamp; namely, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, followed by *The Sentimental Journey*, by the Rev. Mr. Sterne, a clergyman of York. They exhibit much originality, wit and beautiful strokes of pathos, but a total want of plan or adventure, being made up of conversations and detailed incidents. It is the peculiar characteristic of the author that he affects the heart, not by long drawn tales of distress, but by light electric touches which thrill the nerves of the reader who possesses a correspondent sensibility of frame. His characters, in like manner, are struck out by a few masterly touches. He resembles those painters who can give expression to a figure by two or three strokes of bold outline, leaving the imagination to fill up the sketch; the feelings are really as awakened by the story of *Le Ferre* as by the narrative of *Clarissa*. The indelicacies of these volumes are very reprehensible, and indeed in a clergyman scandalous, particularly in the first publication, which however has the richest vein of humour. The two *Shandys*, *Trim*, *Dr Slop*, are all drawn with a masterly hand. It is one of the merits of Sterne, that he has awakened the attention of his readers to the wrongs of the poor negroes, and

certainly a great spirit of humanity and tenderness breathes throughout the work. It is rather mortifying to reflect how little the power of expressing these feelings is connected with moral worth; for Sterne was a man by no means attentive to the happiness of those connected with him: and we are forced to confess, that an author may conceive the idea of "brushing away flies without killing them," and yet behave ill in every relation of life.

It has lately been said that Sterne has been indebted for much of his wit to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. He certainly exhibits a good deal of reading in that and many other books out of the common way, but the wit is in the application, and that is his own. This work gave rise to the rapid effusions of a crowd of sentimentalists, many of whom thought they had seized the spirit of Sterne, because they could copy him in his breaks and asterisks. The taste spread, and for a while, from the pulpit to the play-house, the reign of sentiment was established. Among the more respectable imitators of Sterne may be reckoned Mr. Mackenzie in his *Man of Feeling*, and *Julia de Roubigné*, and Mr. Pratt in his *Emma Corbett*.

An interesting and singular novel, the *Fool of Quality*, was written by Henry Brooke, a man of genius, the author of *Gustavus Vasa* and many other productions. Many beautiful and pathetic episodical stories might be selected from it, but the story runs out into a strain romantic and improbable beyond the common allowed measure of this kind of writing; so that as a whole it cannot be greatly recommended; but it ought not to be forgotten, that the very popular work of *Sanford and Merton* is taken from it. It has not merely given the hint for that publication; but the plan, the contrasted character of the two boys, and many particular incidents are so closely copied, that it

will hardly be thought by one who peruses them both together, that Mr. Day has made *quite* sufficient acknowledgement in his preface. Rousseau had about this time awakened the public attention to the preference of natural manners in children, in opposition to the artificial usages of fashionable life; and much of the spirit of *Emile* is seen in this part of the work. The present generation has been much obliged to Mr. Day for separating this portion of the novel from the mass of improbable adventure in which it is involved, clothing it in more elegant language and giving those additions which have made it so deservedly a favourite in the juvenile library. The religious feelings are often awakened in the *Fool of Quality*, not however without a strong tincture of enthusiasm, to which the author was inclined. Indeed, his imagination had at times prevailed over his reason, before he wrote it.

A number of novels might be mentioned, which are or have been, popular, though not of high celebrity. Sarah Fielding, sister to the author of *Tom Jones*, composed several; among which *David Simple* is the most esteemed: she was a woman of good sense and cultivation, and if she did not equal her brother in talent, she did not, like him, lay herself open to moral censure. She translated Xenophon's *Socrates*, and wrote a very pretty book for children, *The Governess or Female Academy*.

Many tears have been shed by the young and tender hearted over *Sidney Biddulph*, the production of Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the lecturer, an ingenious and amiable woman: the sentiments of this work are pure and virtuous, but the author seems to have taken pleasure in heaping distress on virtue and innocence, merely to prove, what no one will deny, that the best dispositions are not always sufficient to ward off the evils of life. Why is it that

women when they write, are apt to give a melancholy tinge to their compositions? Is it that they suffer more, and have fewer resources against melancholy? Is it that men, mixing at large in society, have a brisker flow of ideas, and seeing a greater variety of characters, introduce more of the business and pleasures of life into their productions? Is it that humour is a scarcer product of the mind than sentiment, and more congenial to the stronger powers of man? Is it that women nurse those feelings in secrecy and silence, and diversify the expression of them with endless shades of sentiment which are more transiently felt, and with fewer modifications of sentiment by the other sex? The remark, if true, has no doubt, many exceptions; but the productions of several ladies, both French and English, seems to countenance it.

*Callistus* or *The Man of Fashion*, by Mr. Mulso, is a pathetic story; but it is written entirely for moral effect, and affords little of entertainment. Mr. Graves, an author of a very different cast, is known in this walk by *Columella*, and his *Spiritual Quixote*. The latter is a popular work, and possesses some humour; but the humour is coarse, and much too indiscriminately levelled against a society, whose doctrines operating with strong effect upon a large body of the most vicious and ignorant class, must necessarily include in their sweeping net much vice and folly, as well as much of sincere piety and corresponding morals. The design of his *Columella* is less exceptionable. It presents a man educated in polite learning and manners, who from a fastidious rejection of the common active pursuits of life, rusticates in a country solitude, grows morose and peevish, and concludes with marrying his maid; no unusual consequence of a whimsical and morose singularity; the secret springs of which are, more commonly a tincture of indolence

and pride than superiority of genius. Mr. Graves was brought up originally for physic, but took orders and became rector of Claverton near Bath. He was the author of several publications, both translations and original; he was fond of writing, and published what he called his *Senilities* when at the age of near ninety. He died in 1804.—But it is time to retire from the enumeration of these works of fancy, or the reader might be as much startled with the number of heroes and heroines called up around him, as Ulysses was with the troops of shades that came flocking about him in the infernal regions.

If the end and object of this species of writing be asked, many, no doubt, will be ready to tell us that its object is,—to call in fancy to the aid of reason to deceive the mind into embracing truth under the guise of fiction:

“Così all’ egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi  
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso :  
Succhi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,  
E dall’ inganno suo vita riceve :”

with such like reasons equally grave and dignified. For my own part I scruple not to confess that when I take up a novel, my end and object is entertainment; and as I suspect that to be the case with most readers, I hesitate not to say that entertainment is their legitimate end and object. To read the productions of wit and genius is a very high pleasure to all persons of taste, and the avidity with which they are read by all such, shows sufficiently that they are calculated to answer this end. Reading is the cheapest of pleasures: it is a domestic pleasure. Dramatic exhibitions give a more poignant delight, but they are seldom enjoyed in their perfection, and never without expense and trouble. Poetry requires in the reader a certain



elevation of mind and a practised ear. It is seldom relished unless a taste be formed for it pretty early. But the humble novel is always ready to enliven the gloom of solitude, to soothe the languor of debility and disease, to win the attention from pain or vexatious occurrences, to take man from himself, (at many times the worst company he can be in,) and while the moving picture of life passes before him, to make him forget the subject of his own complaints. It is pleasant to the mind to sport in the boundless regions of possibility; to find relief from the sameness of every-day occurrences by expatiating amidst brighter skies and fairer fields; to exhibit love that is always happy, valour that is always successful; to feed the appetite for wonder by a quick succession of marvellous events; and to distribute, like a ruling providence, rewards and punishments which fall just where they ought to fall.

It is sufficient therefore as an end, that these writings add to the innocent pleasures of life; and if they do no harm, the entertainment they give is a sufficient good. We cut down the tree that bears no fruit, but we ask nothing of a flower beyond its scent and its colour. The unpardonable sin in a novel is dullness: however grave or wise it may be, if the author possesses no powers of amusing, he has no business to write novels; he should employ his pen in some more serious part of literature.

But it is not necessary to rest the credit of these works on amusement alone, since it is certain they have had a very strong effect in infusing principles and moral feelings. It is impossible to deny that the most glowing and impressive sentiments of virtue are to be found in many of these compositions, and have been deeply imbibed by their youthful readers. They awaken a sense of finer feelings than the ordinary commerce of life inspires. Many a young woman

has caught from such works as *Clarissa* or *Cecilia* ideas of refinement and delicacy which were not, perhaps, to be gained in any society she could have access to. Many a maxim of prudence is laid up in the memory from these stores, ready to operate when occasion offers.

The passion of love, the most seductive of all the passions, they certainly paint too high, and represent its influence beyond what it will be found to be in real life; but if they soften the heart, they also refine it. They mix with the common passions of our nature all that is tender in virtuous affection; all that is estimable in high principle and unshaken constancy; all that grace, delicacy, and sentiment can bestow of touching and attractive. Benevolence and sensibility to distress are almost always insisted upon in works of this kind; and perhaps it is not exaggeration to say, that much of the softness of our present manners, much of that tincture of humanity so conspicuous amidst all our vices, is owing to the bias given by our dramatic writings and fictitious stories. A high regard to female honour, generosity, and a spirit of self-sacrifice are strongly inculcated. It costs nothing, it is true, to an author to make his hero generous, and very often he is extravagantly so; still sentiments of this kind serve in some degree to counteract the spirit of the world, where selfish considerations have always more than their due weight. In what discourse from the pulpit are religious feelings more strongly raised than in the prison sermon of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or some parts of *The Fool of Quality*?

But not only those splendid sentiments with which, when properly presented our feelings take part, and kindle as we read;—the more severe and homely virtues, have been enforced in the works of a Burney and an Edgeworth. Writers of their good sense have ob-

served that while these compositions cherished even a romantic degree of sensibility, the duties that have less brilliancy to recommend them, were neglected. Where can be found a more striking lesson against unfeeling dissipation than the story of the *Harrels*? Where have order, neatness, industry, sobriety, been recommended with more strength than in the agreeable tales of Miss Edgeworth? If a parent wishes his child to avoid caprice, irregularities of temper, procrastination, coquetry, affectation,—all those faults which undermine family happiness and destroy the every-day comforts of common-life,—whence can he derive more impressive morality than from the same source? When works of fancy are thus made subservient to the improvement of the rising generation, they certainly stand on a higher ground than mere entertainment, and we revere while we admire.

Some knowledge of the world is also gained by these writings, imperfect indeed, but attained with more ease and attended with less danger, than by mixing in real life. If the stage is a mirror of life, so is the novel, and perhaps a more accurate one, as less is sacrificed to effect and representation. There are many descriptions of characters in the busy world which a young woman in the retired scenes of life hardly meets with at all, and many whom it is safer to read of than to meet; and to either sex it must be desirable, that the first impressions of fraud, selfishness, profligacy and perfidy, should be connected, as in good novels they always will be, with infamy and ruin. At any rate it is safer to meet with a bad character in the pages of a fictitious story than in the polluted walks of life; but an author solicitous for the morals of his readers will be sparing in the introduction of such characters.—It is an aphorism of Pope,

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

But he adds,

“But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Indeed the former assertion is not true without considerable modifications. If presented in its naked deformity, vice will indeed give disgust; but it may be so surrounded with splendid and engaging qualities, that the disgust is lost in admiration. Besides though the selfish and mean passions are radically unlovely, it is not the same with those passions which all have felt, and few are even desirous to resist. To present these to the young mind in the glowing colours of a *Rousseau* or a *Madame de Stael*, is to awaken and increase sensibilities which it is the office of wise restraint to calm and to moderate. Humour covers the disgust which the grosser vices would occasion; passion veils the danger of the more seducing ones.

After all, the effect of novel-reading must depend, as in every other kind of reading, on the choice which is made. If the looser compositions of this sort are excluded, and the sentimental ones chiefly perused, perhaps the danger lies more in fixing the standard of virtue and delicacy too high for real use, than in debasing it. Generosity is carried to such an excess as would soon dissipate even a princely fortune; a weak compassion often allows vice to escape with impunity; an over-strained delicacy, or regard to a rash vow is allowed to mar all the prospects of a long life; dangers are despised and self is annihilated, to a degree that prudence does not warrant, and virtue is far from requiring. The most generous man living, the most affectionate friend, the most dutiful child would find his character fall far short of the perfections exhibited in a highly-wrought novel.

Love is a passion particularly exaggerated in novels. It forms the chief interest of by far the greater part of

them. In order to increase this interest, a false idea is given of the importance of the passion. It occupies the serious hours of life ; events all hinge upon it ; every thing gives way to its influence, and no length of time wears it out. When a young lady having imbibed these notions, comes into the world, she finds that this formidable passion acts a very subordinate part on the great theatre of life ; that its vivid sensations are mostly limited to a very early period ; and that it is by no means, as the poet sings,

“ All the colour of remaining life.”

She will find but few minds susceptible of its more delicate influence. Where it is really felt, she will see it continually overcome by duty, by prudence, or merely by a regard for the show and splendour of life ; and that in fact it has a very small share in the transactions of the busy world, and is often little consulted even in choosing a partner for life. In civilized life, both men and women acquire so early a command over their passions that the strongest of them are taught to give way to circumstances, and a moderate liking will appear apathy itself to one accustomed to see the passion painted in its most glowing colours. Least of all, will a course of novels prepare a young lady for the neglect and tedium of life which she is perhaps doomed to encounter. If the novels she reads are virtuous, she has learned how to arm herself with proper reserve against the ardour of her lover ; she has been instructed how to behave with the utmost propriety when run away with like *Miss Byron*, or locked up by a cruel parent, like *Clarissa* ; but she is not prepared for indifference and neglect. Though young and beautiful, she may see her youth and beauty pass away without conquests, and the monotony of her life will be apt to appear more insipid when contrasted with scenes of perpetual courtship and passion.

It may be added with regard to the knowledge of the world, which, it is allowed, these writings are calculated in some degree to give, that let them be as well written and with as much attention to real life and manners as they can possibly be, they will in some respects give false ideas from the very nature of fictitious writing. Every such work is a *whole*, in which the fates and fortunes of the personages are brought to a conclusion agreeably to the author's preconceived idea. Every incident in a well written composition is introduced for a certain purpose, and made to forward a certain plan. A sagacious reader is never disappointed in his forebodings. If a prominent circumstance is presented to him, he lays hold on it, and may be very sure it will introduce some striking event; and if a character has strongly engaged his affections, he need not fear being obliged to withdraw them; the personages never turn out differently from what their appearance gave him a right to expect; they gradually open, indeed; they may surprise, but they never disappoint him. Even from the elegance of a name he may give a guess at the amenity of the character. But real life is a kind of chance-medley consisting of many unconnected scenes. The great author of the drama of life has not finished his piece; but the author must finish his; and vice must be punished and virtue rewarded in the compass of a few volumes; and it is a fault in his composition if every circumstance does not answer the reasonable expectations of the reader. But in real life our reasonable expectations are often disappointed; many incidents occur which are like passages that lead to nothing, and characters occasionally turn out quite different from what our fond expectations promised.

In short, the reader of a novel forms his expectations from what he supposes to pass in the mind of the author, and guesses rightly at his intentions, but

would often guess wrong if he were considering the real course of nature. It was very probable at some period of his history that *Gil Blas*, if a real character, would come to be hanged; but the practised novel-reader knows very well that no such event can await the hero of the tale. Let us suppose a person speculating on the character of *Tom Jones* as the production of an author, whose business it is pleasingly to interest his readers. He has no doubt but that in spite of his irregularities and distresses, his history will come to an agreeable termination. He has no doubt but that his parents will be discovered in due time; he has no doubt but that his love for *Sophia* will be rewarded sooner or later with her hand; he has no doubt of the constancy of that young lady or of their entire happiness after marriage. And why does he foresee all this? Not from the real tendencies of things, but from what he has discovered of the author's intentions. But what would have been the probability in real life? Why, that the parents would either never have been found, or have proved to be persons of no consequence—that *Jones* would pass from one vicious indulgence to another, till his natural good disposition was quite smothered under his irregularities—that *Sophia* would either have married her lover clandestinely, and have been poor and unhappy; or she would have conquered her passion, and married some country gentleman with whom she would have lived in moderate happiness, according to the usual routine of married life. But the author would have done very ill so to have constructed his story. If *Booth* had been a real character, it is probable his *Amelia* and her family would not only have been brought to poverty but left in it; but to the reader it is much more probable that by some means or other they will be rescued from it, and left in possession of all the comforts of life. It is *probable* in *Zeluco* that

the detestable husband will some way or other be got rid of ; but woe to the young lady, who, when married, should be led, by contemplating the possibility of such an event, to cherish a passion which ought to be entirely relinquished !

Though a great deal of trash is every season poured out upon the public from the English presses, yet in general our novels are not vicious ; the food has neither flavour nor nourishment, but at least it is not poisoned. Our national taste and habits are still turned toward domestic life and matrimonial happiness, and the chief harm done by a circulating library is occasioned by the frivolity of its furniture, and the loss of time incurred. Now and then a girl perhaps may be led by them to elope with a coxcomb ; or, if she is handsome, to expect the homage of a *Sir Harry* or *My lord*, instead of the plain tradesman suitable to her situation in life ; but she will not have her mind contaminated with such scenes and ideas as Crebillon, Louvet, and others of that class have published in France.

And indeed notwithstanding the many paltry books of this kind published in the course of every year, it may safely be affirmed that we have more good writers in this walk living at the present time, than at any period, since the days of Richardson and Fielding. A very great proportion of these are ladies : and surely it will not be said that either taste or morals have been losers by their taking up the pen. The names of D'Arblay, Edgeworth, Inchbald, Radcliffe, and a number more will vindicate this assertion.

No small proportion of modern novels have been devoted to recommend, or to mark with reprobation, those systems of philosophy or politics, which have raised so much ferment of late years. Mr. Holcroft's *Anna St. Ives* is of this number : its beauties, and beauties it certainly has ; do not make amends for its absurdities. What can be more absurd than to re-



present a young lady, gravely considering, in the disposal of her hand, how she shall promote the greatest possible good of the system? Mr. Holcroft was a man of strong powers, and his novels are by no means without merit, but his satire is often partial; and his representations of life unfair. On the other side may be reckoned *The modern Philosophers*, and the novels of Mrs. West. In the war of systems these light skirmishing troops have often been employed with great effect; and so long as they are content with fair, general warfare, are perfectly allowable. We have lately seen the gravest theological discussions presented to the world under the attractive form of a novel, and with a success which seems to show, that the interest even of the generality of readers is more strongly excited when some serious end is kept in view.

It is not the intention in these slight remarks to enumerate those of the present day who have successfully entertained the public; otherwise Mr. Cumberland might be mentioned, that veteran in every field of literature; otherwise a tribute ought to be paid to the peculiarly pathetic powers of Mrs. Opie; nor would it be possible to forget the very striking and original novel of *Caleb Williams*, in which the author without the assistance of any of the common events or feelings on which these stories generally turn, has kept up the curiosity and interest of the reader in the most lively manner; nor his *St. Leon*, the ingenious speculation of a philosophical mind, which is also much out of the common track. It will bear an advantageous comparison with Swift's picture of the *Strulbrugs* in his *Voyage to Laputa*, the tendency of which seems to be to repress the wish of never-ending life in this world; but in fact it does not bear at all upon the question, for no one ever did wish for immortal life without immortal youth to accompany it, the one wish being as easily formed as the other; but

*St. Leon* shows, from a variety of striking circumstances that both together would pall, and that an immortal *human* creature would grow an insulated, unhappy being.

With regard to this particular Selection, it presents a series of the most approved novels, from the first regular productions of the kind to the present time; they are of very different degrees of merit; but none, it is hoped, so destitute of it as not to afford entertainment. Variety in manner has been attended to. As to the rest, no two people probably would make the same choice, nor indeed the same person at any distance of time. A few of superior merit were chosen without difficulty, but the list was not completed without frequent hesitation. Some regard it has been thought proper to pay to the taste and preference of the public, as was but reasonable in an undertaking in which their preference was to indemnify those who are at the expense and risk of the publication. Copy-right also was not to be intruded on, and the number of volumes was determined by the booksellers. Some perhaps may think that too much importance has been already given to a subject so frivolous; but a discriminating taste is no where more called for than with regard to a species of books which every body reads. It was said by Fletcher of Saltoun, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." Might it not be said with as much propriety, Let me make the novels of a country, and let who will, make the systems?

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

[Faint, illegible text follows, appearing as a list or series of entries.]

Very truly yours,  
[Illegible Signature]







